

LIBERAL LONDON.

THE capture of London by the Radical party at the County Council elections is one of those events the significance of which grows upon us the more fully it is considered. Monday morning's papers were a study for any man who has a sense at once of proportion and of the humorous. The mighty had fallen indeed between Saturday and Monday. The great *Times*, which had been firing its broadsides of blank cartridges for weeks past, found itself a derelict upon the waters, with the little *Star* shining triumphantly above it. It is, indeed, to the *Star* more than to any other newspaper that the victory of last Saturday must be accredited. Night after night it fought right gallantly for the Progressive party, and fought in the very quarter in which its services were most certain to prove of value. It is by the working classes that this great victory in the cause of Progress has been secured for London, and it was to the working classes that the *Star* appealed. It is well that there should be in the evening press of London at least one journal the Liberalism of which is above suspicion. Its methods may not always suit the fastidious; but they are at least a thousandfold better than the weapons by means of which the *Pall Mall Gazette*, for example, feebly attempts to recover its lost influence. But it was not the mere triumph of one organ in the press over another, and the consequent demonstration of the worthlessness of the *Times* as a fighting power in London, that gave the real importance to Saturday's victory. The result of the elections proved that, at last, London is waking to something like a due sense of its responsibility as a corporate body. The great community—the greatest the civilised world has ever known—after centuries of disintegration is taking to itself the lesson of the time, and is learning the value, and indeed the necessity, of union and organisation. If the elections of last Saturday had gone the other way, the future of the vast province compressed within the Metropolitan area would have been dark indeed, and Liberals might well have despaired of ever winning London to their side. As it is, we know that, despite the evil influences which affect the political atmosphere in the neighbourhood of Westminster, there is, after all, a real and healthy life in those parts of the Metropolis where the people are most thickly congregated, and where their lot is most akin to that of their neighbours in the provinces. London, it is clear, means to take its government into its own hands. It means to get rid of those evil influences which have their headquarters in the City and their representative institutions in and around the Mansion House. With another three years of Progressive rule we may well hope that the people of London will have advanced so far in their education as to be not only prepared, but determined to wrest from the hands of the privileged few the power which they have so long enjoyed and abused. Self-governing London will, we may be sure, be something very different from the London governed by an antiquated Corporation and the Boards and Vestries which have so long sat upon it like a nightmare, and the cause of Liberalism and good government throughout the Empire will be strengthened immensely by the addition of the capital of Great Britain to the list of those cities which are really free and self-governed.

But the first thought of everyone on Monday morning was as to the effect which the great victory would have upon the coming contest in the constituencies. If London has been won for the Progressist party in the County Council, has it thereby been won also for the Liberal party in the Imperial

Parliament? It is not a question which can be answered in a moment. No one anticipates that in the Parliamentary contest which is impending the Liberal candidates will "sweep the board" in the way in which the Progressist candidates swept it last Saturday. We can well believe that, in spite of the pleading of Sir Henry James and the Dukes—who, with characteristic timidity, were content to stand behind him when the moment for fighting came—there were some Liberal Unionists, and possibly some Tories, who, in this County Council election, threw in their lot with the party of Progress. In the Parliamentary contest these particular voters will probably return to their party allegiance. But, after all, it is not by such persons that elections are turned. Every man experienced in electioneering knows that the scale moves in one direction or the other in response to the movement of that somewhat inert and apathetic section of the electorate which, having no decided opinions of its own, is swayed in each contest by the emotions of the moment. Last Saturday those emotions drew this inert mass into the scale on the side of the Progressists. Will they be drawn at the approaching election into the scale on the side of the Gladstonian Liberals? Without pretending to answer the question positively, we may say that all the omens are favourable to an affirmative reply. At all events, it is clear that the superstition which in 1886 weighed so heavily upon the imaginations of the London electors has been dispelled. They no longer look upon the Liberal party as their natural enemies. They no longer dread a Liberal policy or a Liberal Government. We may anticipate, therefore, that when the General Election takes place there will be a remarkable change in the representation of London. And hitherto London has been the one dark spot on the horizon of the Liberal election agents. Everywhere else it has been apparent that the tide is turning, or rather has turned, and is running strongly in their favour. In London alone it seemed impossible to make any impression upon the vast mass of the Electorate. The results of the voting last Saturday show, however, that such an impression has at last been made; and, unless the General Election is delayed beyond all reasonable calculations, we cannot believe that this impression will have died away before the voters are called upon to take sides in the political struggle. For this reason we hold that the election of the County Council gives solid ground for the anticipation that, in the coming Parliamentary battle, London will at last give a most substantial addition to that Liberal majority which we confidently expect to see in the next House of Commons.

MR. GOSCHEN, MR. CHAMBERLAIN, AND
THE TIMES.

ON Tuesday night, when the wonderful series of Progressive victories had had time to make its due impression upon the public mind, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Deputy-Leader of the Liberal Secessionists attended meetings of their political friends. Mr. Goschen, who addressed his constituents in Pimlico, referred to the "domestic difficulties" of the St. George's Conservative Club, Chelsea. Clubs are usually supposed to be places of refuge from domestic difficulties—temples of harmony, luxury, and ease. But apparently the Pimlico Tories are like the three immortal curates in "Shirley." Whenever they meet, they quarrel. Mr. Goschen as a peacemaker must be an odd spectacle. But some

people like to make it up by abusing a third party, and, of course, Mr. Goschen was deeply shocked at the vagaries of the wicked Radicals, in whose ranks he once masqueraded. The keen eye of Mr. Bright quickly detected him, and perceived him to be a Tory in disguise. Mr. Goschen considers, or wishes his constituents to believe that he considers, that writing Socialistic pamphlets is worse than fighting in Trafalgar Square, and hints that the taxation of ground rents, which he proposed in 1871, would be more deadly than dynamite. It would certainly be more useful and effective, which is perhaps what Mr. Goschen means. This sagacious observer of current events is convinced, if he says what he means, that the Progressive majority of the London County Council consists of Extreme Socialists, such as the two gentlemen whose names unfortunately escape us, but who achieved the distinction of obtaining the smallest polls recorded throughout the metropolis. Quoting from some pamphlets of which we will be bound to say that not one Londoner in ten thousand ever heard, Mr. Goschen accuses the Progressives of wishing to annoy tradesmen by pulling up the pavement before their shops, and to intimidate landlords by building smallpox hospitals behind their houses. No doubt the writer of this trash, if Mr. Goschen has correctly quoted it, is very fit for Earlswood or even Broadmoor. But if it be criminal lunacy, as we think it is, for an irresponsible pamphleteer to use this language, what shall be said of the Cabinet Minister who traces the Progressive victory to the promulgation of such doctrines? Mr. Goschen is a man of education, and a man of the world. He knows perfectly well that if any candidate had avowed such sentiments he would have been hooted off the platform and beaten by twenty to one. Yet he is not ashamed to insinuate that these are the opinions which have "captured London." He is very much horrified at the calumnious statement that the Moderates, whom he would have opposed tooth and nail a few years ago, approve of sweating. It would be more correct to say that they resisted the only means by which sweating can be combated—the insertion of a "fair wages" clause in all municipal contracts, such as the House of Commons has voted for in Government contracts. But Mr. Goschen's calumnies are far grosser than those of which he complains, and show that he cannot take a licking without becoming abusive. It was excessively foolish of the Tories to interfere as a party in the County Council elections, and to throw themselves upon the reactionary side. But it is too late to think of that now. Mr. Goschen's depression is well illustrated by the comfort he feels at having only been thrashed by twelve hundred in South Derbyshire.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech was a much cleverer one than Mr. Goschen's. It was intensely characteristic. The occasion was a dinner of the Liberal Union Club, and under the genial influences of the entertainment Mr. Chamberlain explained what he held the peculiar advantages of such a function to be. "It enables us," he said, "to think better of ourselves and worse of our opponents." In the whole course of his public career Mr. Chamberlain has never uttered a more significant sentence. It is worth pages of description. It is the man. We venture, however, to give Mr. Chamberlain one piece of advice. He is pursuing his researches into English literature, and on Tuesday night he quoted Swift. Let him read the great Dean's treatise on certain inconveniences which might result from the immediate abolition of Christianity by law. Mr. Chamberlain, like Mr. Goschen, attacked the Liberal party for daring to oppose the survey, which, if they had not opposed it, would have meant

the construction, of the Mombasa Railway. Mr. Goschen, in a Pecksniffian and disingenuous manner, accused Mr. Gladstone of seeking to discourage commercial and missionary enterprise. This is a very detestable piece of cant. It is not the business of the Government to promote commercial undertakings, except by protecting the lives and property of British subjects. The East African Company is not a missionary society, but a trading concern, with a quasi-royal personage at the head, and Sir John Puleston at the tail. Sovereign syndicates are very dangerous things, and the English people have not put down John Company to serve Sir William Mackinnon. Mr. Chamberlain's attempt to prove that Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt spoke, and Mr. Morley voted, in obedience to the behests of Mr. Labouchere is too childish to require notice on its own account. But it is a good example of his political reasoning. The argument is this. Mr. Labouchere thinks the country would do better without colonies or foreign possessions of any kind. Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, deriving their information from a report furnished by the East African Company, and written by the Company's agent, prove that the proposed railway will not interfere with the slave trade, and will indefinitely increase our national responsibilities without adding to our power of discharging them. Therefore Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, who did not vote, are the obedient servants of Mr. Labouchere, who did. Such is Mr. Chamberlain's logic; such is the stuff which the intellectual party tamely, and even greedily, swallows.

But there are less intelligent monopolisers of intellect than Mr. Chamberlain. There is one quarter to which the Liberal politician can always turn for amusement, if not for instruction, and that is the *Times*. The *Times* is always surpassing its previous performances, and its comments on Mr. Chamberlain's speech are supremely delightful. The organ which formerly loaded Mr. Chamberlain with venomous abuse now plasters him with nauseous adulation, and echoes his words as if they were more than human. "Unionists," says the wiseacre of Printing House Square, "of every shade of opinion are agreed in the conviction that Home Rule in its present phase would be even more disastrous and more shameful than that which the House of Commons and the constituencies successively resisted in 1886." Unfortunately, "Unionists of every shade of opinion" have boasted over and over again that they had destroyed the original scheme of Mr. Gladstone, and that in its modified form it was much less noxious than before. Indeed, the day after the Rossendale election the *Times* apprised its readers that Home Rule had become a mere thing of gas and water, for which anyone could vote with impunity. Mr. Chamberlain and his faithful, his too faithful, echo complain that the Irish Land Question will now be left to an Irish Parliament instead of being solved from Westminster. Their memories are very short. Have they already forgotten that Mr. Balfour settled the Irish Land Question for ever and ever last year? Again, Mr. Chamberlain pronounces that the defeat of the Moderates in London—Mr. Chamberlain a Moderate!—was due to defective organisation; and the poor old *Times*, which for weeks before last Saturday had gloried in the perfection of the Tory arrangements for sweeping the Progressives off the board, can only murmur in humble assent, "Dear, dear, yes! so very defective; they must really do better in 1895." "We suppose," to quote one more sentence, a delicate morsel—"we suppose the majority are not yet of Mr. Labouchere's opinion that England ought to get rid of her colonies and

dependencies and content herself with the position of a larger Belgium; but they are like clay in the hands of the potter." So everyone who objects on any ground to making a railway, at a probable cost of three millions, and without the slightest hope of profit, from Mombasa to Lake Victoria Nyanza, by forced labour against the will of the natives, through countries where the slave trade has ceased to exist, is in favour of abandoning India, cutting off Canada, and telling Australasia to shift for herself. If a man wrote like that in Bedlam, he would be removed to the padded cell and deprived of writing materials.

A POLITICAL PORTENT.

THE fulfilment, in larger measure than even we anticipated, of our confident forecast of the result of the London County Council elections, gives a final touch of triumph to the prospects of the Liberal party. So long as there was doubt as to the verdict of London, there was doubt as to the extent, though not as to the reality, of that triumph. We assume, as a first and obvious condition of the political situation, that all such doubt has now disappeared, and that the Government are reduced to the calculation, the humiliating and discomfiting calculation, of the date within which they may meet their fate with a minimum of disaster. In order to arrive fairly at that conclusion, it is not necessary to suppose that the County Council elections are an exact reflection of the Imperial mind of London. If that were the case, the metropolis, which is to-day represented by 13 Liberals and 46 Conservatives, would be represented in the Imperial Parliament by 42 Liberals and 17 Conservatives. Admit, however, that that is too gross and literal a construction. Clearly, one cannot safely reckon such constituencies as Woolwich, North Hackney, or East St. Pancras, where the County Council representation is divided between Progressives and Moderates, to the Liberal party; and though Lewisham speaks to-day through the voice of two excellent Progressives, one a Liberal Unionist and the other a Gladstonian, it is not so very long ago that it returned a Conservative to the House of Commons by a majority of nearly seventeen hundred votes. It may freely be admitted that in this and in one or two other constituencies the Conservatives did not poll their full Imperial strength, just as it is tolerably clear that in others—e.g., in Clapham—they virtually did; and that a few men and women voted for a set of exemplary municipal governors in defiance of the mandate of Mr. Corbett, who throughout the election acted as the direct and accredited agent of the Tory headquarters. In the same way, it is probable that some Moderate voters would not bestir themselves for the blank and poor negotiations which represented London municipal Toryism. But, making all deductions, it seems clear that the careful calculation of the *Daily Chronicle*, that the next election will give a small majority of Liberal members for London, is well within the mark. The fact that the East End, now represented by a large majority of Tory members, has been practically swept from corner to corner by Progressives—with majorities of two thousand and one thousand votes, and with polls which in some cases double those of the Reactionaries—has a significance which is nowhere better appreciated than by Lord Salisbury and his admirers. The notice to quit to Mr. Ritchie, who pays dearly and fitly for his accumulated sins towards the Council, is unmistakable; the results in Clapham, North Kensington, and North Lambeth, are ominous of the re-capture of the shopkeeping as well as the artisan vote; while the strong influence of Saturday's victory on the army of waverers and indifferents—always large in London,

which can rarely be induced to poll 60 per cent. of its shifting and partially disfranchised electorate—must be reckoned as a factor to the good.

There is, however, another, and in our view a more important, consideration still—more important because it touches the ethics rather than the mechanics of politics. The vote on Saturday was a definite affirmation of Home Rule for London. On that issue, and its corollary of a change in the basis of local taxation, the election was mainly conducted. It was unhesitatingly accepted by ill-briefed lawyers of the type of Sir Henry James, by whom the defence of All the Interests was undertaken with a zeal which throws a suggestive light on the earlier Liberalism of that distinguished man. It was a question between a small and a great London—between a city cut off by special enactment from the great enfranchising measure of 1835, stinted of its share in the City funds and overshadowed by the rather grotesque splendour of the Corporation, and a London with free powers to expand on the lines of the chief municipalities of England and Scotland. There lies at once the crux of the situation—the dilemma which the London elector can only solve in one way. The Liberal leaders have now associated themselves with the utmost frankness with the main demands of the Progressive programme. The promise at Newcastle that London shall no longer be bound by the myriads of tiny bonds which pin down our modern Gulliver has been ratified during the last month at St. James's Hall, and on scores of platforms in every London constituency, at which the chief speakers were men who must form the Executive Committee of the next Liberal Administration. There is, therefore, nothing for the Londoner to do but simply to give emphasis and validity to his vote on Saturday, and replace Mr. Ritchie, say, by Mr. Henry Fowler and Mr. Sydney Buxton, and Lord Salisbury by Mr. Gladstone. In no other way can the verdict of London be made historically complete.

This, then, is the real moral of victory. The Council will pursue and emphasise the admirable administrative course which has helped to gain the unqualified approval of what was once the least strenuous of political communities. But it is still necessary to remember that the best part of its work is inextricably interwoven with the larger aspects of Imperial politics. For the rest, we have no shadow of apprehension for a future which is guaranteed by a past which is at once sober and splendid. All the safest and ablest administrators on the old Council—Mr. Hutton, Mr. Lemon, Mr. Dickinson, Mr. McDougall, Mr. Howell Williams, Mr. Charles Harrison—reappear on the new body, and the Council has wisely strengthened its ranks by the offer to admit to the Aldermanship Moderates of the type of Sir John Lubbock and Mr. Beachcroft, and, perhaps we should add, Mr. Hoare. One final aid will, we hope, be available. Lord Rosebery's presence in the Chair is desirable in the interests of the London which he has been wisely proud to serve, and which owes its renaissance as largely to the "Rosebery tradition" as to any one personal factor. No one stands to-day more thoroughly and efficiently equipped in the "whole armour" of statesmanship than the man who, three years ago, bravely apprenticed himself to the business of London administration. If Lord Rosebery fails us, it is properly hoped that Lord Ripon may stand in his place. We know no man who more fittingly suggests the higher responsibilities of London government and their close association with the now impending and inevitable victory of the cause of Imperial as well as municipal progress.

THE ARMY.

THE administration of the army has been subjected to much searching and unanswerable criticism; Lord Hartington's Commission reported a "condition of affairs" at once "unsatisfactory and dangerous"; Lord Wantage's recent Committee has, in Mr. Hanbury's words, "disclosed an incredible state of things." Ample material for discussion is available, and it is difficult to account for the prevalent apathy in regard to an expenditure of more than 17½ millions of taxes, steadily growing, for a result which no one except Mr. Stanhope regards as even approximately adequate. Military technicalities may well be abhorrent to the lay mind; but the administration of an army is purely a matter of business, and the House of Commons contains a large number of members who are perfectly capable of discussing most of the questions which the estimates suggest. Suppose such a member to have glanced hurriedly through the Report of Lord Wantage's Committee and to find on Sir A. Halliburton's authority that a British battalion on a war establishment requires 28 officers, and a German battalion 22, the number of rank and file being practically the same. He will probably be indisposed to believe that Englishmen require more leading than Germans. It may doubtless be desirable to have 50 officers; but the question is whether, having regard to other requirements, our high establishments are defensible. Again, he may mark the large proportion of officers of high rank which we maintain, and the frequent want of correspondence between duties and rank. Finally, he may be struck by the peculiarities of a system which each year compulsorily retires a number of unwilling officers in the prime of life, and provides them with gratuities or pensions. The business man will probably come to the conclusion that these matters largely affect estimates, and help to explain the enormous non-effective charge of £3,854,465, exclusive of military pensions paid by India.

The Army Estimates are so framed that it is difficult to ascertain the exact cost of anything. The following, however, appears to be their general import:—The British Army in India is paid for entirely by that voiceless country, which is forced in addition to pay an exorbitant contribution for the training of recruits and other services performed in England. The Army Reserves appear to cost £605,525; the militia £547,500; the yeomanry £74,410; and the volunteers £781,800. These figures do not, however, represent the total expenditure in connection with these forces; but a sum total of 2½ millions would probably be a liberal estimate of this total. India pays a contribution of £850,000. The total estimate for fortifications, their armaments and maintenance, may perhaps be taken at about three-quarters of a million. Deducting these amounts from the gross total military expenditure of 20½ millions, there remains a balance of more than 16½ millions sterling. In return for this great sum, the War Office is not able to provide, train, clothe, and house an establishment of about 144,000 regular troops at home and abroad. Yet Mr. Stanhope estimates the average annual cost of the British soldier at £56. Comparisons with the armies of European Powers are doubtless futile, except as regards the numbers and rank of officers required for certain duties common to all. What one Frenchman can effectively perform would not require two Englishmen. What a German captain can accomplish would not need an English colonel. The "higher standard of living" which may prevail in this country obviously cannot affect such matters

as these. The vast discrepancy of results to which the above figures point cannot be explained by the fact that food and some other requirements of the soldier—not all—are cheaper and the pay less abroad than in this country. Both France and Germany have standing armies of more than half a million. Each can put in the field some two millions of men—admirably equipped, trained, organised, and in the case of the latter Power, well clothed. France maintains a much larger number of men in her colonies than we do, India being excluded.

The speech of the Secretary for War on Tuesday contained a catalogue of achievements, some of which will not bear any examination. The auxiliary forces are now told off to various positions. This is merely one of the most elementary duties of a General Staff—a few months' work for a couple of intelligent officers. To record its accomplishment with conscious pride argues ignorance of the first principles of military administration. The Inspection Department, as now constituted, is a very questionable advantage. Its annual cost is £138,840, and is ever increasing. About half of its duties must consist in destroying the responsibility of another set of Government officials. The proposals of Lord Wantage's Committee are not likely to be accepted; but this body has at least served to direct public opinion to a failure of our military system long existing, and so great as, in the opinion of the great majority of members, to call urgently for heroic and excessively expensive remedies.

At the root of the whole matter lies the great question of policy, which has never been faced. How many men, and of what class—regulars, reserves, militia, or volunteers—does the nation really require? The country has awakened to the paramount Imperial necessity of a navy able to hold its ocean communications. Given such a navy, what else can it accomplish for national defence? Every consideration of military strength, except in India, turns upon the answers; and if the navy cannot hold the ocean routes, the reinforcement of India becomes impossible. If the navy is rendered capable of performing this duty, then the strength of the home army is determinable. It must be so large as to render the landing of a force of less than 50,000 men a hopeless enterprise. It need be no larger. And similarly, in distant Colonial stations, it is the strength of the navy which rules that of the necessary garrisons.

The dream of military intervention on the Continent must be abandoned and publicly disavowed. Then the first function of the regular army is to be able to provide annual reliefs for the forces abroad and reinforcements on emergency for those in India; the second is to provide troops immediately available for a small war, or for expeditionary operations in a great war; the third is to form a nucleus to a home army sufficient for the limited purpose above described. To what extent, on the hypothesis of the standing navy, this home army may safely be composed of militia and volunteers is a question which will most materially affect estimates. These are the matters to which true army reformers should address themselves. Till they have been authoritatively decided, there is no basis for the number of men mechanically voted each year, or for their increasing cost. At present one set of enthusiasts urge the requirements of the navy; another, those of the regular army or its reserves; a third, those of the militia; a fourth, those of the volunteers. All, except the first, know not what they ask. What wonder that estimates grow, and confusion of organisation prevails?

STORM SIGNS IN GERMANY.

IT needed not riots in Berlin and Dantzic, and State prosecutions of outspoken journalists, to convince anyone well acquainted with Germany that its condition is menacing. The Emperor did not create the difficulties encompassing him. They have long been growing under the influence of a bad fiscal and military system, and no ruler could avert the day of reckoning. But the Emperor has by his virtues as well as weaknesses fostered the difficulties, and his latest acts seem those of one who would precipitate a crash. Hopeful people supposed that a young and vigorous Emperor, anxious to do good to his subjects, and ready to take short cuts to his ends, would calm discontent; and for a time they seemed to be right. But it is the old story verified in the case of all beneficent despots of whom history keeps record. For a season their good intentions and kindly words count for much. Inevitably, however, a time arrives when the opinions of the despot and his subjects as to what is to their interest differ; he who claims to rule by right divine will have his way; and soon come prosecutions and imprisonment of journalists and other "grumblers," and all the familiar devices of arbitrary government. The period of sentiment is over; that of repression follows. This is the course of events in Germany. The young Emperor no longer poses as the friend of the people. He is their Heaven-appointed master. But somehow in these days that claim sounds incongruous, even in Prussia. One of the peculiarities of the history of that country is that its great intellects have hitherto been almost uniformly on the side of the Government, and strongly antagonistic to all popular movements. Hegel spoke of the Prussian despotism of his day as if it were part and parcel of his philosophy, at once inevitable and admirable; and his attitude was very much that of all philosophers of his time. We have before us a speech delivered by Herbart in 1831 upon the necessity of a personal representative of the State, and it is curious to note that great thinker's infatuation for the system existing in Prussia. Almost humiliating is the spectacle of one of the supreme intellects of the century announcing that the sum and substance of political wisdom for a Prussian was "God save the King"—"That single simple saying is enough: *Gott erhalte den König.*" The glamour of the events of 1870 seduced many who ought to have been proof against the temptations of the hour. From the leaders of German thought came a chorus of indiscriminating and servile eulogy of the Prussian system. France was held up as a warning to the nations; her instability, her waywardness, her failures, were the favourite texts of German writers. We do not refer to the undistinguished multitude of political pamphleteers; men such as Strauss, Mommsen, and Von Sybel stooped to flattery of the wooden autocracy of Prussia, and did not spare France insulting predictions as to the further disasters in store for her. To-day political actuaries would not be so confident about the greater stability of things in Germany, if only from the fact that the peculiarity which we have mentioned no longer exists—that the best minds of the country are profoundly dissatisfied with the repression of popular desires, and with what the *Vossische Zeitung* called the other day "the enforced silence of a nation." The murmurs which the Education Bill has called forth are the outcome of long-nursed dissatisfaction. While France, prosperous and peaceful, puts to shame those who prophesied evil things of her future, Germany seems to be passing from one

difficulty to another. Whence come in these days the words which create alarm? Not from France, where all is quiet, or where a Ministerial crisis has passed off with as little attention as a change of fashion—but from Berlin! Nothing shows more clearly the estrangement of the intellectual forces of Germany from the Government than the composition of the Emperor's Ministry. At its head is an honest, commonplace soldier, who repeats as if by rote certain phrases transmitted to him by Prince Bismarck, and he is aided by subordinates who, with the exception of Herr von Bötticher, are mere ciphers.

The Berlin riots have been spoken of as the work of "the criminal classes," the "scum of a great city," "loafers or overgrown lads." This has been indignantly denied by Herr Werner, once the chief of the Irreconcilables, and apparently with good reason. Though easily repressed, the riots appear to have been the spontaneous exhibition of discontent on the part of thousands of "grumblers" who mean neither to be silent nor to take themselves away elsewhere, and who will make themselves felt at the poll. Indeed, it may be doubted whether in any other capital of Europe are congregated more dangerous elements than are to be found in Berlin. It has grown with portentous rapidity; from all parts of Germany have been drawn the boldest and most restless spirits. The city is the headquarters of the most aggressive form of Socialism, and in no other capital in Europe are greater poverty and squalor to be found. We do not anticipate that Herr Liebknecht and the other leaders of the Social-Democrat party will allow their followers to engage in foolish disturbances which would be a pretext for the Government using severe repressive measures. In vain will this snare be set in sight of astute, well-disciplined men who perfectly understand the situation of affairs. But the riots, none the less, indicate a state of restlessness and instability, a widespread sense of dissatisfaction, which, far from diminishing, appears to grow as the character of the Emperor is better known. The "dangerous classes" may not consist exclusively of the lower orders.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE.

THE difficulty with the United States Government about the seal fisheries in the Behring Sea seems destined to plague Lord Salisbury to the last hour of his tenure of office, and to be inherited, along with some other equally undesirable complications, by his successor. The two Governments have already contrived to fall out again, and, so far as it is possible to form a judgment in the absence of detailed official information, the chief share of the blame must be assigned to the British negotiators. The case at this moment, divested of all extraneous elements and side-issues, stands simply thus:—An arrangement was entered into last year, to expire on the 1st of May, 1892, suspending seal-fishing in the Behring Sea, so as to give time for the investigation, by arbitrators whom it was proposed to appoint, of the various matters in dispute between the Governments of Great Britain and the United States as to the seal fisheries. Inasmuch as an understanding about the terms of the reference had already been attained, it appeared reasonable to expect that the arbitrators' award would be ready by the date mentioned. This expectation, however, has not been fulfilled. The treaty still awaits ratification; and when it has been ratified—if that ever takes place—the arbitrators will still have to be nominated, to institute their

inquiries, and to consider and announce their award. What is to be done in the interim? The United States Government proposed a renewal of the *modus vivendi*; but the sealers of British Columbia, with the Dominion Government at their backs, very much object to this proposal; and the Imperial Government, concurring in their objection, has so far refused the desired renewal. On their part, the Washington authorities are making active preparations to enforce the Acts of Congress which expose unlicensed seal-fishers in any part of the eastern half of the Behring Sea to the confiscation of their vessels; and we are thus threatened with a repetition of the events that happened two or three years back, when ships sailing under the British flag were seized by United States cruisers in obedience to a Presidential proclamation, which was held by our Government—and not without reason—to be in violation of a well-established principle of international law.

In such a situation there is danger. It may be all very well to laugh at the idea of a serious rupture between Great Britain and the United States over a matter comparatively so trivial as the rights of seal-fishers in the Behring Sea; and should such a rupture take place—especially after the signature of a treaty referring the subject to independent arbitration—it will be to the lasting discredit of the negotiators on both sides. But the principle involved is not trivial, and a collision between a British and an American war-vessel, such as might very possibly happen if there be no modification in the present attitude of both Governments, would arouse a mood of irritation in the two nations that might have terrible consequences. We are very far from asserting that the contention of the Washington authorities—namely, that an annual close season is absolutely necessary to preserve the fur-seals from extinction, and that if such a close season is not enforced in the present year the Arbitration Commission will have nothing left to arbitrate about—is in accordance with the actual facts of the case. The British and American official experts who have been inquiring into the circumstances and methods of the seal-fishery are understood to have arrived at different conclusions on this point.

But to take it for granted that there is no danger of such a result is to assume beforehand that the verdict of the arbitrators on one of the main issues laid before them will be in our favour. Lord Salisbury has no right to indulge in such an assumption. The reasons which induced him to agree to the *modus vivendi* in 1891 apply with equal force in favour of its renewal in 1892. In respect to his original pretension that his Government has any inherent jurisdiction in the Behring Sea outside the three-mile limit, we do not believe that Mr. Blaine has a leg to stand on; but if our Government are confident of the strength of their case, that is all the greater reason why they should be content to wait for the award of the arbitration tribunal, and should be ready to meet the Washington Executive half-way in regard to any provisional arrangement. Of course, a refusal on the part of the United States Senate to ratify the treaty, or the manifestation by Mr. Blaine of a disposition to evade its fulfilment, would alter the complexion of the affair. In the meantime, however, there does not appear to be any good or sufficient ground for Lord Salisbury's refusal to renew the *modus vivendi* or for his proposal to substitute for it an arrangement which would not afford to the seals, when on their way to the "rookeries"—as they are rather oddly termed—any effective protection whatever.

THE FALLING-OFF IN TRADE.

SINCE the Baring crisis trade has been steadily declining. The coal crisis is an attempt on the part of the miners to keep up wages by stopping the fall in coal which had already begun. Iron has fallen sharply during the new year; Scotch pig-iron warrants, for example, are about 15 per cent. cheaper now than they were twelve months ago. Cotton is cheaper than it has been for half a century; Midling Upland, for instance, is only about 3½d. per lb., while at the end of October it was 4½d., a fall of over 20 per cent. in little more than four months. It is said that present prices are much under the cost of production. If that be so, the losses to the planters in America, India, and other cotton-producing countries must be very heavy. Yet cotton is being sent to Europe in immense quantities. The stock now held in Liverpool is unusually large, and no little difficulty is experienced in finding the money to pay for and hold such an exceptional accumulation. Wool and silk, again, are as cheap as they have ever been known to be. Even wheat, in spite of the famine in Russia and the prohibition of exports from that country; in spite, too, of the bad harvests all over Europe, is as low now as it was twelve months ago, and is nearly 20 per cent. lower than it was at the end of the harvest. Again, silver has been cheaper for a month or two past than ever before. Lastly, at the recent meeting of the shareholders of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, the chairman stated that in many cases freights had fallen 50 per cent., and that sometimes cargoes were carried for less than it cost to put them on board at the port of shipment and to disembark them at the port of landing. Low prices, of course, are favourable to consumers, and in the long run, by stimulating consumption, they benefit trade. But the run may prove to be very long, and in the meantime the losses of producers, merchants, and tradespeople generally are very heavy. They have to sell for less than the cost, and sometimes for very much less; thereby they are not merely embarrassed but all enterprise is checked, since the whole business world avoids entering into new engagements as long as the opinion prevails that prices will fall further. Such a heavy and general decline in prices, therefore, as has taken place recently is injurious to trade, not merely because of the losses that it inflicts upon the business community, but because also of the general discouragement that it inspires.

The prosperity we recently enjoyed was, to a large extent, the result of reckless speculation. The Argentine Republic, for example, raised immense sums in Europe, a considerable proportion of which was spent upon railways and other industrial enterprises; and a large part of the expenditure undoubtedly went in the purchase of materials and machinery in this country and in paying freights to ship-owners. Again, while the credit of the Australian Colonies was good, the loans raised so rapidly were largely spent in public works, which gave employment to large numbers of workpeople and stimulated industry in many directions. Several Continental countries, notably France and Germany, vied with our own in lending to the newer and less-developed countries, and the latter followed the example of Argentina in undertaking public works far beyond their ability to carry them out. The Continental countries themselves have also been engaged in the construction of great public works; notoriously Italy has been spending far too much in building railways, and the great Powers have been competing with one another in military outlay, which likewise has stimulated

certain branches of trade. The breakdown in South America has naturally disabled all the heavily indebted countries from continuing the expenditure upon which they had embarked. Argentina, Uruguay, Chili, Brazil, Mexico, Greece, Portugal, Spain, and Italy are no longer able to borrow as they were a few years ago, and, not being able to raise the money, they cannot continue public works on the old scale. Industrial companies (such as railways) are pretty much in the same state as the Governments, and the sudden cessation of the demand from both classes has naturally dealt a serious blow to trade everywhere. The Baring crisis also has contributed to the depression. Previously, the great financial houses of London were in the habit of giving credit for very large amounts to Governments, industrial companies, and trading houses abroad. Some of those great houses are no longer in a position to do this, and all of them feel that it would be dangerous to continue doing it. Consequently all of them—some under the stress of necessity, and some through caution—have lessened very materially the credits that they were in the habit of giving to their customers abroad, and those foreign customers, no longer having large credits open in London, are not in a position to act on the same scale as they formerly did. The breakdown in South America and the crises in so many European countries have so alarmed British investors that even our Colonies do not find it possible to borrow as they formerly did, and, their credit having thus suffered, they likewise find it necessary to restrict the orders they used to give in this country. Over and above all this, the drought in India, the famine in Russia, the bad harvests throughout Western Europe, the high Protectionist tariffs adopted recently by the United States and France, as well as the new Conventions entered into by Germany, Austria, Italy, and Switzerland, have all had a greater or less effect in checking trade. These latter influences, however, are comparatively small. The most potent causes are the financial difficulties of so many countries all over the world, the lock-up of capital at home here and upon the Continent, and the distrust that has been inspired by the Baring crisis; and of all, perhaps the distrust exercises the greatest influence. No one is willing to find money for new enterprises, however promising they may be, and new enterprises not taking the place of the old, trade, as a matter of course, has to be contracted.

It is unfortunately only too probable that the depression will continue, and even deepen, for some time to come. Only gradually can we hope that confidence will revive, and, as without confidence there can be no new enterprise, it is not reasonable to look for any recovery in the early future. And as yet there are too many difficulties to allow of a complete recovery of confidence. At least another year must pass over before a new Argentine President has had time to adopt a policy that will commend itself to public opinion at home and abroad. Portugal and Greece will require even a longer time to repair the errors of the past. There is no prospect yet of an early termination of the difficulties of Spain and Italy; Russia will suffer for years from the present terrible famine; India, afflicted by drought, will not be in a position to buy as largely as usual from Europe; and, though the Australian Colonies are young and vigorous, they have been going ahead so much too rapidly of late that they require a period of repose. It is possible, indeed, that the abundant harvests of last year may so stimulate trade in the United States that the American demand for our manufactures may somewhat make up for the falling-off in so many other directions;

but as yet, at all events, the good crops have not improved trade in the United States as much as might have been expected, and certainly there is not that strong American demand for European goods that most people looked for. Upon the whole, then, it would be over-sanguine to expect an early recovery in trade. The probability appears to be that gradually and slowly confidence will revive, and that low prices will stimulate consumption, while, on the other hand, they will check production. Then, as the demand increases and the supply somewhat falls off, prices will begin to rise once more. As soon as they do, the hopes of the business classes will rise, trade will suddenly expand in all directions, and a new period of prosperity will set in; but before that there must be time for a recovery of confidence and for the low prices to have their effect in increasing consumption.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THIS week there is again hardly any news as regards international politics. There has been, it is true, a conflict between Albanians and Montenegrins upon the frontier—in connection, it seems, with a Montenegrin wedding—and a story has been published of the violation of Austrian territory by two Russian soldiers, one of whom was promptly shot by an Austrian picket. But this latter is not well authenticated, and it can hardly be supposed that the consequences of either incident will be serious. The negotiations for a treaty of commerce between Switzerland and Italy are to be resumed. It is curious that the cotton-spinning capitalists of North Italy—to whose opposition the failure to arrive at an agreement hitherto is principally due—are, many of them, Swiss. And we have our own difficulties with the United States as to Behring Sea, which are dealt with fully elsewhere. But in general there is a lull this week, even in Parliamentary crises; though that which has been impending in Italy has been confidently expected by the Extreme Left to occur during the debate either on the Budget or on the Railways Extension Bill.

In France M. Loubet's Cabinet has been received coldly, and left to justify its existence. The Chamber has devoted the early part of the week to the discussion of a Bill for improving the system of arbitration between masters and workmen. For the Councils of Conciliation (*Conseils de Prud'hommes*) it has adopted female suffrage. It is now engaged on a Bill for restoring autonomy to the provincial Universities. M. d'Hulst has been returned—practically without opposition—as Catholic deputy for Brest, and M. Lamendin, the Radical-Socialist, for Béthune, in the Pas-de-Calais.

The Bill facilitating the introduction of the state of siege in Alsace-Lorraine is surprising and severe. It empowers any general in command of a district to proclaim the state of siege and replace the regular courts by military tribunals—which may punish disturbances by penal servitude or death, and propagation of false news by three years' imprisonment. There is no apparent reason for the Bill, which has been severely criticised in the Reichstag. The Paris *Figaro*, meanwhile, has taken a sort of *plébiscite* of eminent Germans as to the desirability or possibility of returning Alsace and Lorraine to France—possibly in exchange for Tonkin or Madagascar. The poet Ludwig Pfau is in favour of a partial retrocession, with the Vosges for the frontier; Herr von Vollmar, the most moderate of the Socialists, wishes the question settled by the will of the population; the rest more or less politely reject the suggestions entirely, and Professor Brentano, the economist, adds that in a generation both provinces will be German.

The press prosecutions in Germany continue. But the numerous small checks that the Ministry has recently received are altering its tone. Its

defeat on the question of the cruelties in the army and the naval votes, and the unfavourable reception given to the new Bill for the suppression of vice—chiefly because of the new restrictions it introduces on the press—seem to have caused it to reflect. The Schools Bill is still before a Select Committee, in which a motion, proposed by an Ultramontane member, asserting the right of parents to control the religious education of their children, has been carried against the Government. After this, it is not surprising that the Committee has postponed all questions of principle for the present, or that the German Government has inspired the announcement telegraphed from Berlin to Wednesday's *Times*—and partially confirmed since by the semi-official *North German Gazette*—that there is no desire on its part to force religious instruction offensively on any section of the population, that it merely wants to improve that instruction, that it invites the fullest discussion and will make no proposal without due consideration, and that the Emperor's speech inviting grumblers to emigrate was meant to apply only to those persons who cavil at small details. Both that potentate and his Chancellor took a very different tone a month ago.

The negotiations as to the disposal of the Guelph Fund have at last terminated satisfactorily. The interest is to be paid to the heir of the King of Hanover, provided his son is recognised as Duke of Brunswick on coming of age nine years hence. An arrangement for International Copyright has been come to with the United States similar to that concluded between that country and England.

Peaceable demonstrations of the unemployed have taken place at Cologne and Leipzig, and great distress is reported at Dortmund among the iron and steel workers.

The distributions of bread in Vienna have led to so much disorder among the recipients that they have been abandoned. Moreover, the results are most unsatisfactory. It is alleged that the bread is often bartered at once for spirits and (incredible as it may seem) actually repurchased by the Relief Committee for distribution next day; that the relief works are bringing in crowds of workmen from other towns; and that labourers have not been obtainable in Vienna to clear snow from the streets. The relief fund has reached £15,000.

Our Copenhagen correspondent writes: A Bill has been introduced into the Norwegian Storting for the providing of State pensions for the aged poor. It has a good deal in common with a measure which was before the Danish Folkething last Session without finding much support. The number of persons to come under its scope is fixed at 19,200 for the towns, and 49,200 in the country—in all 68,400. The expenditure has been placed at 8,600,000 kroner (£178,000), of which it is proposed to raise the State portion by increased taxation on spirits.

Last June the Liberals of Ticino carried a proposal for the revision of the new Cantonal Constitution just drawn up by a body to the method (by proportional voting) of whose election they had objected as virtually fraudulent. The election of the new "Constituent Assembly," to undertake the revision, was held on Sunday, under that peculiarly unintelligible system of proportional representation which is favoured by Continental publicists. After the poll is closed, the "electoral quotient" is obtained by dividing the number of voters in each district by the number of seats. Then the number of electors voting the ticket of each party is divided by this quotient, and the result gives the number of representatives to which the parties are severally entitled. Naturally there are fractions, and on these and on unopposed returns the system fails in ways too complicated to describe here. The net result on Sunday was that the Liberals altogether had a majority of votes variously estimated at from 60 to 450; but the Conservatives elected 49 representatives, and the Liberals only 46. Such is the

working of the most elaborate system of proportional representation yet devised. The fault is said to be chiefly in the number of electoral districts, and *scrutin de liste* is suggested as a remedy. A third trial of this method—the panacea just now of Swiss "Moderates"—will take place shortly at Neuchâtel.

A conspiracy is reported in Poland of a very serious nature, directed from Austria, and supplied with funds by Polish bankers outside. General Gourko has asked for full powers, and received them, and troops have been billeted in private houses. The relief work in Russia is hopelessly disorganised, and hunger-typhus is spreading.

A Ministerial crisis in Serbia, caused by a split in the Radical party, has led to nothing more serious than a remodelling of the Ministry. The Greek crisis is over; M. Delmezis is appointed Minister of Finance. A dissolution, however, is expected. In Spain the arrests of Anarchists continue, and a somewhat alarming demonstration is reported from Cadiz.

The Republicans in Congress are trying to force on the Free Coinage of Silver Bill, on which the Democrats will certainly split, the members for the great commercial cities of the East being naturally untainted with the heresies as to currency of the West. Then, if the Bill passes, the President will veto it. And so the Democrats will be committed to an unsound doctrine, and will lose support in the East at the Presidential Election. As a piece of tactics, the Republican action is admirable. A terrible blizzard is reported in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and North Dakota.

In Argentina the outlook is decidedly more hopeful. The respective followers of Generals Mitre and Roca have agreed to support Señor Saenz Pena for the presidency. There can be little doubt of his election. A correspondent writes:—"Señor Luis Saenz Pena is a member of one of the best and oldest families in the Argentine Republic. He is highly esteemed for his activity, learning, and uprightness, and has been for some years a member of the Supreme Court of Buenos Ayres. He has never hitherto very actively participated in politics (although at one time he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies), and now is presented to the nation as a non-party man. He will, therefore, be free to select Ministers who are most likely to second him in his efforts for the regeneration of the financial position of the Republic. He is between sixty-five and seventy years of age. His programme includes electoral reforms and the withdrawal of the excess of paper currency which has long been the curse of Argentine finance. He has declared his intention to maintain Argentine credit abroad, and to practise the strictest economy at home. Those who best know him say that whatever steps he may determine to take, upon his assumption of office, will receive the most careful consideration and consultation, but that, when once resolved upon, they will be carried to the end with firmness and decision." Already the gold premium has fallen considerably, internal trade is reviving, while the Customs receipts show an important advance over the corresponding period of 1891. The Minister of Finance, however, has resigned.

POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS.

THE selection of a new head of the Roman Catholic Church in England gives a good opportunity for calling attention to the most doubtful point connected with the policy in Great Britain of that body.

For nearly a quarter of a century I have been a humble Freemason, and an inactive member of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows—the greatest friendly society in the world. For the same period I have been an active member of the Ancient Order

of Foresters, the next in power of all friendly societies. During the last few years, in Poor Law work, I have seen that the value of these bodies to the nation is as great as they themselves claim that it is. The Freemasons of this country, as is well known, are a body of which the first characteristic is good-fellowship, and the second almsgiving; and they exist mainly for the combination of these two qualities. They have so little sympathy with the Continental societies of the same name—which have mostly political or anti-religious objects—that the whole of the Masons of the United Kingdom have solemnly repudiated the Grand Orient of France on account of the omission by the Grand Orient of the name of the Great Architect of the Universe, and of all recognition of the Grand Lodge above, from their proceedings. It is also a well-known fact that British Freemasons are exhorted to be exemplary in the discharge of their civil duties, never to countenance any act which may have a tendency to subvert the peace and good order of society, and to pay due obedience to the laws of any State which may become their place of residence. The Manchester Unity and the Foresters are immense societies of mutual thrift existing among workmen and democratically governed by their members.

The Roman Catholic Church had in times past, and has still, its quarrels with certain Italian secret societies unknown in this country—quarrels with which we never have had anything and have nothing to do. Why should British Roman Catholics be prevented in Great Britain or in the British colonies from joining such admirable societies as those which I have named? It is a loss to the societies, and it is still more a loss to Roman Catholic Britons that this membership should be forbidden on pain of the censure of their Church. In some colonies mere censure has been exceeded. Cardinal-Archbishop Moran—according to a private circular which has never, I believe, been repudiated since its publication by Mr. Wise, a former president of the Oxford Union, and a former Attorney-General of New South Wales—deprives of the sacraments of his Church those who join the Oddfellows, Foresters, Good Templars, Rechabites, and all kindred societies. This is done on the ground that the Church condemns "secret societies." "Secret societies" is a big phrase for the playful mysteries which surround membership of the societies which I have named. There are libraries in London in which information may be obtained about the mode of initiation into Masonry which is perhaps not far wrong. There are book-shops in which works at least professing to state the nature of the ceremonies can actually be purchased. But, for fear of incurring censure, I will not name Masonic rites, but, alluding only to those of the friendly societies which have among them in Great Britain now millions of members, I will say that it is notorious that those of the Oddfellows are merely pleasant, those of the Foresters merely religiously suggestive, and that their nature is such that none of the thousands of the clergy of the Church of England, none of the hundreds of Nonconformist ministers who have joined the Orders having signs or pass-words, have ever seen any reason to publicly or privately complain of these at least harmless symbols. Why then, I repeat, should the censure of the Roman Catholic Church visit those who become members of Orders which, by almost universal admission, have in them nothing but good? Surely the time has come when the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in England and in the British colonies might properly point out to the Vatican, with all respect, the essential difference which exists between the so-called secret societies of the British Empire and those secret societies which flourished in Italy between 1815 and 1848, the memory of which still haunts the Papal repose.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

SIBERIA.—I.*

"Flowers met the eye everywhere in great variety and in almost incredible profusion. Never had we seen the earth so carpeted with them, even in California. The roadside was bright with wild roses, violets, buttercups, primroses, marsh-marigolds, yellow peas, iris, and Tatar-honeysuckles; the woods were whitened here and there by soft clouds of wild-cherry blossoms, and the meadows were literally great floral seas of colour. In some places the beautiful rose-like flowers of the golden trollius covered hundreds of acres with an almost unbroken sheet of vivid yellow; while a few miles farther on, the steppe, to the very horizon, was a blue ocean of forget-me-nots. I do not mean simply that the ground was sprinkled with them, nor merely that they grew in great abundance; I mean that the grass everywhere was completely hidden by them, so that the plain looked as if a sheet of blue gauze had been thrown over it, or as if it were a great expanse of tranquil water reflecting a pale blue sky. . . . The road was bordered on each side by a double or triple row of magnificent silver-birches, seventy or eighty feet in height, set so closely together that their branches interlocked both along the road and over it, and completely shut out, with an arched canopy of leaves, the vertical rays of the sun. For miles at a time we rode, between solid banks of flowers, through this beautiful white and green arcade, whose columns were the snowy stems of birches, and whose roof was a mass of delicate tracery and drooping foliage."

THIS does not sound like the dread Siberia of our childhood, and yet it is an extract from the description which Mr. George Kennan gives of his journey, in June, through a portion of Western Siberia. That strange land, which has been a *terra incognita* until quite recent days; that land, whose name to our fathers before us, as to us in our childhood's days, was a name of dread significance, awakening the idea of hopeless exile and with it thoughts of human privation and degradation, of suffering and sorrow, proves to be, on nearer acquaintance, one of the most remarkable countries in the world.

Stretching from a point more northern than that at which Nansen crossed Greenland to the latitude of Southern Italy, it embraces many climates. Away in the far north, where in a land as wild and uncultivated as its inhabitants dwell the savage peoples amongst whom many refined and highly educated men and women are condemned to live for long years of desolation, our old imaginations are more than satisfied by facts.

The "great desolate steppes, known to the Russians as *tundras*, which in summer are almost impassable wastes of brownish-grey, arctic moss, saturated with water, and in winter trackless deserts of snow, drifted and packed by polar gales into long, hard, fluted waves, stretch for hundreds of miles back from the Arctic Ocean. The Siberian *tundra* differs in many essential particulars from all other treeless plains. In the first place, it has a foundation of permanently frozen ground. Underlying the great moss *tundras* that border the Léna River north of Yakutsk there is everywhere a thick stratum of eternal frost, beginning in winter at the surface of the ground, and in summer at a point 20 or 30 inches below the surface, and extending in places to a depth of many hundred feet."

Moss is almost the only growth—soft, yielding moss, in which a pedestrian will sink to the knee without finding any solid footing. For thousands of square miles there is but one vast spongy bog. "At all seasons and under all circumstances this immense borderland of moss *tundras* is a land of desolation. The climate is the severest in the Russian Empire, if not the severest in the known world." At one exile station the mean temperature for the whole year is only four degrees above zero Fahr.

It was this vast land, in which so many extremes of climate, of flora, and of fauna meet, that Mr. George Kennan and his artist-friend Mr. Frost set themselves to explore, with the special object of studying the exile system, with which in the English mind the name of Siberia has always been closely associated.

The title of the book, "Siberia and the Exile System," is completely justified by its contents. It is a republication of articles which appeared in the *Century* magazine between the years 1887 and 1890, their information having been carefully brought up to date, and the articles themselves nearly re-written. These papers produced a profound impression in all

* Siberia and the Exile System. By George Kennan. Two vols. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

English-speaking countries as well as throughout the continent of Europe.

Mr. Kennan was eminently qualified for the work which he undertook, for he had resided for two and a half years in Eastern Siberia. He had made the long overland journey of five thousand miles to St. Petersburg. He had frequently travelled in different parts of Russia and Europe as well as in the Caucasus, and he had that indispensable qualification for a true investigator—a thorough knowledge of the Russian language. Before making the journey of which these volumes tell the tale, he had accepted the ordinary notion that the members of the Revolutionary party were visionary, foolish, or wicked. He had maintained before the Geographical Society of New York that the Russian Government and the exile system were greatly misrepresented by such writers as Stepniak and Prince Kropotkin. All his prepossessions were favourable to the Russian Government and unfavourable to the Russian Revolutionists. With his strongly expressed views he had little difficulty in obtaining an open letter from the Minister of the Interior to the governors of the Siberian provinces, which enabled him to carry through his long and perilous journey of investigation to a successful issue. Few readers of these volumes will rise from their perusal without a feeling of high admiration for the brave and devoted man who, in spite of fatigue, privation, and sickness, of physical exhaustion and mental strain, of constant peril by day and by night, went straight and persistently through his gigantic task,—or without the conviction that these volumes will take high rank amongst the most fascinating and most important of our time, for they have brought the light of day to bear upon some of those "dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty."

In Mr. Frost, Mr. Kennan had a worthy companion, and one who, by pencil and camera, has contributed a rich harvest of pictures which give a special interest to the work and greatly aid Mr. Kennan's facile pen in showing what manner of land Siberia really is, and what its inhabitants, whether native or imported, are like.

It is perhaps well, before going further, to quote the words in which Mr. Kennan endeavours to bring closely before the mind of the reader the vast extent of the land through which he travels.

"It has an extreme range," he says, "of about 37 degrees, or 2,500 miles, in latitude, and 130 degrees, or 5,000 miles, in longitude. Even these bare statistics give one an impression of vast geographical extent, but their significance may be emphasised by means of a simple illustration. If it were possible to move entire countries from one part of the globe to another, you could take the whole United States of America, from Maine to California, and from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, and set it down in the middle of Siberia without touching anywhere the boundaries of the latter territory. You could then take Alaska and all the States of Europe, with the single exception of Russia, and fit them into the remaining margin like the pieces of a dissected map, and, after having thus accommodated all the United States, including Alaska, and all of Europe, except Russia, you would still have more than 300,000 square miles of Siberian territory to spare; or, in other words, you would still leave unoccupied in Siberia an area half as large again as the Empire of Germany."

Into this vast land Mr. Kennan and his friend penetrated, and for nine months they traversed it, seeing in summer the Tiúmén Forwarding Prison, through which all persons condemned to banishment, colonisation, or penal servitude in Siberia passed—an over-crowded Inferno with an appalling percentage of deaths (ranging from 230 to 440 per thousand)—watching the marching parties of exiles in chains and the embarkation of other parties in a convict-*barge* for the descent of the Ob, and subsequently the disembarkation when the *barge* arrived at Tomsk, visiting and examining prisons, hospitals, the halting-places where the exiles sleep at night during their march of thousands of miles, and the mines where they gather gold for the Tzar, and with scarcely an exception, whether in summer's heat or in the Arctic cold of winter, finding everywhere the same shameful and criminal neglect, the same

frightful over-crowding, the same absolute contempt of sanitation, the same horrible filthiness, the same callous cruelty on the part of the Government, the same misery and suffering on the part of the exiles. In the case of the most hardened and desperate criminals, the entire administration of the exile system is iniquitous. In the case of the political exiles, it is incredibly wicked and base.

The account of the treatment of political exiles is the most valuable and interesting feature of the work. Mr. Kennan had constant opportunities of personal and friendly intercourse with them in many different places, although only a small portion of the information which he gives with regard to prisons and the working of the exile system rests upon their statements. The greater part is derived from official sources; but he examined carefully for himself into all the matters which came before him, and he constantly gives the official statistics contained in reports of the Russian Prison and Medical Departments. He saw and heard much from officers of the exile administration, many of them men of long experience, and from humane prison officials who, after reporting again and again to the Government upon the evils and abuses of the prison system, finally pointed them out to him as the last means of forcing them upon the attention of those in authority and of the world.

His first meeting with political exiles was an accidental one (vol. i., chap. viii.), and he was surprised to find them bright, intelligent, well-informed men and women, with warm affections, quick sympathies, generous impulses, and high standards of duty; and further intercourse but strengthened the first favourable impressions.

It must be clearly understood that there are two distinct classes of political exiles—those who are tried upon some more or less definite charge, and who are imprisoned in Russia or Siberia, and those who are simply exiled without any trial. For example, Miss Armfeldt, whose acquaintance Mr. Kennan made at Kará, the daughter of a prominent Russian general now dead, a lady of a wealthy and aristocratic family, who spoke French, German, and English, drew, painted, and was an educated and accomplished woman, was sentenced to fourteen years and ten months' penal servitude, with deprivation of all civil rights, and exiled to Siberia for life, for belonging to the Revolutionary party and being present at a meeting where armed resistance was offered to the police, who were engaged in arresting some of the speakers, although she took no part in the resistance.

Political exiles who have gone through the process of trial are treated as ordinary criminals, although, speaking generally, they are not allowed to work, but are kept in enforced idleness. They live, as other convicts, under the worst possible sanitary conditions. Some of them are kept night and day in hand-cuffs and leg-fetters, some of them are chained to wheel-barrow, and upon many occasions they have been severely flogged. The frightful case of Madame Sigida, who was actually flogged to death only two years ago, is given at full length in chapter viii. of the second volume, "The History of the Kará Political Prison."

As well as the mines at Kará, Mr. Kennan visited the silver mines at Nérchinsk. One of the old prisons which had fallen into disuse at the mine of Akatúi has been rebuilt, and many of the political convicts have been transported to it from Kará. "The intention of the Government is to pump the water out of the abandoned mine, and set the politicals at work in its damp and gloomy galleries. The change, of course, will be for the worse. If there is in Siberia a more lonely, a more cheerless, a more God-forsaken place than Kará, it is the snowy secluded valley of Akatúi."

Of the work in these mines Mr. Kennan says:—

"I can hardly imagine a more terrible and hopeless existence than that of a man who works all day in one of the damp, muddy galleries of the Pokrófski mine, and goes back at night to a close,

foul, vermin-infested prison like that of Algachí. It is worse than the life of a pariah dog. . . . The worst feature of penal servitude in Siberia is not hard labour in the mines; it is the condition of the prisons. Bad as the work in the mines is, it is better than the hopeless, aimless, soul-maddening monotony of confinement in the political exile prison at Kará, where care has been taken so to construct the building that the prisoners can see nothing but the high stockade which hides from them the whole outside world."

Two officers, who had themselves lived at Kará, complained bitterly to Mr. Kennan of the treatment of the prisoners. Colonel Novikoff, who was commander of the Cossack Battalion there for three years and a half, told him that he had witnessed human misery of all kinds until it had turned his beard grey. He informed him that there were solitary confinement cells in which political offenders, and even cultivated women, were confined, which were not high enough to stand up in nor long enough to lie down in.

(To be concluded.)

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THERE is a curious mixture now in the House of Commons of deadliness and wearing dullness and of delightful uncertainty. Every member walks about as though he were at that stage in his trial when the jury has retired, and the judge looks around to see that his black cap is at hand. There is a smell of death—a suggestion of the winding-sheet—in the very air; and with the result that most men have to wear the wearied look of those borne down by suspense. And yet divisions have come to be important, and picturesque events for the first time in the long and weary six years that the present Parliament has lasted. A curious spirit, too, has come over the Radical with his multitudinous motions. A reason to open the schools; to get access to the mountains; to popularise the Fishery Board of Scotland, and to make the acquisition of land by Nonconformist chapels easy and free—any of these things would a couple of years ago have been proposed with the shamefaced air of the academic discussion in a business assembly. The debate would have drifted on with a poor semblance of life until the appointed time when Mr. Akers-Douglas—debonair, cheery, a good easy man with all the world smiling upon him—would have stepped up to the table and received the paper of the winning teller with the tranquillity of the fulfilment of one of the world's natural and mutable laws. But now when the Radical brings forward his motion, it is with self-confidence and sometimes with dulcet desire to spare Tory feelings and even win Tory votes—which it is touching to behold. As the evening goes on, Mr. Akers-Douglas is seen in hurried consultation with Mr. Balfour—not the Akers-Douglas of old, but a new Akers-Douglas, with ruffled feathers and flurried air; then there is the now familiar sight of a hurried and panic-struck council of war in face of the enemy, and finally there is the loud and ringing cheer by which another defeat of the Government and another victory of Radicalism are announced.

There has, perhaps, been as much, if not more, of this kind of thing during the week which is just closing as during any of its predecessors. If the Government have escaped more actual defeats, it is because they have made more real concessions. But Mr. Balfour has enormously increased his own difficulties by the institution of morning sittings. Of all methods of Parliamentary demoralisation, none is so potent or deadly as the morning sitting. The morning sitting of the House of Commons has something of the ghastly air of the *matinée* of a pantomime. It is a sleepy assembly that does not love to appear with its jaundiced cheeks in the earlier hours of the day; which has to get through a large amount of preliminary yawning before it is equal

to its task; and which is always, if brought before the public at untimely hours, abashed and distraught. The morning sitting begins at two o'clock; for the ordinary sitting the member of Parliament who hasn't many questions to ask is quite in time if he stroll into the House close upon four. All this is not without its good side for the Ministry, for a languid House is excellent for the quick dispatch of business. But the fatal time comes later on. The House, as is known, adjourns at seven and resumes at nine. Within the interval are swallowed the dinners or contracted the engagements, which are the yawning graves of moribund Ministries. The supporter of the Government has got down to the House a couple of hours earlier in the day, has consent to sit through the day listening to a debate that bores him, and when he is seated at his own fireside and knows that there is nothing more serious than one of those rascally Radical nostrums for interfering with the divine rights of luxury, he prefers his hearth to the loud call of the Whip; and his conscience, sated by the heavy duty of the morning sitting, lifts no voice of protest against the neglect of his duty. This is the reason why the other night poor, bewildered, and distraught Mr. Balfour had to yield to the rapacious Radicalism of Mr. Marjoribanks's motion on the Scotch fisheries. Mr. Akers-Douglas counted noses carefully and several times over, and nothing could be made of it but 171 for the Government and 171 against. This was perilously near the precipice of defeat and immediate dissolution, and so Mr. Marjoribanks was allowed to triumph.

Mr. Balfour has even a deadlier enemy perhaps than the morning sitting—an enemy that got him into a worse scrape than his timely surrender to Mr. Marjoribanks. It would not be easy to give a picture of Lord Cranborne to the outside public, or to describe the curious part he plays in Parliament. There are sons who are a sort of embodied caricature of their parents. The ideas of the Lord Cranborne of to-day are pretty much the same as the ideas of the Lord Robert Cecil of thirty years ago; but the same ideas have in their method of manifestation the same droll, disturbing, and half-mocking resemblance to each other as the echo of your own voice and accent in the phonograph. We all know the style of the Marquis of Salisbury—its slowness, portentousness, its quiet acidity; and one can picture Lord Robert Cecil, before he sank into his present ponderosity, saying all his bitter things with an even prettier air than Mr. Balfour. But the Lord Cranborne of to-day might—if it were not a somewhat unpleasant word—be called lubberly in air and lubberly in manner. The bitter, narrow Clericalism of a mediæval Churchman is expressed in a series of frothy jerks, as though he were a bottle of porter in very warm weather and with half a cork choking a full flow. One can fancy how all this bitter bigotry would impress and perhaps awe if delivered with the solemn and slow utterance of a narrow-browed, cavern-eyed ecclesiastic. But this very modern young gentleman, with a short sack coat, an interrogative, almost shop-assistant, air, and a spluttering voice, reduces the whole thing down to caricature.

But for all that, Lord Cranborne may act as an evil genius on his relative. At least, it is hard otherwise to account for the hideous blunder of last Wednesday. The position in which Mr. Balfour found himself was this: the Welsh Bill for facilitating the acquisition of sites for chapels had evidently a majority in its favour. Last Session it was passed by a majority of 108; and if a measure doing justice to the Dissenters be passed by a big majority in the second last Session, it is bound to be passed by a much better majority in the last Session of all; so mighty polite do we all become as the day of election gets close at hand. In these circumstances Mr. Balfour ought to have done either of two things. He ought to have gone boldly for the acceptance of the Bill, and so avoided a division altogether; or he might have

said nothing, and given the silent vote of the private individual. What he did do was to identify the Government with the opposition to the measure, while compelled to signify assent to its principle; and thus he created an ordinary division with all kinds of cross-voting into something like a big Government defeat.

What Mr. Balfour lost, General Booth gained. It was the recollection of the miserable fiasco of Wednesday that brought the extraordinary spectacle of a Tory Home Secretary walking into the lobby in favour of Salvation Army processions; and of Mr. Matthews above all men—the hero of Trafalgar Square—defending the sacred right of a descent into the streets against an unjust law. Meantime, the old story is true of the Government business. The engine is on the track, and the train is ready to start; but all stands still. There isn't a puff in the locomotive; there isn't a movement in the waggons. Mr. Balfour, the commander of a spectral army that folds its tents nightly with the furtive silence of the Arab, can call, but no spirits answer; and, in despair, it is quite possible that he will rush some night on his doom, and prefer the suicide of an abrupt dissolution to the slow strangulation of nightly disaster.

THE PUBLIC BENEFACITOR.

MR. GOSCHEN deserves credit for at least one wise act during his term of office. He has successfully resisted the attempt to induce him to sacrifice the interests of science at South Kensington to those of art as they are represented by Mr. Tate. Of Mr. Tate's genuine liberality we need hardly speak. Whatever may be the artistic value of his pictures—a point upon which we may safely leave our art-contributor to descant—there can be no doubt as to their money value. But even a hundred thousand pounds (supposing that to be the estimate by the experts of the present value of the Tate collection) would be a small price to receive in return for the sacrifice of the interests of British science. Science at South Kensington is very much in the position of the maid-of-all-work in a middle-class household. To her are left only the dregs of the liberal provision made by the nation for the Science and Art Department as a whole. It would have been nothing less than monstrous if, when an immense sum of money is about to be expended upon the completion of that portion of the great establishment at Brompton which is devoted exclusively to art, the little plot of ground which has been grudgingly allotted to science were to be filched from her in order to meet the requirements even of a national benefactor like Mr. Tate. Fortunately Mr. Goschen has listened to the voice of the scientific world, and has stood firm despite the pressure put upon him by the officials of the Art Department and the friends of Mr. Tate. He deserves unstinted credit for his courage and resolution.

But whilst we hold strongly to this view, we cannot but feel that a word of reparation is due to Mr. Tate. That gentleman has been assailed with the ferocity which, alas! is always lying in wait for the man who essays to become a national benefactor. Into the question of the real art-value of his pictures we have already said that we do not propose to enter here. It is a question for the critics; and "G. M." will doubtless be prepared to hold his own against all comers in maintaining his view that art would have been hurt, rather than benefited, if the Tate collection had become the property of the nation. Still we cannot but regret that a liberal man, anxious to do something that shall be of advantage to his fellow-countrymen, and prepared to expend a very large sum of money in doing it, should have been exposed to harsh criticisms and unfriendly innuendoes as the direct result of his generosity. Mr. Tate's motives were of the best. All who know him speak of him with respect. Long before he had conceived his somewhat ill-starred dream of a Gallery of

British Art to be founded by himself, he had become distinguished by reason of his generous and open-handed liberality towards worthy objects. How comes it that, when he wished to crown his career of beneficence by a really princely act, he should suddenly have found himself placed in hot antagonism to a not inconsiderable section of his fellow-countrymen? Alas! we can only answer the question by saying that it is ever thus. The man of means who desires, out of his abundance, to confer a benefit upon others is certain, if he tries to exercise his generosity in any original fashion, to come into harsh contact with some section or other of the community. If he seeks to establish a picture gallery, the quality of his pictures is criticised with unpleasant frankness; if he desires to found a vast almshouse, political economy is invoked to his confusion; if—like a late member of the Reform Club—he employs his fortune for the purpose of reducing the National Debt, he is regarded as a madman.

Pity the poor public benefactor! He means so well and he is rewarded so ill. He does but give of his own—it may be the best he has—and his recompense is the abuse of a certain section of his fellow-countrymen. It seems a hard case, and one can but feel a genuine sympathy with the good man whose benevolent intentions are thwarted in this fashion. And yet is it not possible that, after all, the crude public sentiment which prompts somebody to fling a half-brick of abuse and contumely at the head of the would-be public benefactor is at the bottom sound? What does history tell us of the fruits of most of the great public benefactions of the past? How many of them are now of any real benefit to the world at large? How many have answered even to a small degree the expectation of the benefactors themselves? How many are to-day anything but the centres of jobbery and corruption? It is a hard saying, and yet a true one, that the majority of the great gifts which men have bestowed out of the fulness of their hearts and their pockets upon the public, have in the end become national curses rather than national benefits. For something more than mere generosity is needed to make these gifts valuable. There must be discretion, wisdom, and a real prescience of the future needs of the world. The dole of a red cape and a pair of wooden shoes to every widow in the parish which seemed so admirable in the days of Queen Elizabeth wears quite another aspect in those of Queen Victoria. The annals of the Charity Commissioners—are they not full of the record of benefactions which have been nothing less than public nuisances, if not public injuries? Mr. Tate's case, we admit, is a hard one, and we sympathise truly with him in the mortification he must naturally feel at the manner in which his really generous action has been treated by the nation. But after all, if we look at the question not from the point of view of the unfortunate public benefactor, but from that of the community as a whole, we are by no means sure that it is not a blessing that his liberal proposals should have failed to find acceptance. None the less must we be grateful to Mr. Tate himself for the generous impulse which prompted him when he first thought of handing over his pictures to the Government for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen of this and future generations.

"HANSARD."

"MEN are we, and must mourn when e'en the shade of that which once was great has passed away." This quotation—which, in obedience to the prevailing taste, we incorporate into our text and print as prose—was forced upon us by reading in the papers an account of some proceedings in a sale-room in Chancery Lane last Tuesday, when the entire stock and copyright of "Hansard's Parliamentary History and Debates" were exposed for sale, and,

it must be added, to ridicule. Yet "Hansard" was once a name to conjure with. To be in it was an ambition—costly, troublesome, but animating; to know it was, if not a liberal education, at all events almost certain promotion; whilst to possess it for your very own was the outward and visible sign of serious statesmanship. No wonder that unimaginative men still believed that "Hansard" was a property with "boodle" in it. Is it not the counterpart of Parliament, its dark and majestic shadow thrown across the page of history? As the pious Catholic studies his "Acta Sanctorum," so should the constitutionalist love to pore over the *ipsissima verba* of Parliamentary gladiators, and read their resolutions and their motions. Where else save in the pages of "Hansard" can we make ourselves fully acquainted with the history of the Mother of Free Institutions? It is, no doubt, dull, but with the sober-minded, a large and spacious dullness like that of "Hansard's Debates" is better than the incongruous chirpings of the "New Humourists." Besides, its dullness is exaggerated. If a reader cannot extract amusement from it, the fault is his, not "Hansard's." But indeed this perpetual talk of dullness and amusement ought not to pass unchallenged. Since when has it become a crime to be dull? Our fathers were not ashamed to be dull in a good cause. We are ashamed, but without ceasing to be dull.

But it is idle to argue with the higgles of the market. "Things are what they are," said Bishop Butler, in a passage which has lost its freshness; that is to say, they are worth what they will fetch. "Why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" The test of truth remains undiscovered, but the test of present value is the auction mart. Tried by this test, it is plain that "Hansard" has fallen upon evil days. The bottled dreariness of Parliament is falling, falling, falling. An Elizabethan song-book, the original edition of Gray's "Elegy," or "Peregrine Pickle," is worth more than, or nearly as much as, the 458 volumes of "Hansard's Parliamentary Debates." Three complete sets were sold last Tuesday; one brought £110, the other two but £70 each. And yet it is not long ago since a "Hansard" was worth three times as much. Where were our young politicians? There are serious men on both sides of the House. Men of their stamp twenty years ago would not have been happy without a "Hansard" to clothe their shelves with dignity and their minds with quotations. But these young men were not bidders.

As the sale proceeded, the discredit of "Hansard" became plainer and plainer. For the copyright, including, of course, the goodwill of the name—the right to call yourself "Hansard" for years to come—not a penny was offered, and yet, as the auctioneer feelingly observed, only eighteen months ago it was valued at £60,000. The cold douche of the auction mart may brace the mind, but is apt to lower the price of commodities of this kind. Then came incomplete and unbound sets, with doleful results. For forty copies of the "Indian Debates" for 1889 only a penny a copy was offered. It was rumoured that the bidder intended, had he been successful, to circulate the copies amongst the supporters of a National Council for India; but his purpose was frustrated by the auctioneer, who, mindful of the honour of the Empire, sorrowfully but firmly withdrew the lot and proceeded to the next, amidst the jeers of a thoroughly demoralised audience. But this subject why pursue? It is, for the reason already cited at the beginning, a painful one. The glory of "Hansard" has departed for ever. Like a new-fangled and sham religion, it began in pride and ended in a police-court, instead of beginning in a police-court and ending in pride, which is the now well-defined course of the genuine article.

The fact that nobody wants "Hansard" is not necessarily a rebuff to Parliamentary eloquence—yet these low prices jump with the times and undoubtedly indicate an impatience of oratory. We talk more than our ancestors, but we prove our good faith by doing it very badly. We have no Erskines at the

Bar, but trials last longer than ever. There are not half a dozen men in the House of Commons who can make a speech, properly so called, but the Session is none the shorter on that account. "Hansard's Debates" are said to be dull to read, but there is a worse fate than reading a dull debate—you may be called upon to listen to one. The statesmen of the future must be impervious to dullness. They must crush the artist within them to a powder. The new people who have come bounding into politics and are now claiming their share of the national inheritance, are not orators by nature, and will never become so by culture; but they mean business, and that is well. Caleb Garth and not George Canning should be the model of the virtuous politician of the future.

A FRENCH MR. EAVESDROP.

SAID the Lady Clarinda Bossnowl to Captain Fitzchrome, naming the guests round Squire Crotchet's dinner-table: "Next is Mr. Eavesdrop, who coins all his acquaintance in reminiscences and sketches of character; dishes them up like a savoury omelette, to gratify the appetite of the reading public for gossip." This is the sort of thing the Parisians have been saying about M. Edmond de Goncourt ever since he began the publication of that Diary of a literary man which is without doubt the most remarkable book of its kind in existence, for naïve self-revelation surpassing Montaigne, and, for calculated indiscretion, the Confessions of Rousseau. The sixth volume of the "Journal des Goncourts" (Paris: Charpentier), which covers the years 1878-1884, is, its author tells us, to be the last during his lifetime. Bending under the storm aroused by the plain truths told about great men in his five previous volumes, he declares that this one shall contain naught but agreeable truths. The disagreeable truths, just to complete the picture, are to be divulged twenty years after his death; an unprofitable postponement, some people will think, seeing that scandal is one of the vintages which do not improve by keeping.

And so we are no longer permitted to pick up scraps of those delightfully unorthodox conversations at the Dîner Magny, to hear M. Renan praising the Prussians, and Théophile Gautier banging his fist on the table with the declaration that "Molière was a pig." We have to assist, instead, at the Dîner des Cinq—Flaubert, Tourguéneff, Daudet, Zola, and the diarist—where the talk is uniformly dyspeptic and sad. Indeed, the whole tone of M. de Goncourt's book is one of sadness, sad with the deepening melancholy of an old man, not so successful a man as he thinks he deserves to be, whose friends have dropped into the grave one by one—from the brother he idolised and Gavarni, the hero of his youth, to Gautier and Sainte-Beuve. No less than three solemn interments—M. de Goncourt, like Mr. Gilbert's Duke of Plaza-Toro, is good at interments—are recorded in this book: those of Flaubert, Tourguéneff, and the painter, De Nittis. The diarist's own thoughts are constantly tending deathwards. "At my age the waking up to a New Year is full of anxiety. One asks oneself: Shall I live it out? (January 1st, 1881)." When he buys a famous old bedstead of the Princess de Lamballe's, from the Château de Rambouillet, his delight over its "coquettish elegance" is dashed by the conjecture where the undertaker's men will place the bier when they come to take his corpse from the bed. These "Meditations among the Tombs" are not the most joyous reading.

Even at their literary banquets, M. de Goncourt and his cronies keep the skeleton conspicuously in evidence. They are all beset by this obsession of Death. "The mental worries of some of us, the physical suffering of the others, bring the conversation round to death—death or love, oddly enough, is our sole after-dinner topic—and the talk goes on till midnight, trying now and then to escape,

but always returning to the dread subject. Daudet says that the thought of it poisons his life, and that he never takes possession of new rooms without looking round for a corner to place his coffin in." By way of cheery contribution to the harmony of the evening, M. Zola declares he lies awake at night thinking of death, till, sometimes, he jumps out of bed in a state of unspeakable terror. It is a relief to turn from this mortuary stuff to the alternative after-dinner subject, love; but as on this theme "la conversation est d'abord polissonne"—and not only, one may add, "d'abord," but throughout—quotation is quite impossible.

Despite M. de Goncourt's professed intention of telling naught but agreeable truths, the impression left on the mind by his new volume is anything but agreeable. He writes with the bitterness of a disappointed man, a man whose importance as a literary pioneer has never been adequately recognised. There are four things of which he prides himself that he and his brother between them have been the inventors: naturalism in the novel, Japonism in art, "la langue littéraire parlée" in the drama, and the cult of the eighteenth-century curio. In literature he lays claim to the origination not only of naturalism, but of neuropathy. "The critics may say what they choose"—M. de Goncourt has a mighty contempt for those pariahs, the critics—"but they will never prevent us, my brother and myself, from having been the Saint John Baptists of *la nervosité moderne*." This claim, whatever one may think of the manner in which it is put forward, is undoubtedly well founded. M. Edmond de Goncourt is the archetype of the neuropath of letters. He is all nerves; and a deuce of a time his nerves give this modern Heautontimoroumenos. As a picture of the anguish attending the penman's travail, a study in literary obstetrics, this diary is without a rival. It is not energy, says this neuropath, but febrile excitement which makes good literature. "It is not the amount of time, as people generally suppose, which makes the superiority of your work; it is the quality of the fever you have in producing it." With him, as, no doubt, with most writers, it is the first step which costs. "With that blank sheet of paper staring one in the face, one's ideas all undecided, vague, floating, the first few hours are hard and grievous indeed." Here is a picture of a novelist's weary, fruitless day, which, it is to be hoped, will move the stony heart of those who think the literary chap's life is all beer and skittles:—

"Oh! the difficulty of composition to me now! Out of twelve hours of work, only three are worth anything. At the outset, a morning of loafing with cigarettes, scribbling pressing letters, correcting proofs, and then I fall to turning my plot over and over in my head. After lunch and a long smoke, paper covered with abject nonsense, work which comes to nothing, fits of rage with myself, a cowardly longing to give the thing up altogether. Then, about four o'clock, one works oneself up, perhaps, into the right mood, the ideas come trooping in, images, vision of one's characters, and the copy flows smoothly on till seven o'clock dinner. But this is only on condition that I don't go out, so as not to get my thoughts deranged by the bother of dressing. Then, up to eleven o'clock, comes the blotting out, compressing, amending, correcting, all with the smoking of an infinite number of cigarettes."

Alas! There comes a day when the cigarettes, those invaluable aids to composition, have to be given up; and then the poor man is tortured by the fear that his inspiration may vanish with their smoke. "I ask myself whether the kind of *spiritual* excitement which the use of tobacco gives will not be lacking." Altogether M. de Goncourt finds the writing of a book a sort of crucifixion.

Even when it is written his nerves give him no peace. He reads the opening chapters of "La Faustin" to a little gathering of the Zolas, Daudets, Hérédias, and Charpentiers. "I get a disagreeable shock. The chapters documented with humanity

don't seem to 'carry,' while the chapters I rather despise, the chapters of pure imagination, grip the audience." At last the book is published, and then—why, then, the poor wretch is once more tormenting himself. He looks for his novel in all the booksellers' shops, and does not see it. Or else, "I fancy that the book is not selling, because the covers of the copies exposed in the windows are faded and dirty." Nothing will quiet his nerves; when success comes he cannot believe in it, or it is not the right sort of success. "Charpentier tells me they are printing a second edition. That makes twelve thousand—respectable enough, to be sure, but not the *unexpected*—that unexpected which I have never met with in my life." What an unhappy life it is, this of the hyperæsthetised, neuropathic man of letters! Reading M. de Goncourt's complaints, one can understand why Musset declared he envied the fellow who breaks stones by the roadside. The volume, by the way, contains less of the *obiter dicta* which made its predecessors so amusing. The description of M. Sarcey's theories as the "æsthetics of a theatrical gasman" is neat; and there is a faint touch of La Rochefoucauld in "there are possibly a few honest people who don't like the real in literature, but it is certain that all dishonest people dislike it." We note that M. de Goncourt has had the pleasure of meeting "the poet Oscar Wilde," who regaled him with several American "chestnuts" (including "the pianist who is doing his best" story), and the amazing statement that Mr. Swinburne is the only Englishman who has read Balzac.

FREE TRADE IN ART.

MR. TATE has withdrawn his offer of his collection of pictures to the nation, and has thereby rendered to the nation a great artistic benefit, for which he cannot be too loudly thanked. I am not speaking sarcastically; I am merely saying what I honestly believe to be true. That his pictures should have been forced upon the National Gallery would have been a great and intolerable misfortune. That he should have built a shrine for them, where they would remain for ever, would have been a lesser misfortune; but, for all that, it would have been a misfortune. The canonisation of bad art, the foisting of a false ideal on the public, is, I take it, an evil; and it is not denied, even by those who deplore most loudly Mr. Tate's withdrawal of his pictures, that the pictures are utterly bad and utterly unworthy of the nation's acceptance. The laments that have filled the press for the last few days would be incomprehensible if we did not know the eternal story of the golden calf. The image has been overthrown, and the multitude is weeping over the scattered fragments.

But the matter is over at last, and I should not have referred to it had it not been for the use of the words "Liberal" and "Liberalism" in a letter signed "Respect Finem," published in THE SPEAKER, and purporting to be a protest, in the name of Liberalism, against my article entitled "The Proposed Destruction of the National Gallery." The writer's objection to my article was sufficiently answered in a note by the editor of THE SPEAKER; but the question of Liberalism, accidentally raised by this writer, seems to me to be worthy of serious consideration; and while considering it, I hope to show that my hostility to Mr. Tate's offer of his collection to the nation was based upon a strong foundation of Liberalism and belief in Free Trade. For I suppose that Liberalism may be defined as faith in the general sense of the nation. Is not Liberalism the belief that the primordial instincts of the race are a steadier and surer light—surer and steadier to follow—than the brilliant and plausible glories of individual intelligences? I mean, those intelligences which, being strictly individual, pass unrecognised, unhailed by the people. But though Liberals believe that the highest genius is merely the

expression, through one voice, of the dumb longings, aspirations, and impulses which lie about a nation's heart, they must not be credited with the folly of belief in the genius of the inventor of every new fashion that momentarily catches the popular fancy. The populace is less competent to pass immediate judgment than the experts; but the experts do no more than—sometimes correctly—anticipate the judgment of the populace. Twenty years ago "Christ leaving the Praetorium" would probably have been chosen by the populace in preference to the finest Raphael or Veronese; but to-day Raphael and Veronese might safely seek the suffrage of the populace. The issue has been before the country for sufficient time, and the country has decided rightly. It will be contended by no Liberal that the populace is capable of immediately expressing a correct opinion on any question laid before it. A Liberal accepts the decision of the majority; but when the issue is especially grave, all politicians plead that the country should be given time to arrive at a mature decision. The true Liberal must admit that the wisdom of two generations is sounder than that of one.

Now the connection between this exposition of Liberal principles and my opposition to the Tate collection is obvious; for the essence of my pleading was that it were folly to waste public land and money on building a shrine destined for the enshrining of works whose value was unknown, or, at least, problematical. That France should have a Luxembourg is natural enough; that we should have one would be anomalous. We are a Free Trading country; France is not. I pass over the failure of the Luxembourg—that awful example of Protection in art—suffice it for my purpose to call attention to the fact that a British Luxembourg is not reconcilable with our policy of trade. True that in art we have never been very strict Free Traders. There is the Royal Academy, an institution handsomely endowed out of the public funds, and yet responsible to no one, and, unless the application of Free Trade to art be denied, a plague-spot upon our system—not merely a theoretic plague-spot, but a real symptom of a real disease. Witness the yearly exhibitions of pictures—the pictures of the Academicians, the dull, idle, and fatuous imbecility of men living in the hot-house of Protection. They are governed by no rules except those they make for their own welfare, and their degrading and abominable paintings are forced upon the public by every sort of artifice and false pretence. The public is overawed by the solemn walls of their great building, and the mysterious significance of affixes A.R.A. and R.A. A wealthy manufacturer stands before a picture. He thinks it bad, but on referring to the catalogue he finds A.R.A. or R.A. after the painter's name, and, feeling ashamed of his ignorance, strives to work up some enthusiasm for the coloured illustration before him. And this is how the artistic sensibility of the nation is lowered. The Academy is now a money-making concern subventioned by the State, to the great detriment of art. Money and social respectability of the most conventional kind are the only influences that prevail in Burlington House. We will elect So-and-so; most entertaining fellow—tells capital stories. We can't elect Thingamagig; he married his model. No one denies that these are the influences that prevail in an election at the Academy, and yet no Liberal has yet ventured to bring in a measure for the abolition of the Royal Academy. Take the last election in proof of what I say. No one denies that the men that should have been elected were Mr. Whistler and Mr. Albert Moore. On this point there is absolutely no difference of opinion. I am sure that even Mr. Spielmann, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, and Mr. Bates will agree that this is so. Read the newspapers before the election, consult the Academicians themselves, search where you will, I defy you to find a dissident; and yet the men that were elected were Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Bates. To ask

for the reason of this extraordinary conduct would be vain; but sooner or later the day of reckoning will come. I do not believe that any institution, however firmly grounded in prejudice, apathy, and ignorance, can go on for ever defying not only the artistic but the common sense of the nation.

I am well aware that the opinions I express regarding the value of the paintings of the present Academicians must appear to many as extravagant, foolish, or malignant. It could not be otherwise, since, as I say, the majority of visitors to the Academy still regard the letters A.R.A. and R.A. as conclusive proof of the merit of a picture, and are overawed into acquiescence. But as my arguments are based upon facts, I have nothing to fear from either ignorance or hatred. There occurred a sale of pictures the other day, and the result seems to me to be a disastrous criticism, and a signal exposure of the folly of the proposed scheme of a British Luxembourg. Works by the very Academicians for whom Mr. Tate is desirous of building a shrine were sold for a third, a fourth, and a fifth of the prices which the owners paid to the painters. The depreciation in price of works by Academicians is no way exceptional. I could fill columns of this paper with information on the subject. A man is made A.R.A. or R.A., and instantly his prices go up fifty per cent. The salt-merchant, the coal-merchant, the timber-merchant go to him: "My price," he says, "is now three thousand pounds." The price is paid on the assumption that the mystical letters are a guarantee of the picture's worth; ten years after the picture finds its way into a sale-room, and is knocked down for two or three hundred pounds. The sale I speak of was duly chronicled in the papers, the prices paid to the Academicians and the prices the pictures fetched in the auction-room were given. Now, I ask, what further facts are wanted? and I confess myself unable to understand how, in the face of these facts, sane and unprejudiced persons can still continue to believe that Mr. Tate's scheme for an English Luxembourg could prove of any benefit to art. It could only serve, as I said in a previous article, to bolster up decadent reputations, and to still further deceive and blind picture-buyers as to the value of what they were buying. First, the poor corn-merchant would be overawed by the mystical letters A.R.A. and R.A., and if he still proved obdurate the dealer would only have to say: "Why, this painter has a picture in the British Luxembourg!" G. M.

THE DRAMA.

"A VISIT" AT THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

THIS week I could almost sing—sing anything, from a "Te Deum" to "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-deay!"—for joy. I am revelling in the intoxicating delight of finding myself, for once, at variance with Mr. William Archer. It is unphilosophical, no doubt, but, I submit, eminently human, to feel a certain irritation against a man who is always so conspicuously in the right as to make it impossible for you to disagree with him. I have not, I confess, always escaped this feeling with regard to Mr. Archer. No one grudges him less than I do the enormous and legitimate influence he has had upon the younger generation of his fellow-craftsmen. Sanity, clearness of thought, straightforward honesty of character must have their influence in the craft of criticism as in the craft of candlestick-making. I have undergone with the rest, and count myself lucky to have had the chance of undergoing, that influence. We have heard much talk, not very wise talk of late, about the "New Criticism," and all sorts of persons are pointed out, with or without reason, as its professors. But years before this novelty—if it be a novelty—was heard of, Mr. Archer was doing all the rough pioneering work, single-handed, was laying the solid foundation of a true critical method

upon which it is very easy for those who come after him to dab their little patch of stucco or arrange here and there a fancy brick. (I know full well, as I write these words, that some imbecile will call them mere tit-for-tat compliments—but let him! so long as I can say *liberari animam meam!*.) When one differs with this persistently, and, as I have said, irritatingly reasonable critic, one does it with a sense of embarking on a dangerous adventure. I feel, for my part, as though I had volunteered for a forlorn hope. I am tempted to put on black kid gloves and interlard my periods with ceremonious “Monsieurs!” as they always do with such delicious solemnity in French stage-duels.

My excuse for bringing Mr. Archer's head into this memorial is his appearance within the last few days behind the footlights instead of in front of them. The Independent Theatre Society has given its third performance, and the chief item of the bill was Mr. Archer's translation, under the title of *A Visit*, of the two-act play *Et Besög*, by the Danish dramatist Edward Brandes. The story of the play is short and simple. Emil Repholt, a Scandinavian Don Juan, pays a visit to his bosom friend, Kai Neergard, who has recently married a charming girl-wife, who is now a girl-mother, Florizel. Before the lady appears on the scene, the men fall to talking, as men will, of their old bachelor pranks. Don Juan becomes for the moment his own Leporello, and brags of his *mil e tre* conquests; especially over one of them, a sweet, childlike little thing, whom he met in the evening, and deserted in the morning, without so much as learning her name. Florizel enters—and you see at once, from her demeanour and Repholt's, that she is the sweet, childlike little thing. It is obvious that the husband will discover their secret, for the woman is speechless with terror, and Repholt is a maladroit, shamefaced fellow, without even the easy assurance of his vices. At once, then, the problem of the play stands clearly out: What will the husband do? or rather—for theme inevitably transforms itself into thesis in plays of this kind—what ought he to do? In general terms, how should a husband treat a wife who, he discovers, has fallen before marriage? This, of course, is a very old dramatic problem. It is discussed—with one difference, to be sure, the substitution of an affianced for an actual husband—in two of the most famous of the younger Dumas's plays, *Denise* and *Les Idées de Mme. Aubray*. You have something like it in Mr. Malcolm Watson's *Pharisee*. You can even find it—where, perhaps, few readers nowadays will care to seek it—in a story of Paul de Kock, “Cérisette.” (You will not, however, find it where, I see, one or two critics profess to have encountered it, in Kotzebue's *Stranger*, which presents a case not of frailty before, but of unfaithfulness after, marriage.)

The answer which every dramatist seems to give, by implication, to this question: What should the husband do when he knows of the fault? is: It all depends upon the circumstances. And so one finds them all making frantic efforts to minimise the woman's fault—to my mind with very ludicrous results. They all try to make out that the slip was, “please, sir, a very little one.” Thus Dumas makes his Jeannine fall in mere childish ignorance: “Je me donnais tout naturellement,” she says. She was “inconsiente,” adds Mme. Aubray. Denise yields herself to her lover for the strange reason that he is on the eve of a duel—“pour lui donner des forces.” Edward Brandes adopts the same old trick. The lady succumbed because she was, like Jeannine, practically unconscious of her act, and also was afraid of going to sea! It will be as well to cite chapter and verse.

NEERGARD (smiling ironically): And you call her an innocent girl?

REPHOLT: [She was an innocent girl, I'll stake my life on that. A strange being!] She was horribly afraid of going to sea again—that had a great deal to do with it—and when I had once persuaded her to let the boat start without her, she thought of nothing more.

* * * * *

NEERGARD: Unquestionably an easy conquest.

REPHOLT: [Say rather a taking by surprise. Poor little girl! She did not know what she was doing.] You see she was one of the romantic children who knew nothing of life. Etc. etc.

This passage, which proves, as Mr. Archer says, “the author's point is that Florizel, at the time of her encounter with Repholt, was practically irresponsible for her actions,” I choose as the bone of contention between Mr. Archer and myself. But before it reaches me there has been a pretty sharp tussle over this bone between Mr. Archer and a far more important person than myself—no less a person than the Licensor of Plays. The passages bracketed above were struck out by this functionary—to Mr. Archer's deep disgust. For their suppression, Mr. Archer declares, “leaves us to regard Florizel as a fully responsible consenting party, and the sympathy which is concentrated upon her becomes motiveless, if not positively immoral—or, if not positively immoral, at least disproportionate and sickly sentimental.” Now, as a general rule, in the popular hue-and-cry against the Licensor I am quite prepared to join. The grotesque inconsistency, the puzzle-headedness, the miserable futility of an officer (note that I say officer—the holder of the office is personally, as all the world knows, the most amiable of men) who prohibits a play like *The Cenci* and tolerates the scabrous stuff to be found in many modern burlesques, are matters of common knowledge. What the Licensor's motive was for cutting out these passages from *A Visit* I cannot imagine; but whatever it was, remembering the previous exploits of this functionary, I am sure it was a bad one. But—miracle of miracles!—the Licensor has in this instance, no doubt, as I say, from an eminently foolish motive, done what is, to my mind, an eminently wise thing. I hold that he has unconsciously strengthened the fibre of the play, by supplying the courage which the dramatist lacked. For what does this perpetual striving of Brandes, of Dumas, and the rest, to minimise the girl's fault, to make her “practically irresponsible for her actions,” mean? It means that they are afraid to face the real problem. It means that, while pretending to deal with a question of morality, they are all the while dealing with a simple question of pathology. It means that they are treating not of illicit relationship, but of an offence which should be left to the criminal courts. Make the woman's fall a “mere accident”—the phrase, by the way, has been aptly used by Mr. George Moore as a title for a story of just such a case of innocence and misfortune—and you simply shirk the only question of the slightest interest. The problem: How shall a husband treat a wife who, he discovers, has before her marriage been the “practically irresponsible,” helpless victim of “a mere accident?” is no problem at all. For there is only one answer to such a question—he must treat an accident as an accident. It is as though the woman had tumbled downstairs and broke her arm. Only that, and nothing more.

I should have liked to dwell upon the really great ability shown by the three performers in this interesting little piece—Miss Olga Brandon (wife), Mr. Philip Cuninghame (husband), and Mr. Arthur Bouchier (lover)—upon Mr. John Gray's charming verse-translation of De Banville's *Le Baiser*, and upon Mr. Arthur Symonds's *Minister's Call*, a one-act dramatisation of a story by Mr. Frank Harris, containing a good idea not quite successfully worked out—but I see I am at the end of my tether.

A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

SOME nine hundred books are already announced for the spring. Many of these are, however, reprints and new editions. As yet there is no promise of any sensational feature to mark the Easter publishing season—nothing, at least, likely to eclipse the success of “David Grieve” and “Tess of the D'Urbervilles.”

THE type of "The Long Quarterly" (STOCK) is pleasant to read, and the paper, of the colour of a duck's egg, is pleasant to look at. We hope the contents will prove "pleasant, too, to think upon." About the shape we are not so certain. On the bookstalls it has exactly the appearance of a diary or ledger, or one of those books out of which officials tear receipts. The editor evidently anticipates a great and prolonged success, for he "begs most respectfully to intimate to Authors that his arrangements are completed for several years, and he is quite unable to receive for consideration any MSS, whatever." Nevertheless, it is safe to predict that, in spite of his inability, he will receive them.

WE have never handled a lighter book for its bulk than "The Birds of Wordsworth" (HUTCHINSON) by MR. WILLIAM H. WINTRINGHAM; yet the paper is of admirable quality and quite solid in appearance. MR. WINTRINGHAM'S work is divided into twelve books, each dealing with a separate class of birds. Wisely, no attempt has been made to give a complete list of WORDSWORTH'S bird references. Having selected his better-known poems, MR. WINTRINGHAM has culled at discretion the most representative bird allusions. The absence of any indication of the contents beyond the title-page is a blemish. An exhaustive index would have added much to the book's value.

MRS. HENRY POTT believes that BACON was the centre of a secret league for the advancement of learning, and that that is the heart of the "mystery about his 'life aims and actual work.'" Having the courage of her opinions, she writes a book, "Francis Bacon and His Secret Society" (LOW), in support of them. She wishes a fair hearing, but will be satisfied if her book attracts the attention of a dozen workers in any department of knowledge.

THE papers have already plucked many of the plums out of MR. VERNON HEATH'S "Recollections" (CASSELL). The friends who assured MR. HEATH that his unvarnished tale would be of general interest were right; their expectation has been justified.

WHEN MR. W. J. FITZPATRICK began the work which has developed into "Secret Service Under Pitt" (LONGMANS), a large octavo volume, his sole purpose was to expose the betrayer of the United Irishmen; but the accumulation of matter enabled him to disclose a wider knowledge of an exciting time. The main interest of the book, of course, centres in the traitor whom MR. FROUDE failed to identify. MR. FITZPATRICK has had access to sources of information not open to MR. FROUDE, notably the PELHAM MSS., and two iron chests in Dublin Castle containing papers ranging from 1795 to 1805. From the light thrown by these archives, MR. FITZPATRICK is of opinion that "the person" referred to by MR. FROUDE was SAMUEL TURNER, Esq., LL.D., barrister-at-law, of Turner's Glen, Newry, whom MR. LECKY had already identified with an informer called "Richardson." MR. FITZPATRICK'S book is likely to attract considerable attention.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have issued a delightful edition of the works of JAMES THOMSON, the first and less. It is illustrated in a somewhat old-fashioned style, which may in itself prove an attraction.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING'S able historical essays are published in one volume by MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & CO. The book bears the title of the first paper, "The Flight to Varennes," a subject

which is dealt with again in a criticism of CARLYLE'S version of that event. HUGH ELIOT is the subject of two articles; and the others deal chiefly with the foreign policy of England during the French Revolution.

THE opponents of the ill-fated Gresham University Charter may be heartily congratulated on the complete success of their opposition. The strong deputation against the Charter last week made it clear to LORD SALISBURY that it could not hope for acceptance. The mere suggestion of another reference to LORD SELBORNE was so unanimously rejected that the final decision of the Government to accept the inevitable and refer the question to a new Commission was not only the most statesman-like, but the only practicable course open. But the Opposition must not yet wholly cease their efforts. They must see that the Commission is really representative, that all the educational resources of London are fully considered, and, finally, that the evil influences which have brought the Gresham Charter to such a pass are not allowed to share in the work of framing the new University. Londoners may then hope to see in the near future a University wide, comprehensive, and worthy of the greatness of their great metropolis.

LAST week M. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE delivered the last of his lectures on "The Epochs of the French Theatre." SCRIBE and MUSSET were the authors discussed. M. BRUNETIÈRE deprecated the tone of disdain in which it is customary to speak of SCRIBE. A dramatic author's supremacy could not have lasted for forty years without good reasons. Since SCRIBE there has been no one who has surpassed, or even equalled, him in awakening, feeding, and satisfying the curiosity of an audience. Not only in conceiving new situations, but in developing them for all their worth—in creating a dramatic equation, concealing the problem, coquetting with it, and when confusion is at its height, in having the right illuminative word spoken, SCRIBE is incomparable. That original dramatic aptitude, which cannot be acquired, which experience may perfect, but can neither create nor supply, was never possessed more naturally nor more fully than by SCRIBE. If M. BRUNETIÈRE is asked, Why, then, out of SCRIBE'S three or four hundred pieces, is it that only five or six survive? his reply is, "Que c'est en raison de l'abus qu'il a fait de cette qualité même."

OF MUSSET'S poetic scenes M. BRUNETIÈRE is enamoured, but he is not prepared to say that they are "of the theatre." In idea and in subject they are often far from clear, and we are almost always more interested in MUSSET than in the play. What we have to remember about MUSSET is that he caused a breath of poetry to pass over the French drama—a feat which not even the romantic school succeeded in doing.

IN his concluding remarks M. BRUNETIÈRE reviews the general tendency of his criticism. Two main influences have presided over the evolution of the drama—that of the *hour*, and that of the *man*. The influence of the hour is the pressure on all literary work of preceding productions of the same kind; and the only power which can counterbalance it is that of the man. Just as a few drops of pure quintessence poured into a glass of pure water make what was insipid a delicious drink or a deadly poison, so is it with the effect of the various authors in pouring their individualities into the dramatic form. CORNEILLE, MOLIÈRE, RACINE, MARIVAUX, BEAUMARCHAIS, modified the law of the evolution of the drama in modifying the *milieu* in which that evolution operated. But that which must always remain the same, that which

makes the unity and continuity of the drama from the time of the Greeks to our own, "c'est le spectacle d'une volonté qui se déploie." Action, thus defined, must always be the law of the theatre.

A "REMBRANDT discovery" has caused quite a stir in Scandinavian art-circles. The "discovery" relates—not to a hitherto unknown picture, but to the subject of an authenticated Old Master in the Stockholm National Museum. It is the representation of an ancient chief or king surrounded by his warriors, and the chief has only one eye. There have been various surmises as to who this single-eyed gentleman might be—whether ZISKA or some Biblical person. Then a Danish art-critic, KARL MADSEN by name, suddenly and, it was thought by himself and his admirers, very ingeniously discovered that it was ODIN, and that REMBRANDT had no doubt received the commission to paint this ancient northern god from the King of Sweden. But now MR. MADSEN himself, very unkindly, upsets the whole thing. It never has been ODIN—of course not; it is CLAUDIUS CIVILIS taking the oath of his men. Those who may be a little sceptical at this sudden change are referred to TACITUS ("Historiæ" liber iv., cap. 13, etc.), where they will find the incident minutely described.

THE Musical and Dramatic Exhibition which is to be opened at Vienna on the 1st of May promises to be of the highest interest. Committees for collecting and sending to Vienna pictures, dresses, instruments, books, and manuscripts, connected whether with the dramatic or with the musical art, are being formed in all the principal capitals of Europe; and the thoroughly international character of the exhibition should have the effect of drawing this year to the Austrian capital visitors from every civilised land. Not only are the material elements and accessories of plays and operas to be shown, but certain historical works—musical and dramatic—are to be represented in all possible completeness, and with the support of the first performers.

MRS. OSBORNE pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey on Tuesday, and after a very brief trial and a touching appeal for mercy from MRS. HARGREAVE—the person her conduct had most wronged, next to her husband—was sentenced by MR. JUSTICE A. L. SMITH to nine months' imprisonment. It seems to be generally felt that this sentence meets the needs of the case. On the psychological problems involved we have no further light. Not even hysteria—the universal solvent just now of all questions connected with the female sex—will explain how a girl of good position with ample means in prospect and every reason to expect wedded happiness, came to fall, not into picturesque crime, but into petty theft. Many excellent people—from JOHN BUNYAN and RICHARD BAXTER downwards, not to speak of earlier saints—have confessed to a frequent consciousness of capacity for crime. Modern psychology, with its doctrines of a "threshold of consciousness" outside which innumerable ideas are waiting to receive that due intensification which shall bring them into consciousness proper, affords ample justification for the Platonic and Christian doctrine of original sin. But the difficulty in this case is to understand how the temptation was strong enough to override all the natural barriers against crime. We know now that having once fallen, MRS. OSBORNE was forced by her family to keep up appearances. She is punished—not too severely—for her sin. Since its discovery she has done her best to expiate it. Without sentimentalism we may hope that in future years she

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

will share the right of ordinary prisoners to oblivion. Pity her as we must, we cannot but reflect that her sentence is the smallest part of her punishment.

M. ETIENNE ARAGO, who died in Paris on Monday at the age of ninety, had had a singularly varied and active life. Sixteen years younger than his brother, the famous physicist, he had achieved a reputation as a playwright before 1830. Then politics claimed him. He was LA FAYETTE's aide-de-camp after the revolution of July; he took an active part in that of 1848; during the first eight years of the Second Empire he was an exile in Brussels; and for the first two months after its fall he was Mayor of Paris. After these dignities it seems bathos to mention that he is credited with the introduction into France of adhesive postage stamps and a uniform rate of postage. Unfortunately he had destroyed his Memoirs unfinished.

AMONG the other deaths announced since our last issue have been those of the EARL OF DENBIGH, well known as a Roman Catholic Peer; SIR WILLIAM GREGORY, formerly a Liberal and Adullamite M.P. for Galway, an ardent supporter of the Southern cause in the War of Secession, an apologist for Arabi Pasha, and one of the best Governors Ceylon has ever had; General SIR GEORGE BYNG HARMAN, K.C.B., Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief; Admiral JURIEEN DE LA GRAVIÈRE, who is best known in England as a leading authority on naval history, past and future; MR. G. B. GREGORY, long a Conservative Member for West Sussex; the HON. EDWARD PIERREPONT, of New York, Ambassador to England in 1876-78; M. MARTEL, Minister of Justice in M. JULES SIMON'S Cabinet in 1876; MR. ALDERMAN BLAKE, an ex-Mayor of Portsmouth and a pillar of Liberalism in that town; MR. GEORGE HEATH, President of the College of Medicine at Newcastle and one of the most eminent surgeons of the North of England; and DR. NOAH PORTER, ex-President of Yale College and a well-known writer and editor of philosophical and theological works.

ANOTHER CORRECTION FOR MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

Boston, February 25th, 1892.

IT seems a pity, if American doings and sayings are to be cited at all in England, either for warning or instruction in politics, that they cannot be cited and interpreted correctly. An English friend has recently sent me a cutting from the *Times* of January 16th, containing a letter by Mrs. Fawcett, from which I extract the following. The extract is long, and the letter now old, but I dare say the errors it contains are still doing duty in England on the stump and elsewhere as arguments in behalf of woman suffrage, and against Irish Home Rule, and it is perhaps not therefore too late to correct them.

After quoting the *Woman's Journal* of Boston to show that the falling-off in the number of women voting at School Board elections in this city is only apparent, and is not due to "apathy," and that the unusually large vote in 1888 was due to "a specially exciting election," Mrs. Fawcett says:—

"An unusually exciting election causing an unusually large poll is a very different thing from a general decline of interest in the appointment of the School Committee. It may not be without interest to your readers to recall to their minds the circumstances connected with the unusual excitement caused by the School Committee elections in Boston in 1888. On that occasion the women of Boston roused themselves by a special effort to save their city from the domination of an Irish clique, similar to that which has ruined municipal life in so many American cities. Lest I should be tempted to tell the story with personal bias on behalf of the women, I will give it in the words of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, whom no one will accuse of a similar failing. Speaking at Glasgow in 1889, Mr. Chamberlain said:—

"You know, I dare say, the great city of Boston. Like many

other cities of the United States, it was some time ago under the control of the Irish party. The Irish party held a balance of power, and the Irish party secured the principal offices in the municipality, and important posts upon other governing bodies. Well, the Irish party were not satisfied with this predominance, and they grasped at more, and under the instigation of some of their advisers—clerical advisers, I believe—they endeavoured to secure control of the School Board also, with a view to using the School Board to destroy that national system of unsectarian education of which every American is justly proud. (Cheers.) Well, in doing this, it appears that they went a little too far. They roused the spirit of the American women, and they, who, even less than our women are willing and ready to leave their homes and their domestic life to take part in the battle and the fray of our political contests—they felt that at last an issue was raised in which they were so deeply interested that their duty required them, at all hazards, to come forward; and accordingly they registered themselves in large numbers. They formed their organisations, they went to the polls, and they swept the polls (laughter)—they swept the polls of the Irish party (cheers and renewed laughter)—and at the last election they not only secured the whole School Board, but they also secured their candidates on the Town Council, and the Irish mayor had to give place to a mayor of American birth. (Cheers.) Ladies and gentlemen, what these American women did for their national education, surely you may do for your national existence. (Cheers.)”

Now let us see what were the real facts of the case. In the first place, Mr. Chamberlain is wrong in supposing that women in Boston, or anywhere in Massachusetts, have a vote at municipal elections; they never have had such a vote. Consequently, they did not in 1888 “sweep the polls of the Irish party,” and “not only secure the whole School Board, but also their candidates for the Town Council” and for the Mayoralty. Women do not vote in Massachusetts for any political officers. The great political rising of the women of Boston against “the Irish party,” or “the Irish clique,” is the product of Mr. Chamberlain’s imagination.

I have before me the official returns of “the number of registered female voters for school committees for the years 1881 to 1888 inclusive, and also the number who have exercised the privilege of voting,” in counties, cities, and towns. For the City of Boston the figures for these seven years are as follows:—1881: registered, 748; voted, 640. 1882: registered, 567; voted, 498. 1883: registered, 701; voted, 650. 1884: registered, 1,119; voted, 1,026. 1885: registered, 2,238; voted, 2,062. 1886: registered, 1,193; voted, 878. 1887: registered, 837; voted, 725. 1888: registered, 20,252; voted, 19,490. The other counties exhibit much the same phenomena of small registration and a still smaller vote in ordinary years, and of “specific excitement” in 1888. In 1889 the registration of women voters fell off one-half in Boston, namely, to 10,589 from 20,252. In 1890 it dropped to 7,925; in 1891 to 6,000, with a very small vote, and, as far as one can see at present, the decline is likely to continue. What is more important is that there was a complete reaction against the uprising in Boston in 1889, and the members of the School Committee who were elected under “the specific excitement” of 1888 were overwhelmingly defeated, and the old representation of the Protestants and Catholics restored. Moreover, an attempt of the uprisers to secure legislation enabling the School Committee to discriminate against Catholic parochial schools under the Factory Acts of the State completely failed. This Act requires a certificate of school attendance from children under a certain age employed in factories. The Protestants tried to arm the School Committee in every town with the power to reject this qualification when it emanated from the parochial schools, and had they succeeded, every election would have been a furious trial of strength between Protestants and Catholics all over the State. In fact, I am speaking moderately when I say that most intelligent men in Massachusetts deplored the movement of 1888 as simply an outburst of religious bigotry, and foremost among its opponents was President Eliot of Harvard College.

Now what caused this excitement in 1888, and brought out in Boston so large a female vote? Was it a grand female uprising against “the Irish party” in the municipal government? By no means. Mr. Chamberlain was nearly as wrong about this as he

now says he was in 1885 about the likeness of the English Government in Ireland to the Russian Government in Poland. The movement was, as I have said, an anti-Catholic one, always easy to start in an Anglo-Saxon Protestant community. It originated in this way: On May 8, 1888, the Rev. Theodore Metcalf, a Roman Catholic priest, wrote to the Boston School Board complaining that Charles B. Travis, a teacher of history in the English High School, had “trespassed on the forbidden ground of religion, and made statements which were an outrage to Catholics in his endeavours to explain the Catholic doctrine of indulgences.”

The School Board then consisted of twelve Catholics, eleven Protestants, and one Jew. The letter was referred to the Committee on High Schools. Mr. Travis denied that he had ever thrown “ridicule or contempt upon any boy or upon any religion.” But the Committee on High Schools, consisting of three Catholics and one Protestant, reported unanimously that Metcalf’s charge had been sustained. Mr. Travis was transferred from medieval to ancient history, and the text-book from which he taught, “Swinton’s Outlines of the World’s History,” which had been in use ten years, was taken from the schools because, as the Committee said, “its teaching is not correct; it conveys the impression that an indulgence is the permission to commit sin.” The comments of Mr. Travis, which, reported by his Catholic pupils to their priests, had called forth Father Metcalf’s letter, were made upon a footnote on page 320 of Swinton’s History, which reads as follows:—

“These indulgences were, in the early ages of the Church, remissions of the penalties imposed upon persons whose sins had brought scandal upon the community. But in process of time they were represented as actual pardons of guilt, and the purchaser of indulgences was said to be delivered from all his sins.”

The only members of the School Committee who opposed the removal of Swinton’s History were Mrs. Emily Fifield and Miss Caroline Hastings, the only women on the Committee. The Congregational clergyman who was on the Committee at the time, and who defended his course publicly in the daily press, was the Rev. Dr. Joseph Duryea, who has since become pastor of a Congregational church in Omaha, Neb. He was then pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Boston.

As regards the share of the Irish in causing and maintaining abuses in American municipal government, I am the last person to apologise for it or gloss it over. In New York it is, with the help of the Germans, Bohemians, Poles, and Austrian Jews, unhappily very large. This city is now governed by four Irishmen, who are as unfit by character and training for any such work as men can be; but in passing judgment on them I am, as every sensible man must be, compelled to caution and moderation by the fact that they submitted themselves, after a two years’ trial and a thorough exposure of their failings, to the popular vote in 1890, and were re-elected by a triumphant majority, largely made up of native Americans. I cannot forget, too, that Tweed and Hall and Hoffman, the leading spirits of the famous New York “Ring” of 1870, were good Americans, Protestants by birth and descent. Worse than all, we find ourselves to-day in the presence of corruption in the municipal government of Philadelphia more brazen than that of Tweed here, and the leading actors in it are all American Presbyterians, Episcopalians, or Quakers, and their chief the son of an American Congregational clergyman. The exposures, too, so far from having produced a popular rising, as those of the Tweed “Ring” did in New York, have fallen, as far as the voters of the city are concerned, on leaden ears, and some of the perpetrators of the frauds were triumphantly returned at the last election. The truth is, that anyone who tries to solve the problem of municipal government in the United States by throwing the blame on a particular race or religion, very soon comes to grief in his argument unless, like Mr.

Chamberlain or Mr. Goldwin Smith, he approaches the question as a furious partisan, and kicks the facts out of his way.

E. L. GODKIN.

THE ASSASSINATION OF DR. VULCOVITCH.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 4, 1892.

THE assassination of Dr. Vulcovitch, at seven o'clock in the evening, in one of the most public streets in Pera, undoubtedly adds one more to the long list of political crimes, paid for with Russian money, and committed by Bulgarian agents of the pro-Russian party. As a Russian steamer left the next morning for Odessa, the assassins are probably beyond the reach of the Turkish police.

As long ago as last November certain papers fell into the hands of the Bulgarian Government which gave a list of the statesmen who were to be assassinated, and the name of Dr. Vulcovitch was among them. He was warned at once, but he was a fearless man, and took but few precautions. He was a generous, kindly man, with no personal enemies, and it was hard for him to realise that he was really in danger.

On this particular evening he was returning from the British Embassy to his own house. The British Consul-General, Sir Henry Fawcett, passed down the street with his cavass, less than two minutes before him, and saw three men waiting at the corner near the Bulgarian Agency. One of these men was undoubtedly the assassin. A moment later another gentleman passed, and assisted Dr. Vulcovitch to his house. The wound in the abdomen, at first supposed to be slight, proved fatal after two days.

While it is not yet possible to speak with absolute certainty, there is every reason to believe that the assassins were the same who murdered M. Beltcheff in Sofia, and who were under the direction of Rizoff, who is now detained in the fortress at Belgrade. They were Macedonian Bulgarians, and Turkish subjects, in the pay of Russia.

The Turkish Government is responsible for this act only in so far as it has refused to treat Bulgarians of this class as criminals, and has allowed them to go at large in Constantinople and elsewhere—in spite of the protest of the Bulgarian Government. They have been protected as political refugees.

The responsibility of the Russian Government for all these plots and assassinations is much more direct. I do not suppose that the Czar or M. Nelidoff ordered the assassination of Dr. Vulcovitch. The conspirators are not paid directly from the Russian Treasury, but they are Russian agents and paid with Russian money, and are in direct communication with Russian committees which are patronised by the Government. They are personally known, protected, and encouraged by Russian officials, and they are working in the interest of the Russian Government, with the knowledge of the Czar, who from the day when he approved the abduction of Prince Alexander, has never in any way expressed his displeasure at the acts of these agents.

The assassination of Dr. Vulcovitch certainly justifies to some extent the extreme measures which have been taken by the Government at Sofia in arresting all those suspected of being in sympathy with this band of assassins. The actual murderers of M. Beltcheff escaped, but it is now known that they had been four months in Sofia before they found their opportunity, and that they were known and harboured by some at least of those now in prison, if not by all. It is known also that there were plots to kill Prince Ferdinand and other Ministers. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that exceptional measures should be taken, nor that some, not actually guilty of a participation in these plots, should suffer for a time on account of their well-known Russian proclivities.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. MEREDITH AND ST. ANDREWS.

SIR,—I have just observed a mistake which "A. T. Q. C." seems to have made in his last "Literary Causerie." He says:—"The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge ought, one would think, to be interested in letters. They have honorary degrees to confer, and these degrees, when well bestowed, do equal honour to those who receive and those who confer them. Why, then, has it been left to a Scottish University to pay the first compliment this week to a writer who, by general admission, has for years been one of the first half-dozen in England, and is now one of the first three? It is so easy to be less intelligent than Aberdeen."

Here "A. T. Q. C." refers, presumably, to Mr. George Meredith; but Mr. Meredith is to receive the degree of LL.D. from the University of St. Andrews, and not from Aberdeen. The mistake is not serious; but it is as well to be accurate, and give honour to whom honour is due. It is quite possible for an English University to be less intelligent than either Aberdeen or St. Andrews.—I am, etc., COLLEGE OF THE SCARLET GOWN.

"THE BEGINNINGS OF BALLIOL."

SIR,—There is no need for the humorous reviewer of Mrs. Paravicini's "Balliol College" to advise "the wise reader to meditate on the eternal connection between beer and learning." He has failed to detect the amusing mistranslation of "nimium cervicisse." The form of the word is curious, but a glance at Du Cange will show that the baron did penance not for having "gotten himself drunk with beer," but for the more heinous crime of being "exceedingly stiff-necked."—Your obedient servant,

H. E. D. BLAKISTON.

THE FRONTIER LINE.

WHAT marks the frontier line?

Thou man of India, say!

Is it the Himalayas sheer,

The rocks and valleys of Cashmere?

Or Indus as she seeks the sea

From Attock south to Kurrachee?

"Not that! Not that!"

Then answer me, I pray,

What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?

Thou man of Burmah, speak!

Oh, is it traced from Mandalay,

And down the borders of Cathay?

From Bhamo south to Kiang-mai,

And where the buried rubies lie?

"Not that! Not that!"

Then tell me what I seek,

What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?

Thou Africander, say!

Is it shown by Zulu kraal,

By Drakensberg or winding Vaal,

Or where the Shiré waters seek

Their outlet east at Mozambique?

"Not that! Not that!"

Then once again I pray

What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?

Thou man of Egypt, tell!

Is it traced on Luxor's sand,

Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,

Or where the river runs between

The Ethiop and Bishareen?

"Not that! Not that!"

By neither stream nor well

We mark the frontier line.

"But be it east or west

One common sign we bear;

The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,

But where your English brothers lie

The mouldered cross, the nameless grave,

Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave,

'Tis that! 'Tis where

They lie, the men who traced it there,

That marks the frontier line!"

A. CONAN DOYLE.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, March 11th, 1892.

A CRITIC may be allowed to simulate frenzy at times as well as his fellows—in private theatricals, let us say, or to speed the blind-man's-buff at Christmas: but while exercising his profession he ought, I submit, to keep his head. A critic, when all's said and done, is a person who performs critical functions. In other words, he must discriminate: and an indiscriminating critic is demonstrably naught. He is, as the Professor of Logic put it, "no thing, which is nothing." He is even such a figure as M. Mirbeau, who writes in the *Paris Figaro*:—"M. Maurice Maeterlinck nous a donné l'œuvre la plus géniale de ce temps, et la plus extraordinaire et la plus naïve aussi, comparable—et oserai-je le dire?—supérieure en beauté à ce qu'il y a de plus beau dans Shakespeare. Cet œuvre s'appelle *la Princesse Maleine*."

This is pretty good. It is very good indeed when one remembers Matthew Arnold's remarks about the French Academy and the urbanity it has induced in French criticism. But certain recent performances in our own tongue have robbed us of the right to laugh; and of these performances we may more profitably speak.

If you count the months, you will find it but a very little while since the British and American reader was informed that certain unfamiliar foreign languages, French, Russian, Norwegian, Spanish, possessed living literatures of their own. Of course the poor fellow could not apprehend this at once. In the beautiful language of Mr. Herbert Spencer, "it is only by frequent and varied iteration that unfamiliar truths can be impressed upon reluctant minds." In the matter of fiction, for instance, it could only be broken to him with great caution that Thackeray was by no means the greatest artist the world has seen. At the first word against his divinity, he ran away, like Christian, with his fingers in his ears. But he came back to listen: and by this time he is at least familiar with the simple truth that this planet has from time to time been sparsely dotted with greater novelists than Thackeray.

This was well done: and it is therefore all the more distressing to find that the very critics who taught us to admire and enjoy the masterpieces of foreigners are now losing their heads completely over foreign work of every kind, good, bad, and indifferent. I owe much to the man who introduced me to "*La Guerre et la Paix*," or "*Dmitri Roudine*," or "*In God's Way*." But when the same critic uses speech of equal praise about "*La Espuma*" of A. P. Valdès or the "*Pepita Jiménez*" of Juan Valera, or Matilde Serao's "*Fantasia*," then I begin to wonder if words have any value in modern criticism. The rustic who sits down before the pump of his own village and declares there is nothing in the world to beat it is hardly more absurd than his son who comes home on a holiday from his London shop and swears by everything in London, down to its smells, its butter and its melodramas. The criticism that takes no account of "*Pepita Jiménez*" may be parochial: but the criticism that ranks its author with Tolstoy—the Tolstoy of "*Anna Karénine*"—is certainly not Catholic, nor cosmopolitan. It is merely indiscriminating.

In his preface to an English translation of "*Pepita Jiménez*," Mr. Gosse tells us that this story, first published in 1874, has already become a classic, "and is studied, imitated, analysed as a book which has passed beyond all danger of the vicissitudes of fashion,

and which will unquestionably survive as one of the glories of the national literature. . . . '*Pepita Jiménez*' is Spain itself, in a microcosm. . . . The world has decided that '*Pepita Jiménez*' is a masterpiece." Again, Mr. Howells in a recent book of criticism calls it "this exquisite masterpiece of Señor Valera's."

These be prave orts. But when you call any work of art an "exquisite masterpiece," either you must believe it to be about the highest achievement of human power, or you are debasing the currency of language. If there *should* exist a considerably finer novel than "*Pepita Jiménez*," what earthly speech have you left yourself to use concerning it? I see nothing for it but to employ the symbols of algebra: to raise "exquisite masterpiece" to the *n*'th power and write "*Anna Karénine*" is an exquisite masterpiece." But we will suppose Mr. Howells to use his language with a clear conception of its value. What are we to say, then, of "*Pepita Jiménez*," this crown of artistic achievement?

Well, in the first place it is a very small story. Of course, a story may be small, and at the same time exquisite: and I merely mention this as a warning to those who believe with Aristotle that size is necessary to work of the very first order. For my own part, I believe it necessary to a novel of the first order: for without size I always miss atmosphere. But here I allow myself to be convinced by Mr. Howells, who finds in this book "the gay light of an Andalusian sky," and by Mr. Gosse, who declares that "its landscape, of a sumptuous Andalusian fertility, has we know not what of primitive and simple, broad and glowing." I will believe all this, except, perhaps, that the fertility of Andalusia is "sumptuous"; I will take it on trust that Señor Valera has surrounded his little tale with a real heaven and a real earth.

But what is the tale about? It tells how a certain Luis de Vargas, dedicated to the priesthood, goes home to his father's farm to spend a few weeks there before he is ordained: how he falls in love with Pepita Jiménez, a lovely young widow, for whom his own father is a suitor; how he finds Pepita lovelier than the priesthood, and surrenders his ambition and his religious ardour, to marry her and settle down to humdrum connubial felicity. It is, as Mr. Howells says, very pretty and very true; it also deals with a frequent, genuine, and momentous problem of man's life—the conflict of religion and earthly love. Beyond a doubt, Señor Valera has here got hold of something essential, something deeper than the freakish accidents of life. Let him have all credit for this. But how has he treated the story?

Well, most people will agree that his solution of the problem is the right one: that is to say, he gets the answer right. But in the working out, though it abounds with subtleties up to a point, the point where Luis discovers he is really in love with Pepita, the book thenceforward reminds one of a schoolboy who, getting tired of his sum, has looked up the answer. The situation is this:—Luis loves Pepita and Pepita loves Luis, and each is aware of the other's passion. But Luis is vowed to the Church and Luis' own father is Pepita's suitor. To get the right answer, *i.e.*, domestic felicity for Pepita and Luis, we must overcome Luis' scruples and get the father to withdraw from the contest. Señor Valera manages both: but, to my thinking, he wrecks his story to save it. The device by which the father is withdrawn is every whit as stagey and unconvincing as Dickens' loudly abused device for keeping old Chuzzlewit in Mr. Pecksniff's house: and as for Luis' scruples, they are overcome thus—the two lovers meet in Pepita's house to say farewell, they attempt

to convince each other by speeches of an average length of two pages. This is the sort of thing:—

"I too, madam," returned Don Luis, endeavouring to conquer his emotion and to speak with firmness—"I too, madam, am obliged to make a great effort in order to answer you with the calmness necessary to one who opposes argument to argument, as in a controversy; but your accusation is supported by so many reasons, and you have invested those reasons—pardon me for saying so—with so specious an appearance of truth, that I have no choice left me but to disprove them by other reasons. . . ."

After an hour or two of this, Pepita bursts into tears and rushes into her bedroom. Thither Luis follows her.

I am glad that I have Mr. Howells with me here. He protests against the author who can leave the reader to believe that a man of Luis' character and training will be happy with a woman who wins him in Pepita's way; "and that," he adds, "is where it is false both to life and art." But "that" is also the supreme moment of the tale: and I am wholly at a loss to understand how a critic can use such an expression as "exquisite masterpiece" of a story that "is false both to life and art" in its crucial scene.

There are other drawbacks in the telling of this tale, and Mr. Gosse himself has drawn attention to the most obvious of them. The book is written in three fragments, called "Letters from my Nephew," "Paralipomena," and "Epilogue—Letters from my Brother": that is to say, half the tale is unfolded in epistolary, and half in ordinary, narrative. Says Mr. Gosse, "the worst-trained of 'fictionists' would have avoided the three shapes, the disjointed mode of narration, which the amateur has employed for his story. None the less," he goes on, "the world has decided that 'Pepita Jiménez' is a masterpiece." But if Mr. Gosse believes the formal blemish to be of such importance, he might, as a critic, stand up and set the world right. For my part, I care little about this blemish. There exists no law of shape for novels, and Señor Valera's method is interesting as an experiment.

But what are we to say of the amateur who, after bringing about a meeting between Luis and Pepita by a perfectly simple and natural contrivance, breaks off his story to talk in this fashion?—

"At this point in our narrative we cannot refrain from calling attention to the character of authenticity that stamps the present history, and paying a tribute of admiration to the scrupulous exactness of the person who composed it. For, were the incidents related in these *paralipomena* fictitious, as in a novel, there is not the least doubt but that an interview so important and of such transcendent interest as that of Pepita and Don Luis would have been brought about by less vulgar means than those here employed. Perhaps our hero and heroine, in the course of some new excursion into the country, might have been surprised by a sudden and frightful tempest, thus finding themselves obliged to take refuge in the ruins of some ancient castle or Moorish tower, with the reputation, of course, of being haunted by ghosts or other supernatural visitants. Perhaps our hero and heroine might have fallen into the power of a party of bandits . . ." etc. etc.

This is simply suicidal. It is the old mistake of Trollope, who begins the last chapter of "Barchester Towers" with the remark: "The end of a novel, like the end of a children's dinner-party, must be made up of sweet-meats and sugar-plums." When an author interrupts his narrative to remind us that he is only telling a "story," though a better story than others he could mention, he dispels all illusion at a stroke and gives our credulity a slap in the face. To borrow a sentence from Mr. Henry James, "we are startled and shocked in quite the same way as if Macaulay or Motley were to drop the historic mask and intimate that William of Orange was a myth or the Duke of Alva an invention."

It is no grateful business to pick holes in so pretty a piece of work as "Pepita Jiménez"; but it is just as well that criticism should be left with a few words in which to describe a better book.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

THE MODERN FACTORY SYSTEM. By H. Whately Cooke Taylor, F.S.S., F.R.Hist.S., H.M. Inspector of Factories. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

MR. COOKE TAYLOR has now followed up his "Introduction" to the history of the factory system by an admirable account of the development of that system in our own country. Both volumes will need to be read by every student of social questions. Mr. Taylor brings to one of the most difficult and complicated questions of modern industrialism not only the philosophy of a trained observer, but also the very unusual common sense of a practical expert. Moreover, he starts on his task unweighted by any theoretical bias. It is evident from the whole tenor of his work that he has not given in his adhesion to either the Individualist or the Socialist solution of the industrial problem, and inquirers may rely upon finding in his pages nothing but the impartial conclusions of a scientific investigator.

A considerable portion of Mr. Taylor's volume is devoted to a description of the revolution which swept over the industries of this country at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. We cannot help regretting that the ignorance of the general public on economic history, and the absence of any first-rate text-book on the subject, force almost every comprehensive writer on any department of the labour question of to-day to overload his book with a description of that great industrial revolution which is still scarcely mentioned in our school histories. These necessary descriptions, from Arnold Toynbee's suggestive essay down to the first chapter of Professor Marshall's "Principles of Economics," are all largely derived, directly or indirectly, from the brilliant analysis in which Karl Marx traced the transformation of our industry through the change from an individual to an associated method of production, with the unhappy consequence of the absorption by a limited body of capitalists and landlords of most of the direct economic benefits of the change. Thus Mr. Taylor feels bound to describe, in the course of many pages, the growth of the system of capitalist *entrepreneurs*, intensified in its effects on the economic freedom of the individual by the use of machinery and steam power, and he traces the rise of factory legislation to a growing sense on the part of the community of the absolute necessity of setting limits to the tyrannous use, by this modern oligarchy of captains of industry, of their new-born power over the life and labour of their fellow-citizens. For two generations this legislative action may be said to have been purely empirical. The experience of this century now enables Mr. Taylor to demonstrate that the ideal of individual "free contract" between man and man—the blissful vision of the early English economists—could not possibly have been realised under an industrial system in which the instruments of production were necessarily in the control of a limited number of persons, to whom the obsolescent handicraftsmen could only sell their labour.

"Politically free they were," says Mr. Taylor, "but not economically free; what freedom has a man who must either undertake a task or starve? In point of fact they *could not* be free, the condition of the contracting parties being unequal. If Adam Smith had analysed this doctrine with sufficient care, he would have found that what he sought to establish was the *free competition of equal industrial units*: what he was in fact helping to establish was the *free competition of unequal industrial units*. Those keen intellects never sufficiently realised that perfect liberty of action not only allowed, but even assured, economical despotism, all other restraining influences being withdrawn." Thus Mr. Taylor points out that the main issue which underlay the whole strife about factory legislation was "the immemorial

controversy of the right of one human being in another's labour" (whether that right be obtained through the ownership of the person of the labourer or through the ownership of the instruments of production) "and the appropriate attitude of the commonwealth in that regard."

We have not the space to follow Mr. Taylor's vivid description of the horrors of the unregulated factory system, the hateful accuracy of which no one who is acquainted with Blue Book literature of the early decades of the century will be disposed to deny. In reading these pages the present writer recalled the confidential utterance of a large and influential employer. "I do not wonder," said he, "that the working class distrust us capitalists. A terrible record of carelessness and cruelty has to be effaced from their memories before we can hope to be forgiven, much less followed." Mr. Taylor points out, however, with much truth, that the great capitalist employer, or captain of industry, is being slowly but surely superseded by the salaried and quasi-official administrator of great masses of capital owned by syndicates, trusts, or limited companies. The regulation of labour in the interests of the whole community is not therefore becoming less, but more, imperative with the gradual disappearance from our industrial horizon of that semi-mythical figure of the patriarchal employer living in the midst of his workpeople, caring for the welfare of each of them, spending his life virtually in their service, and, perhaps, even "sharing his profits" among them.

In the chapters devoted to the history of factory legislation Mr. Taylor describes the chronological sequence in which the sufferings of oppressed workers were brought home to the conscience of the nation. Regulation of the conditions of labour in the textile factories began in the early part of this century, non-textile factories and workshops of specified trades followed in the forties and fifties; while legislative restriction was extended to all manufactures, in a somewhat loose and unsatisfactory fashion, by the Workshops Act of 1867. We must, however, join issue with Mr. Taylor in his condemnation as an error of the common opinion "that home industries have never been brought, like factory industries, under inspection." Technically speaking, certain spheres of home industry—i.e., small workshops and domestic workshops—were, it is true, brought nominally under Government inspection by the Factory and Workshop Acts of 1864-67. But, to leave out of all consideration the practical obstacles placed in the path of the inspector in the regulation of labour in domestic and small workshops, we have the hard-and-fast line (contained in the definition of a workshop in the Factory Act of 1878, which remained in operation up to last session) excluding from all regulation the work-place of husband and wife, or any workshop however large, "*to or over which the employer of the persons working therein has not the right of access or control.*" This proviso kept tens of thousands of workers outside of even the nominal inspection of domestic workshops. In truth, as Mr. Taylor aptly remarks, the whole story of factory legislation shows "how crude, partial, spasmodic, legislative efforts have been, in the absence of some proper preliminary survey of the field of labour as a whole, and some definite scheme of action founded thereupon." The conditions of labour in factories and large workshops have been fairly well regulated, through the publicity of their arrangements, by the pressure of public opinion acting through the Legislature; while the much graver defects in the domestic methods of industrial employment have been left untouched. Hence the evils of the sweating system.

Mr. Taylor's conclusion with regard to the results of the factory system—whether moral, economic, or aesthetic—are of the utmost interest to the student of social science. His reflections and anticipations are impregnated with the mixed spirit of hope and fear now inspiring all thoughtful students who are susceptible to the "signs of change"

which crowd around us so thickly in these closing years of the century of industrial revolution. He is no believer in the permanence of factory legislation, or, indeed, in that of the modern factory system itself. As it came in with steam, so it may, perhaps, go out with the discovery of any more advantageous source of motive-power. We will conclude this wholly inadequate notice of his valuable contribution to the real history of the century by quoting some of the "last words" in which he speculates upon the possible disappearance of the factory system from our midst, in consequence of a general substitution of electricity for the present sources of power.

"It is tolerably certain that machinery would play an increasingly large part in production, but increasingly, too, for the benefit of all engaged in producing. Nearly equally certain is it that the motive-power employed in manufacture would be no longer the monopoly of the capitalist, but at the disposal of the municipality, commune, or other local body. The social organisation would be probably of a much more associative kind, tending towards, if not actually realising, true co-operation. That familiar edifice, the factory of the modern era, with its bare, bleak, grimy walls, visibly palpitating in all its parts, and vomiting black smoke, will have likewise passed away, and with it many characteristic features dwelt on in this narrative. In particular will have passed away the special need for factory legislation, for all legislation dealing with industrial production in an exceptional manner, the requisite counterpoise to the despotism of capital being present in some far more comprehensive form."

CANADA AND OHIO—EIGHTY YEARS AGO.

TEN YEARS IN UPPER CANADA, 1805-1815: being the *Ridout Letters*. With annotations by Matilda Edgar. London: Fisher Unwin.

In this book the editress has used the correspondence of her family as a little-needed excuse for re-telling, clearly and pleasantly, the story of Canada's resistance to the attempt made by the United States to effect her conquest. The story will interest all readers not already familiar with the facts, and its appearance is especially opportune at a time when the course of Canadian politics has led so many of us to inform themselves on the geography and institutions of the Dominion. Apart from its merits as a bit of popular history, the book possesses the charm attaching to a genuinely human document. Considered from this point of view, however, it may be observed that it shares with the Custom House at Dublin the strange peculiarity of having its front part behind. As a family history, it begins at page 339 with the narrative of how, in 1788, the elder Ridout was captured by Shawanee Indians on the Ohio River, about seventy miles above where Cincinnati now stands. Thomas Ridout, a native of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, set sail for New York on the 4th of September, 1774, in order to join a brother who was engaged in commerce in America. He found the country in the midst of revolutionary fever, and was near losing his life, owing to a suspicion of being implicated in an attempt to import tea. After the war he commenced trading, chiefly with the West Indies, and in October, 1787, he set out for the western parts of America, partly with the object of collecting debts, and partly with a view to settlement. He had letters of introduction from General Washington and others to persons whom he was (according to Washington's spelling) "sollicitous" of knowing. A modern President would probably spell the word "solicitos"; but in those days the fault of American spelling appears to have consisted in a redundancy, not a deficiency, of letters. A list is given of the personal effects which Thomas Ridout lost when his capture took place, and it would be interesting to institute a careful comparison between this list and the kit of a modern globe-trotter of high degree. In those days

a gentleman travelled as a gentleman wherever his steps might lead him, and in January, 1788, Thomas Ridout had with him (amongst other things) 27 shirts, 28 stocks, 26 pocket-handkerchiefs, 1 pair of lace ruffles and bosom ruffles, 32 pairs of stockings (mostly white silk), 11 pairs of breeches (silk or nankeen), "1 pair everlasting ditto," 7 coats (black, dove colour, light brown, green, lead colour, and Prussian blue—mostly silk), 12 waistcoats (mostly silk and embroidered), 3 nightcaps, 3 "serre têtes," 1 white silk *robe de chambre*, 1 superfine black broad-cloth cloak, 6 pairs of shoe buckles, 1 gold repeating watch, 1 gold-headed walking-cane, 2 German flutes (ivory and ebony), divers music-books, two engravings by Ryland from pictures by Angelica Kaufman, one hair-powder bag, two writing-desks, the family Bible, Thomson's Works, Chesterfield's Letters, the *Lex Mercatoria*, six dictionaries of foreign languages, Life of Petrarch, Pliny's Lives, Homer in French, the Tragedies of Corneille, the Works of Montesquieu, Montaigne, and Rochefoucauld, and, lastly, Postlethwaite's Dictionary of Commerce, which last work was the cause of great peril to its possessor, because the knowledge which he derived from it of the geography of the country led many of the Indians to conclude that he was a spy. At first Ridout stood in great peril of a death by torture, which was the common fate of any "Virginian" (for so all Americans were called by the Indians); but one Nash, a white man living among the Indians as a chief, satisfied them that he was an Englishman, and he was handed over to a very humane chief, who treated him more as a guest than as a captive, finally conducted him to Detroit, then a Canadian military post, where he was ransomed, the family Bible and his repeating watch being returned to him. Ridout did not get on quite so well with his master's wife as with her husband, and there was an English-speaking negro in the family who was a great bully. But even the negro occasionally relaxed, and when in a good humour would help Mr. Ridout with the intricacies of the Shawnee language, of which the latter compiled a vocabulary. On two or three occasions ill-conditioned Indians raised anew the question whether Ridout was not in truth a Virginian and a spy, but each time he was saved by his master or by one of the whites, of whom many were then scattered among the tribes in positions of influence. On one terrible day Ridout sat for three hours in the hut, listening to the shrieks of a Virginian named Mitchell, who was being tortured to death—the amiable Indian, his wife, and the domestic negro being among the spectators.

After his release Thomas Ridout settled in Upper Canada, where he married, and entered the Government service, ultimately rising to be Sergeant-at-Arms and Surveyor-General; and it is pleasant to learn that the good Indian and some other chiefs visited him at York (now Toronto) in 1799, dying about five years afterwards under the hospitable care of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amhurstburg, at the entrance of the Detroit River. With this the volume ends, but, if the reader will turn back to the beginning, he will find Mr. Ridout in 1806 writing gossiping letters to his boys, who are at school at Cornwall, in Canada, under Dr. Strachan, afterwards the first Bishop of Upper Canada and a notable figure on the Tory side in Canadian political history. The gossip is much what a comfortable official in a Crown Colony might put into his letters to-day. He tells of how well he stands at Government House; notes the folly of the Attorney-General in resigning instead of waiting until the Lieutenant-Governor went home on leave, when his troubles would have ended; and comments with appropriate disgust on the iniquities of the popular leaders, Judge Thorpe and one Willcocks. The latter afterwards fell fighting against Canada in the American ranks, and the former was dismissed by the Lieutenant-Governor; but this step appears to have been too much for the conscience of the Colonial Office which, whilst not daring to affront the Lieu-

tenant-Governor by reinstating the offender, recompensed him with the Chief Justiceship of Sierra Leone, where, however, he again meddled in politics, and was finally ousted from the judicial service. It will please right-minded persons to observe that the sons assimilated the sentiments of their parent, and the following letter from Thomas G. Ridout to the elder Thomas (then in England) is in the best manner of Tory letter-writing. The boys were apparently at the time clerks in the House of Assembly:—

"There has been a severe stroke given to Mr. Willcocks and his party this session, as Mr. Jackson's pamphlet was brought before the House of Assembly by Mr. McLean, of Kingston, and considered a gross libel against this country, Government, and people, and they sent an address to the Governor to that purpose, desiring him, at the same time, to let the Government in England be acquainted with the same, for the purpose of doing away any ill impression that it might occasion there."

No hint is given as to the subject or arguments of Mr. Jackson's pamphlet, but, as followers of Mr. Gladstone and allies of Mr. Justin McCarthy, we feel absolutely convinced that it contained nothing but truth and reason, and that the Assembly were quite right in feeling alarm lest it should impress the Government at home.

In 1811 the dutiful Thomas Gibbs Ridout was himself sent to England, and his letters to his father prove him to have had in him the makings of an excellent London correspondent of an American paper. He managed to see almost everything, and he embellished his letters with a good deal which he never could have seen—as, for example, a lake with a boat on it, which he avers is, or was, located on the roof of Longleat House! He had also the London correspondent's nose for a nasty scandal, and tells his father about the grandfather of an Unionist duke having fled the country on account of his connection with the notorious "Vere Street gang." At Oxford he drank deeply with the Wadham dons; but the dinner was very simple, consisting of a joint of meat, dumpling, and cheese. This simplicity of fare is significant of much in relation to the bibulous achievements of a bygone time. Our forefathers could drink deeply because they lived plainly. We, on the other hand, try our stomachs so severely with the masterpieces of the *chef* that we fall unresisting victims to the torments of the high-class wine merchant. Young Ridout was present at the execution of Bellingham for killing Mr. Spencer Perceval, the Prime Minister. When the condemned man appeared, the crowd uncovered and said, "God bless you, sir!" And to think that this crowd of "robust politicians" probably included four-fifths of the grandfathers of the electors who but yesterday returned two Moderates for the Strand by a thumping majority! When approaching London, the embryo London correspondent was mightily struck by the gay and tumultuous throng approaching and leaving the town. Now the suburban highways are a dreary desert. The preference for a suburban residence is not less marked now than then among London workers; but to-day the throng is invisible, for those who compose it are carried in and out swiftly, silently, and gloomily in closed iron boxes (as if they were part of the City's offal), and add not to the gaiety of the landscape.

No sooner had young Ridout returned to Canada than, with his brothers, he was called on to take part in the defence of his country. On the incidents of the war, it would be impossible here to dwell. The Canadians did prodigies of valour on land, and were almost always successful, under a group of heroes such as Brock, Harvey, Fitzgibbon, the two McDonnells, colonel and priest, and Drummond. It was only when heavy reinforcements arrived from the Peninsula, and the command fell into the hands of Pall Mall generals, that the British arms were tarnished. On the lakes, on the other hand, the Yankees generally had the best of it. As for the Yankee land forces, they were wretchedly led, and the number of prisoners taken, and their readiness

to surrender on the smallest excuse, argues strongly in favour of the view that the war was hateful to the better feelings of our cousins. Young Thomas Gibbs Ridout was in the Commissariat, and, as with other Commissariat officers, his chief danger lay in the possible wrath of his general. Luckily, the enemy were accommodating, and he habitually fed his little army with provisions supplied under regular contract from the Yankee side. "I have contracted," he writes, under date of the 19th of June, 1814, "with a Yankee magistrate to furnish this post (Cornwall) with fresh beef. A major came with him to make the agreement; but, as he was foreman to the Grand Jury at the Court in which the Government prosecutes the magistrates for high-treason and smuggling, he turned his back, and would not see the contract signed." With this diverting extract, we will take leave of a book which we can safely recommend to our readers as both entertaining and instructive.

THE CROMWELL FAMILY.

THE HOUSE OF CROMWELL, AND THE STORY OF DUNKIRK: A Genealogical History of the Descendants of the Protector, with Anecdotes and Letters. By James Waylen. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS book was originally published in 1880 with the name of Chapman & Hall on the title-page. It has now been equipped with an entirely new title-page, a more brilliant cover, and the name of a new publisher. The position of one portrait has been changed, and another has been re-photographed. But the text has neither been corrected nor added to; it is not a new edition of an old book, but simply a disguised remainder. Evidently, to use a phrase of Cromwell's, the publishers are "men not under bondage to scruples."

Mr. Waylen's work attracted so little notice when it first appeared that a brief sketch of its contents may be useful. Mark Noble's history of the house of Cromwell, with its branches and offshoots, ends with the year 1785. Mr. Waylen undertook to supplement Noble, and to carry the history of Cromwell's descendants down to 1880. Whilst the direct male line of the Protector died out in 1821 with the death of Mr. Oliver Cromwell, of Cheshunt, some hundreds of persons can claim descent from the Protector's daughters, Frances and Bridget, or, through females, from Henry Cromwell. Amongst the descendants of Frances Cromwell, by her marriage with Sir John Russell, of Chippenham, are the Marquis of Ripon, Sir John Lubbock, and many other distinguished personages whose pedigrees and relationship are duly set forth by Mr. Waylen. Pages 172-272 are devoted to an account of the exploits of the 6,000 English auxiliaries whom Cromwell sent to help the French in Flanders, and to win Mardyke and Dunkirk for England. Their campaigns have been treated with such brevity or such neglect that Mr. Waylen's narrative, though a careless and uncritical compilation, is useful and interesting. The remainder of the book—pages 272-388—consists of what the author terms "Letters and Anecdotes." It begins with a useful list of letters and documents signed by Cromwell which are not contained in Carlyle's collection. Most of these are documents of the Protectorate period, too entirely of an official character to be of any biographical value. Some, however, are of a private character, and one, which is printed in full, was the last letter written by Cromwell which has been preserved (p. 294). The anecdotes are of the most miscellaneous nature. There are notes on points in Cromwell's character or career, lists of Cromwell relics, and the inevitable discussion about the fate of his skull. There are also notices of "old soldiers" who claimed to have served in Cromwell's army—aged from 112 to 146—and a picture of the waistcoat of a fat descendant of Desborough's, with seven ordinary men being buttoned into it (p. 382). Just in the same way several interesting portraits are cheek-by-jowl with extremely

bad woodcuts representing fancy historical scenes. In short, the book is a very curious farrago of rubbish and useful information, and one of its worst faults is that the index is extremely bad.

IBSEN'S "BRAND."

BRAND: A DRAMATIC POEM. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated into English prose by William Wilson. London: Methuen & Co.

AN element of almost Gilbertian humour has strayed into this great tragedy. The clerk and the schoolmaster, applying in their own fashion Brand's teaching that a man must not be two things at a time, have discovered that, since they are officials, they cannot be human beings; they must never give up being clever, they must never dare to feel. Then at one stride we pass out of the comic. In a moment of weakness produced by organ music, the schoolmaster is deeply affected: "it is the heart of the people groaning. . . . It is as if they were summoned to a Thing to elect a new God." Whereupon the foolish clerk staunches the schoolmaster's emotion with the tactless remark, "I positively believe we are feeling." Officialdom is further represented by the Provost and the Bailie. After Brand and his wife, the latter is the most important character in the drama. He is Brand's opponent: an enlightened official, full of ideas of progress, benevolent schemes, and much personal ambition; unscrupulous, the genius of the practical. Through his securing the hamlet now one, now another, means of livelihood, the population has been more than doubled; he has cut roads, built bridges; and he sees nothing in Brand's doctrine of self-sacrifice but the destruction of comfort and prosperity. Poetry is all very well between seven and ten in the evening, when one is tired with one's day's work; but it is useless to attempt to reduce battle for God and the cultivation of potatoes to as intimate a union as that of charcoal, sulphur, and saltpetre in the making of gunpowder. Brand must go with his lofty demand to some large society where there are leisured people, and leave the Bailie and his villagers to plough their bogs and seas: the material welfare of the community to which he belongs is with the Bailie always first, he himself being, of course, the principal part of the community. The Provost is better educated, and a more profound critic, than the Bailie; he sees everything in its relation to the State. "Good Christian means good citizen." The effect of Brand's teaching is to change each man from being a member of the Church into a personality. This is no service to the State, because an isolated individual stands only to fall: "the man whom God wills to slay He first individualises." The needs of the country require every man to bridle his idiosyncrasies, to hide himself evenly in the midst of the mass. The ideal leader is the corporal who makes men march in companies. The Provost is the critic: he understands this; the Bailie instinctively does it: he is the corporal, and finally triumphs over Brand—with a lie. The highest character in the group of conventional people is the scientific man, the Doctor; the most inferior, Ejnar, the artist. The Doctor understands Brand in some degree, but his hasty temper and want of sympathy with Brand's ideas lead to misjudgment, and when he thinks to save Brand by holding up to him a mirror of his stormy soul, he only drives him headlong on the rocks. Like many who are blessed or cursed with the artistic temperament, Ejnar has no hemp-stalk of character. He surrenders Agnes to Brand almost without an effort, wastes his health in dissipation, loses his talent, and becomes a missionary—an unctuous, snivelling evangelist of the lowest type. The last of the worldlings is Brand's mother, whose strength of passion for riches almost spiritualises her.

Against this world of convention are opposed the mad girl, Gerd, and the great spirits of Brand and his wife Agnes. Fresh from a re-perusal of Mr. Wilson's translation, one cannot even write these

two names together without a thrill of emotion. Here, however, it may be well to point out what seems a flaw in *Brand*. All Brand's opponents—whether representing the State, Society, Art, or Science—are dwarfs beside him. Had one or other of them been akin to him in loftiness of character and aim, he would have appeared less supra-human. Above all, a great injustice has been done to Art—it is as much out of proportion to oppose an Ejnar to a Brand as it would be to oppose a Chadband to a Goethe.

Gerd, the mad girl of fifteen, who hears the wind preach against the wall of glacier, plays a part somewhat similar to that played by Pippa in Browning's poetic drama. A cithern with a cracked case, she yet sounds the note which bids Brand cast the dice and choose. His choice being the cause of his child's death, he perceives how God visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third generation, because Gerd was the child of the man whom his mother should have married had she followed her heart. And it is Gerd who, dying with him, precipitates his death. Brand finds divine messages conveyed to him by many agents, but none are more authentic, none reaches him at more critical points in his career, than Gerd's.

Agnes is of the finest tissue of which bodies and souls are woven. She perceives immediately Brand's greatness, and at once in all humility claims her place at his side, electing to follow a cramped life, shut up in the twilight of a ravine, instead of the pleasure and sunlight of an artist's life in the south: she chooses sorrow and death instead of joy and life. At first joy comes. Her husband seems to succeed in his mission, and they have a little boy. Then the sacrifice of her child is required; then, more dreadful still, the sacrifice of the memory of her child. The scene in the fourth act, in which Agnes, the incarnation of everything sweetest and noblest in woman, is required by her husband's relentless doctrine of "All or nothing" to give up every garment of her dead boy to a wandering gipsy, for overwhelming pathos is equalled in our literature only by Tennyson's "Rizpah." Were her deliverance by death not the immediate result of her triumphant sacrifice, this passage would be unendurable.

Milton's Satan is the only character we can think of comparable to Brand in fearlessness, in might, in originality, in fixity and untiring pursuit of purpose. Man's watchword having become, "Give us this day our daily bread," and his God a decrepit ancient in his dotage, Brand will substitute for the one "Thy will be done," for the other a young God, inexorable in hate as in love. The Light-hearted, the Faint-hearted, and the Wrong-hearted—against that triple alliance he will fight, bringing not peace, but a sword. He puts himself in the place of his young, inexorable God, condemns his mother unheard to hell, tears out his wife's heart by the roots, and wounds all whom he caresses. For God's love is not weak and mild, but hard, even to the terror of death; in the olive-grove he let the Son, sweating in agony, pray in vain that the cup might pass from him. There is one duty: to will God's Will with all one's might. Creeds, like curses, come home to roost. "All or nothing" is demanded from Brand himself; his child, his wife, and, lastly, his people—and that in his hour of triumph—are taken from him. Driven out with curses and stones, bruised and bleeding, he seeks refuge on an upland moor. Yet he does not go mad; because the work of the Will ends not, however much power fails. He hears unearthly voices, and sees a vision of Agnes, which would persuade him to charity, but he rejects it as the spirit of compromise. Gerd comes and wishes to worship him as Christ. He has been wavering; that breaks him. "I," he says, "am the wretchedest insect on earth." He bursts into tears, and Gerd, amazed and trembling at the passionate flood, exclaims, "Man, why have you never wept before?" While he is praying, Gerd, who has a rifle, shoots at her imaginary enemy, and brings down an avalanche on herself

and Brand. In the gulf of death he cries, "Cannot the *quantum satis* of man's Will merit a particle of redemption?" A voice replies through the thunder, "He is *deus caritatis*."

This sketch of the characters and indication of the fable must suffice. The writer is persuaded that true criticism of *Brand* cannot be written for many years to come. We cannot analyse the blood circulating in our veins, the forces that are preparing a literature yet to be. One remark in conclusion. *Brand* has been compared to *Faust*. There is dissimilarity in the likeness. Faust barter his soul away to the devil; Brand pawns his with God.

THE TAROT.

THE TAROT OF THE BOHEMIANS. By PAPUS. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

THIS is one of a miscellaneous lot of French books-of-mystery, the supply of which has been increasing of late, in consequence doubtless of the considerable development of that *dilettante* sort of bastard Buddhism which has been for some time the rage in many Parisian coteries. It almost looks as if this present Republic was fated to revive the half-crazed *illuminati* of the first one.

Theosophy is also answerable for some of the current demand for these fantastic productions, and this "Tarot" has a chapter on that impossible subject by M. Charles Barlet, the editor of "L'Initiation." Although these French Buddhismal preoccupations may be an encouraging symptom to such able and convinced far-Eastern missionaries as an Akamatsu or a Bunyu Nanjio, they are but mere flighty empty pastime. Buddhism we know, and Theism we know, and Negation we know; but these Buddho-Kabbalistic-Pythagorean card-tricks are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor good red herring.

"Papus," who is really the small notoriety called "le docteur G. Encausse," here prints about Barlet that he is "the author of the most learned works that France possesses upon occult science"; and Barlet, not to be outdone, prints about Papus that he is "a learned author whose good counsels have produced the best part of this article"—the chapter on Theosophy. Then Papus naïvely quotes Barlet *in extenso* to show "the exactitude with which his conclusions harmonise with our own." And so they, and all the other men of straw of this long firm, keep up a false show of business by drawing accommodation-bills on each other. Not an atom of "value received" among them. All marked "no effects," and mere waste paper for kites.

Even the title, "The Tarot of the Bohemians," is a catch. There is not a single scrap of a proof of the gipsy origin of the tarots offered from cover to cover; if we except the statement that the gipsies of Spain and Italy use the tarot cards for fortune-telling. So they do; for they are just the cards they can buy (or steal) in the shops of those countries; and that is all. Another—the only other—evidence offered is two pages quoted from J. A. Vaillant's rhapsodical book of 1857, "Les Romes," whither they were conveyed not from the gipsies but from J. A. Vaillant's own wild imagination and the previous "occult literature" on which Papus also draws. Paspatis very properly said in 1870 that Vaillant's book was cram-full of incoherences. And yet, says Papus, "The tarot which the gipsies possess is the bible of bibles." They certainly do "possess" it when obtained as above, but in no other way or sense; and Blazing Bosville as the apostle of the human race might have set Cruikshank's pencil going.

There is not one word or one hint in this book to help us an inch on the way towards the origin of the tarot playing and fortune-telling cards, nor is the Italian name *tarocchi* of these Italian things even once mentioned; and the translator does not know the English for *atout*, nor that the French word *couleur*, at cards, is not "colour" over here, but

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"suit." The fortune-telling element is prominent in the tarot picture-cards, many of which are unquestionably cosmic in their designs and meanings. Such are the Wheel of Fortune, Time with the hour-glass, the Chariot, the Star, the Universe, and several other zodiacal and cosmical ideas. To these are added such differing conceptions as the virtues, the human relations of life (very necessary for telling fortunes), the Emperor, the Pope, the Devil, hell, and so forth. Death, the 13th in many (but not in all) packs, doubtless helped to popularise the un-luckiness of the number thirteen.

Italy and Southern France are clearly the farthest origins we can now detect for the existing tarot-cards; and if they thus had a Latin starting-point (in so far as Western Europe is concerned), the most likely source of their prior introduction into Italy would have been the Chaldaei, the name given to the astrologers—by no means actual Chaldeans—who succeeded and carried on the traditions of Berosus the Græco-Chaldean who wrote the important "Chaldaïka," and got a statue in Athens in Alexander the Great's time. Professor Sayce and the late François Lenormant have dealt with Berosus and these Chaldaei in the positive manner of the *savant*, but there is no danger of Papus or his tribe quoting either of them; all the "works" they cite belong to the great heap of dead dogs, in which it is most likely that the books grounded on Berosus have eventually found their level. Abel Remusat and De Sacy said many years ago that the tarots, in design, size, and number, were markedly like Chinese cards; and the "occultists" have more of the Chinese yin-yang philosophy in their jargon than they wot of. This need not disprove a central Asian origin.

But to prove this theory—not that it matters much—about the Chaldaei would now be difficult, and even perhaps impossible. For example, the Etrusco-Roman god (?) Tarutius would have to be squared. But it is the only line of research that seems to offer the likelihood of an uninterrupted succession of tradition down from the great centre of a very most ancient astrology in Babylonia to the present occupation of servant-maids, gipsy-hags, occultists, and—the police-courts.

FICTION.

1. A KING'S DAUGHTER. By G. Cardella. Three vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.
2. MARGERY OF QUETHER. By S. Baring-Gould. One vol. London: Methuen & Co. 1891.

How ought a writer with no particular inspiration to set about the composition of a three-volume novel? We fancy that the author of "A King's Daughter" could answer the question; and although the result would not be a joy for ever, it might very well be an average book that would not be wearisome to an average reader. To commence, you require a plot; possibly you have not got a plot in your head—many have not—but that does not matter. You are perfectly free to go on familiar, simple lines—to take something which is common property. Of course you will be careful about construction; the plot must have three steps in it, one for each volume, so that the critics cannot tell you that you have been prolix. Here is a well-seasoned, three-step plot: first, he loves; second, he is jilted; third, he dies. Will that do? certainly not; as you are writing for the average reader, you must have the happy ending. You try another, which also has stood the test of time: first, he meets her; then he is separated from her; and finally they are reunited. That will do capitally, but you must have a secondary plot; we can adapt the one which we rejected just now, and cut out anything which is too harrowing. So our second hero is accepted by the second heroine, jilted by her, and travels abroad. To connect the two plots is perfectly easy; the first hero is the second hero's friend, and the first heroine is, for the sake of variety, the second heroine's cousin. Then

there is quite a minor point, the delineation of character. It is morbid to be too like life, so the characters need not trouble us; but we must be careful to get variety. The first hero is ugly and active, and so the second hero must be pretty and artistic; the first heroine is so serious that the second has to be giddy. In this manner one might produce a book almost as good as "A King's Daughter," a novel which should do no harm whatever to the home circle. It may even be made mildly didactic and prove absolutely beneficial. "A King's Daughter" is not written with inspiration, but it contains plenty of evidence of fine and reverent feeling. It also contains a great deal of unmitigated platitude, after this manner:

"Ah, love! dear love! men rail at you, and scoff at you, and laugh at you, and yet, in spite of it all, what is there in the world to compare with you? In spite of every sneer and scoff the fact still remains that the very happiest time in all our life is when we love and are beloved."

It is something to be able to enunciate the convictions of one's earliest copy-book with that grand air of discovery. "A King's Daughter" is wooden and mechanical; it will not be an acquisition to the critically minded, but it is healthy in tone, executed with average cleverness and facility, and may safely be entrusted to all young persons.

There are five short stories in Mr. Baring-Gould's new book. The worst of the five is that which gives the title "Margery of Quether." In writing a story, which is partly natural and partly supernatural, there must be great art in the construction of the connecting bridge between the two parts. "Margery of Quether" begins in a matter-of-fact, half-humorous style, suggestive of the work of Mr. Blackmore. It portrays real life, it is lucid and interesting, and so far consistent. Suddenly it collapses into a wildly impossible fairy tale, and the intense dissatisfaction which one feels with the story is increased by the fact that it is told in the first person. It is, we should think, the worst artistic mistake that Mr. Baring-Gould has yet made. "At the Y" is also very fantastic, but has more conviction. Yet even in this story, too, the last part seems to have been written in order to discredit the first. For the remaining three stories we have very little but praise. The last thing in the book, "Wanted: a Reader," is really a brilliant piece of half-farcical humour; it is one prolonged chuckle. For this story alone the book is well worth getting. Very pathetic, though with many amusing touches, is the story of the poor broken-down Major Cornelius. "Tom a'Tuddlams" is much longer, and is, perhaps, the most important work in the book. It is really an admirable study of the difference between a man's love and a woman's. But we object to such a footnote as the following:—

"This ballad, which I believe has never before been printed, with its curious old English air, is traditional, and was taken down from the lips of some 'mill-lasses' in Calderdale, as well as the riddles and stories already given."

There is no art in such a revelation of art. It destroys all the illusion. The scene before us, and the people on the scene with their stories and riddles, vanish at once; and we see nothing but Mr. Baring-Gould, making researches in Calderdale and writing at the dictation of the "mill-lasses." By all means let Mr. Baring-Gould make his researches, and rescue ballads from obscurity, and use them for the purposes of his story; but we do not want such footnotes. Perhaps, however, we have said too much of what appeared to us to be the mistakes of this book. The mistakes were much more unexpected than the merits of the volume. We expect, happily, to get in the work of Mr. Baring-Gould fine imagination and remarkable dramatic power; and it seems almost idle to mention their existence in the author of "Mehalah" and "John Herring"—unless it be for the sake of the fortunate few who can still have the pleasure of reading those two novels for the first time.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

"MY HOME IN THE ALPS" is the title of a little volume which describes, in a lively and picturesque manner, life in the Engadine, and mountaineering in search of health. Mrs. Main does not profess to write for the enlightenment of members of the Alpine Club, and she is modest enough to hint that climbers will probably regard her notes on glaciers, avalanches, guides, and the peculiarities of the country and people as a twice-told tale. Those who live in a beautiful and attractive spot like St. Moritz, and are blessed, moreover, with troops of absent friends, are apt to find that one of the privileges—or shall we say penalties—of their position is an endless round of questions from prospective visitors to the place. Apparently, Mrs. Main has written this book in self-defence; indeed, she says in so many words that the idea of publishing these eminently practical and explicit chapters arose in consequence of the "many questions" on Switzerland which the postman brought to her door. She is herself a bold and fearless climber, and, as readers of her previous book, "The High Alps in Winter," are aware, like other enthusiasts, she is not inclined to stick at a trifle where the mountains are concerned. There are some capital anecdotes of Joseph Imboden, of Zermatt, Edouard Cupelin, of Chamonix, and other famous guides whose names are household words in the little towns and villages which nestle at the foot of the mighty peaks. Mrs. Main has not attempted to add another to the long list of guide-books, but she has filled her little volume—which is clearly the outcome of close acquaintance with the district—with mountain lore which she has herself gleaned in the snow-fields.

Theological bias is conspicuous by its absence in "Ethical Songs," a collection of poems of the inner life of which faith and duty are the key-notes. The book has been prepared for use in the fellowship meetings of a "Neighbourhood Guild" at Kentish Town. The wish was expressed that a collection might be made of the best songs with music for singing at the "graver meetings of the Guild," and the volume was accordingly compiled by a small and, we are bound to add, a judicious committee. It contains about one hundred and fifty "ethical songs," and the selection evinces marked catholicity of choice. This will be seen at a glance when we say that Shelley and Swinburne, Clough and Matthew Arnold, as well as Archbishop Trench, Horatius Bonar, Cardinal Newman, and John Greenleaf Whittier are represented in this unconventional anthology. Fine taste is apparent in the musical accompaniments, and the works of many famous composers have been placed under requisition.

Those who are repelled as well as those who are attracted by the philosophy of life and destiny which "Henrik Ibsen" unfolds in his dramas, will find much that is worthy of consideration in the four lectures which Mr. Wicksteed has just printed, and which were originally delivered in the Chelsea Town Hall. The book is appreciative, but at the same time critical, and it is without doubt the best popular exposition of the Norwegian dramatist's view of the social and personal problems of the age which we have so far encountered. We think Mr. Wicksteed is likely to succeed in his avowed aim, which is to "help candid readers who have not been drawn to Ibsen, to understand, at least in part, what there is in him" which is attractive to another order of mind. There is truth in the assertion that he who saps, deadens, or overbears the sense of responsibility is, after all, the really immoral writer; and Mr. Wicksteed, whilst he does not disguise that Ibsen's teaching may do harm to some of his readers, defends him against the charge of making vice attractive. There are some spirited translations in these pages of crucial passages from *Brand*, *Peer Gynt*, and *Love's Comedy*, and the book contains by way of frontispiece a characteristic portrait of the Norwegian poet.

We have received two volumes of the new edition of Archdeacon Farrar's collected sermons and lectures—"The Fall of Man" and "The Witness of History to Christ." The first of

these books consists of sermons which were preached before the University of Cambridge and at Harrow School, together with a few which were called forth by events of national importance. Originally published in 1868, the volume has enjoyed a considerable vogue, a circumstance which is attested by the fact that it has been reprinted no less than six times. The companion volume, "The Witness of History to Christ," contains the Hulsean Lectures for the year 1870, and it has had an even wider circulation. In its pages Dr. Farrar discusses the antecedent credibility of the miraculous, the adequacy of the Gospel records, the victories of Christianity, and its relationship to the individual and the race.

A melancholy interest gathers around "Our Great Military Commanders," for the author, Mr. C. D. Yonge—late Professor of English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast—died whilst the book was passing through the press, and in consequence the latter part of it had not the advantage of his final revision. Considerably more than half of the volume is occupied with descriptive sketches of the military achievements of the three great soldiers whose names are for ever linked with the crowning victories of Blenheim, Plassey, and Waterloo. It is a plain, unvarnished tale which Mr. Yonge has to tell of Marlborough, Clive, and Wellington, but he contrives to hit off with tolerable exactitude and praiseworthy brevity their personal characteristics as well as the services which have given them an honourable place on the page of history. The rest of the volume contains pen-and-ink portraits of Sir Charles Napier, Lord Gough, and Lord Clyde, three soldiers who helped materially to shape the destinies of modern India. These concluding sketches are rather slight, and lack, it seems to us, the vigour and insight of the earlier estimates of the volume. At the same time the book, though neither brilliant nor remarkable, gives, in the main, a lucid and impartial account of the six great soldiers which it seeks to portray.

Dr. Bastable, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Dublin, has just written an admirable manual on "The Commerce of Nations." This short study of a great subject forms the latest addition to a group of scholarly volumes on "Social Questions of To-day." The point of view from which the book has been written is the conviction that the commercial policy of the present age, and the doctrines respecting it, are best explained by the historical method. For example, Dr. Bastable thinks that the McKinley Act cannot possibly be understood in all its bearings until it is regarded as the latest step in the legislation of a century. He contends, to take another instance, that the Sugar Bounties reflect not merely the Continental system, but are interwoven with the old Colonial policy. As for schemes for reciprocity, their strongest refutation is to be found in the fact that they have been tried and failed. Modern protectionism is studied in these pages in its progressive development, and the fallacies on which it rests are temperately and yet trenchantly exposed. The conclusion at which the writer arrives is, that whatever may be the difficulties of particular phases of the tariff question—and no attempt is made to disguise them—the balance of argument is on the whole irresistibly on the side of Free Trade, and, moreover, there are forces working on behalf of the latter which are bound to win over in an ever-increasing measure the educated opinion of the world.

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NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

MR. BALFOUR can scarcely be grateful to MR. GOSCHEN for the eulogy which the Chancellor of the Exchequer laid on the leader of the House with a trowel in West Islington. MR. GOSCHEN was almost moved to hysteria as he praised "the splendid eloquence" of "our young and gallant leader." The chief drawback to this adulation is that it is quite out of date. It is about a fortnight since MR. BALFOUR excited the turgid admiration of his colleague by his reply to MR. DILLON on the subject of Irish distress. In the interval the leader of the House has made every possible blunder, and it has even been suggested by the *Standard* that, instead of bursting into "splendid eloquence," he should "adapt himself to the temper of the Home Rulers"! MR. GOSCHEN never had a keen perception of public opinion, but he might usefully make himself acquainted with the views of his own party.

THE ingenious arithmetician who has been making as soft a bed as possible for the Government to fall on at the General Election has been good enough to suggest that there will be 254 Tories in the next Parliament, 200 Liberals, and 42 Liberal Unionists. This provisional calculation is slightly affected by the circumstance that 92 seats are left doubtful. So the Unionist majority may be 105 or it may be only 15, for which the *Times* would be grateful; or—horrid thought!—there may be a Liberal majority of 79. Such, indeed, is the iniquity of contingencies that the Home Rule party may even be stronger than that. But the mattress-maker of the *Times* has done his most with great deftness, for if the Government should come down with a painful thud they cannot say that he did not warn them.

THE Ulster Nonconformists have made another appeal to their brethren in Great Britain against MR. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy. They urge their co-religionists here to be true to the traditions of 1662, which is apparently the latest historical date in the Ulster Presbyterian mind. English Nonconformists are somewhat in advance of the epoch, and quite sceptical as to the "sanguinary civil war" which is to follow Home Rule. It would be better for the non-Episcopal ministers of Ulster if they would show their zeal for religion in some other way than that of stimulating Orange fanaticism to a crazy enterprise.

It is quite clear that LORD WANTAGE'S Committee will be ignored by the War Office, which finds the absurd optimism of SIR ARTHUR HALIBURTON more to its taste. The Committee which suits the bureaucrat is that which has reported that there are quite enough gunners and firemen and stokers in the Navy, if calculated in a way peculiar to red tape. The finding of such a Committee is accepted by LORD GEORGE HAMILTON in his most solemn manner, though it reports a state of things which is utterly beside the mark. MR. FORWOOD admitted that the genius who went wrong with some boilers made a mistake which cost the country a large sum, but he is quite certain that this error will not recur. The discussion of the Army and Navy Estimates under these conditions becomes a perfect farce.

Two of the deaths announced this week might supply a text for a dissertation on the growth of popular government in Europe. The GRAND DUKE OF HESSE—best known in England, first as the husband of PRINCESS ALICE, and next for a sensational and briefmorganatic union which in no way disturbed the affectionate relations between himself and his English kinsfolk—had seen and accepted the transition from the eighteenth-century Court Government of a little German Grand Duchy to the Nationalist democracy—tempered by Prussian despotism—of the German Empire. LORD HAMPDEN, during his twelve years' Speakership, had presided over the House of Commons in the most troublous period of its passage from an aristocratic club, the majority of whose members were expected as a rule to stay away, to a democratic assembly overloaded with work, full of ardent politicians anxious to justify the reputations already achieved elsewhere, and with a Nationalist party as strong in spirit if not in numbers as that in any Continental Legislature. A systematic obstruction worthy of Australia or Newfoundland, an irreconcilable particularism like that of Czechs or Alsations, made their first considerable appearance during his tenure of office, and it is a matter of history how, on February 2nd, 1881, he assumed the power with which the House would gladly have invested him if it had been likely to be able to do so, and closed a sitting of forty-one hours by a *coup d'état*. Since his retirement in 1874 he had taken but little active part in politics, but his experience—both as an old Parliamentary hand and as a practical agriculturist—had led him to lend his great authority to the new departures of the Liberal party, both in their Irish policy and in their treatment of the English agricultural labourer. He derived the keenest pleasure, it is stated, from the victory of his third son at Wisbech.

THE new London County Council has been fairly started, and LORD ROSEBURY has undertaken to see it through the first troubles of its career. The position of the Chairman—whether as a mere Speaker, or a chairman who intervenes to further the business—is the first point for settlement. The question of the salary of the Deputy-Chairman seems likely to cause considerable difference of opinion in the Progressive ranks. The committees have set to work even before their completion, and no doubt with undiminished energy. Meanwhile the list of Aldermen is satisfactory enough. Everyone will be glad that SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, MR. BEACHCROFT, and MR. HOARE are to have six more years of office. Many people, however, will be tempted to wish that additional places existed to be filled by administrators so able as MR. PHILLIPS and MR. ECCLESTON GIBB, or perhaps by specialists like the EARL OF MEATH, MR. DOBBS, and MR. CHARLES BOOTH—though it is fair to add that the latter is at present best known as a statistician.

MR. DIGGLE is fortunately not to be translated to an Aldermanic Chair at the County Council to make room at the School Board for a more consistent DIGGLEITE; while the designs of the Moderates on MR. HERBERT SPENCER have been frustrated by that philosopher himself. Their request is a significant indication of the extent of their acquaintance with his life and work. We cannot suspect them of a joke; but we should have thought

everyone who had ever paid any attention to MR. SPENCER'S works would be aware that he is the slowest of workers, and that, had the Moderates elected him, they would have had to make room for at least one of his secretaries.

THE chief duty of the Council is now to secure its emancipation from the pedantic and irritating restrictions imposed on it by the Government. The *Star*, which has worked so well for London, will probably, before these pages are published, have given the public some valuable particulars on this matter, as well as some no less valuable statistics of the systematic opposition by the London Tory members to measures either promoted by the last Council or known to accord with Progressive views. Their votes on twenty-four bills or motions of this kind are chronicled. MR. RITCHIE comes second or third on the list, with twenty adverse votes, while GENERAL GOLDSWORTHY opposed in every case. From no member on the list, save MR. J. R. KELLY, did the Council obtain any appreciable support.

ON Thursday the conference of the Miners' Federation decided to terminate the coal stoppage. Work will accordingly be resumed on Monday, except in Durham, where, however, the strikers can hardly hold out long against the drop in prices caused by the reaction. So far, the crisis has chiefly benefited the middleman. Economically, the most hopeful of its results is the attention it has directed to the question of exorbitant royalties and "way-leaves."

THE execution of the Aylesbury poachers is likely to revive the agitation for the amendment of the Game Laws. Two gamekeepers were killed in the attempt to arrest three poachers who had committed the felony of knocking over a pheasant. There appears to be no reason why the keepers, who must have known the poachers perfectly well, could not have been content to arrest them peaceably next day. When a policeman observes a well-known offender stealing a loaf, he does not think it necessary to bludgeon the thief. But the Game Laws are administered in such a fashion that the keepers must make a murderous attack on the poachers at sight, and run the risk of losing their own lives. And all this because the game preserver must have a special law which entitles his servants to carry on a barbarous war.

WHAT seems to have been a series of crimes of the most atrocious character has been suddenly brought to light this week. A few days ago the dead body of a woman was discovered in a house in Melbourne recently occupied by a man named WILLIAMS. The body, which was buried in cement under the kitchen floor, was recognised as that of WILLIAMS'S wife, an English lady who had recently arrived with him in the colony. WILLIAMS, who had left the house, was promptly arrested. Then people remembered that a former wife and two children had disappeared in a mysterious manner, and it was resolved to inquire into his antecedents. The English police were communicated with, and the result was the discovery, in a house he occupied last autumn at Rainhill, near Liverpool, of the bodies of five murdered persons, four children and a woman. These, like the woman whose corpse was discovered at Melbourne, had been buried in cement beneath the floor of the kitchen. It is long since crimes so exceptionally horrible and so manifestly deliberate have been brought to light, and we may not yet know the worst.

LET honour be given where it is due. Everybody now recognises the great services rendered by MR. STEAD in bringing about an amendment of the law for the protection of women and young girls; but it must be remembered that there were

other workers in the same field before MR. STEAD, and it is hardly fair to them to give that gentleman the whole of the credit. This week, for instance, it has been roundly asserted that the credit for the change in the law which led to the conviction of a scoundrel who had compelled his own wife to follow an immoral life was due to MR. STEAD. But, as a matter of fact, the clause in the statute under which the conviction was obtained was inserted on the recommendation of JUDGE SNAGGE, whose services as Government Commissioner in putting an end to the traffic in English girls abroad have not yet been adequately recognised. It was MR. SNAGGE who, so far back as 1881, urged upon the Home Secretary the passing of a law making it a criminal offence to procure any woman to become a common prostitute; and it was MR. SNAGGE'S proposals on this and other subjects which were embodied in the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1885.

THE rate of discount in the open market is about 1½ per cent., and there is a tendency downwards. Henceforward the payments out of the Exchequer will exceed the receipts, and in two or three weeks the quarterly interest on the National Debt will be paid. In the meantime, speculation is utterly paralysed; trade is falling off, and has suffered somewhat more in consequence of the coal strike. All over Europe money is cheap and abundant, and although rates are rising in New York, still the supply is very large, and the market promises to be easy for a long time to come. The silver market is also exceedingly quiet. The price has fallen to 41½d. per oz.—only half a farthing per oz. above the lowest quotation yet recorded. The Indian demand is declining, and there is none for any other country, while speculators are quite discouraged. The Free Coinage Bill is to be discussed by the American House of Representatives next week, but though it will probably pass the House, and possibly may pass the Senate, everybody seems to be agreed that it will be vetoed by the President.

THE event of the week, from the City point of view, is the appointment of two receivers to liquidate the once great house of MESSRS. DE MURRIETA & Co. When the proposal to transfer the business of the house to the South American and Mexican Trust was defeated by the opposition of the Ottoman Bank a new valuation of the assets was made, and the auditor reported that they were worth less than twice the amount of the debentures, below which they were not to fall, according to the Debenture Trust Deed, without the appointment of a receiver. Accordingly on Wednesday morning an application was made by the Debenture Corporation, as a holder of part of the debentures, and was supported by the Trustees and Executors Corporation as trustee for the debenture holders, that two receivers should be appointed, and as no opposition was offered by MESSRS. DE MURRIETA an order was made accordingly. While there is much sympathy with the members of the firm there is a general feeling of relief that the struggle to keep up an appearance of solvency is at last ended. It had kept the City in alarm all through last year, and even during the past few months has been an element of doubt and uncertainty. While this was taking place it was a matter of course that all business upon the Stock Exchange should be checked; for though practically the credit of the house had been ruined, and most well-informed people were looking for what has happened, still nobody could foresee how the actual appointment of a receiver would be taken by the general public. The Paris and Berlin Bourses have been agitated during the week by the failure of MESSRS. GÜNZBURG, the great Jewish banking house of St. Petersburg and Paris, and home railway securities have been affected by the crisis in the coal trade.

MR. BALFOUR'S COLLAPSE.

MR. BALFOUR'S collapse in his new post of leader is still the chief topic of conversation in political circles, and its importance is hardly likely to be minimised by the feeble attempts of the *Times* to bolster up its fallen idol. The legend which grew around him during his Irish Secretaryship, and which found adherents and believers even in the Liberal ranks, has been dispelled with a suddenness which must have caused no inconsiderable shock to many worthy persons. The readers of this journal need hardly be told that we are not, among those who believed in the exaggerated estimate of Mr. Balfour's qualities which was current a few months ago. But, on the other hand, we must admit that we did not foresee the absolute breakdown which has taken place in his Parliamentary leadership. It was impossible to believe that so able a man would fail so utterly in a position in which the late Mr. Smith, the very reverse of a man of genius, attained no inconsiderable success. Once more, however, the fact is brought home to us that gifts which shine conspicuously in subordinate offices are absolutely detrimental to the man who reaches the highest position in the House of Commons. The leader of that House must certainly be something more than a mere fighting member of his party. He has to sustain great traditions, and he must represent the dignity and spirit, not of a Ministry, but of Parliament as a whole. Unfortunately for Mr. Balfour, he seems unable to forget that he won the cheers of his party by the insults he habitually addressed to the Irish members, and he evidently labours under the delusion that it is by the use of similar tactics that he will gain the approval of his followers now. If his Parliamentary experience had been longer, or if he were not himself blinded by self-conceit, he could hardly have fallen into this mistake. Mr. Disraeli, who might fairly be regarded as the exemplar of modern Conservative leaders of the House, had many faults, but he was free from those errors in taste and tactics which are so conspicuous in the man who now sits in the place he once occupied. He had the historic imagination, and never forgot that he led not a party, but the House as a whole. Bitter as he could be in debate when crossing swords with a rival, and unscrupulous as he often was in the manoeuvres by which he sought to carry his followers to victory, he was never wanting in respect to his opponents as a body, and never forgot that the way to success in the special position which he occupied was to be found in the path of conciliation. Mr. Disraeli, moreover, had a real knowledge of the forms of procedure, the rules and the traditions of Parliament; and though he sometimes tripped, he could never have blundered quite so badly as Mr. Balfour has done during his brief tenure of the leadership.

But the collapse of Mr. Balfour is in itself a comparatively small matter when we consider the collapse of the House as a whole. Never within the recollection of most of us has Parliament presented an aspect so forlorn as that which it now wears. Where is the Ministerial programme of which we heard so much when the Session began? Where is the great Bill which was to complete the Irish policy of the Government, and to serve as a rallying cry at the General Election? Is it already dead, killed by the laughter of the Opposition at its first introduction, or is it waiting in a state of suspended animation to receive the formal *coup de grâce* from its unhappy parent? Nobody can answer these questions, and probably nobody cares even to consider them. The latest story current among the supporters of the Ministry is to the effect that, in obedience to the demands of

the Labour party, the Government are about to throw overboard the programme of work with which they entered upon the Session, and to substitute for it some measures of social legislation, in the desperate hope of thereby winning the support of the working classes. We should hardly have thought a story so ridiculous worth mentioning if it had not been solemnly put forth in Conservative organs. That it should have been printed, and that some persons should believe it, can only serve to show how complete is the collapse of the House of Commons as well as that of its leader. Vigorous efforts, we are told, are being made to re-awaken the dormant enthusiasm of the Tory party. Mr. Balfour looks upon some of the defeats he has sustained as personal slights upon himself, and the word has gone forth that the Tory who fails to support him must be regarded as a traitor in the camp. Yet even the threats and admonitions of the Ministerialist press, backed up as they are by the Whips of the party, have failed to change the situation, and the Government flounders along with its once overwhelming majority reduced to a figure that threatens its speedy disappearance.

It is inevitable in these circumstances that speculation should once more centre upon the question of the date of the Dissolution. For our part, we have never wavered in the opinion we expressed some weeks ago, that the Dissolution ought to take place as soon as possible, and that it cannot be delayed more than a very few months. Liberals throughout the constituencies will do well to bear in mind that they are not likely to receive any long warning of the intentions of the Government, and it is quite upon the cards that within a few days of Easter the long-deferred appeal to the country will be made. In any case it will hardly be delayed beyond midsummer. True, Mr. Balfour talked in his airiest fashion on Thursday night of the Septennial Act, and seemed wishful to hint that Parliament might, as it would, live a twelvemonth longer; but this was simply the most transparent piece of "bluff," and can have deceived no one. It is amusing to observe the strenuous efforts which the supporters of the Government are making to keep up their spirits in the prospect of the impending battle. There is, for example, the Special Commissioner of the *Times*, who has been sent round the country to glean, if he can, a few crumbs of comfort for despairing Tories and Liberal Unionists. It must be confessed, to his credit, that the crumbs he has swept up in his survey of the constituencies are very few indeed. The most that he hopes for is the retention of power by the Tory party with a majority counted by units instead of by scores as at present; but anyone who has followed him in his investigation of the state of affairs in each particular constituency must be aware that his whole estimate is absurdly favourable to the party now in power. No doubt he has acted with a due sense of honesty, but he has not proved superior to the weakness which leads most men to listen to the story that best accords with their own sympathies and hopes. The result is, that his examination into the state of the constituencies must be regarded as the last effort of the Tory party to deceive itself into the belief that a crushing defeat at the General Election is not now inevitable. Liberals will find far more encouragement in his review than Tories are likely to obtain from it; and the high hopes with which they face the future will be not more materially lessened by the results of the *Times*' investigation into the state of public feeling throughout the country than they are likely to be by the twofold collapse of Mr. Balfour and the House of Commons.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE NAVAL BUDGET.

IT is unfortunate that amid the maze of details which the presentation of our Naval Budget involves it is almost impossible for the uninstructed public to fix and hold its attention on the vital points of the controversy. Thanks to Mr. Goschen's new system of ordinary and extraordinary, local and Imperial, annual and fixed Budgets, it is becoming more and more difficult to say of our financial system that it ails precisely here or there. The policy of muddlement was never more conspicuously illustrated than on Monday night, when Lord George Hamilton was supposed to explain the precise manner in which the Naval Defence Act of 1889 has affected our naval administration. It is doubtful whether, even in spite of Mr. Shaw-Lefevre's searching and instructed criticism, any member of the House outside the body of naval specialists was very much the wiser. Happily, enough was said in the course of the debate, and said without effectual reply from the First Lord, to show that that confusing, unconstitutional, and ill-digested scheme has absolutely failed of its purpose. At the time of its introduction there was practically no measure to the good we were led to expect from it. It was to secure continuity of naval policy, a continuity, by the way, to be purchased at the trifling cost of the loss or, at all events, the abatement of effectual Parliamentary control of the service; the rate of production of all classes of war vessels was to be enormously quickened; we were to have no more delays or failures or vessels laid for year after year on the stocks; a patriot Government was to provide a patent renewable navy at a cost of twenty millions or so, and, by 1894 or 1895, our superiority at sea to any other two (or was it three?) naval Powers was to be placed beyond cavil.

And now what are the facts? Precisely what might have been, and, as a matter of fact, was anticipated. The Naval Defence Act was, to a large extent, a fraud upon the public, for from the first it provided an artificial, rather than a genuine, change of method. It was idle to suppose that an unreformed naval and dockyard administration would produce any better results by charging a portion of its cost on the Consolidated Fund, and by largely removing its programme from the annual criticism of Parliament, than the old system of an annual provision both of men and of material. As a matter of fact all the old defects have reappeared. The boilers will not work, the new ships do not keep their trial speeds, the old ones go aground, the dockyards produce no substantial increase of output, and all the time arrangements of Lord George Hamilton have fallen to pieces. Under the Naval Defence Act ten millions were to be spent on thirty-two contract vessels, which were all to be completed in three years and a half, that is to say by the end of March, 1892. But, as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre pointed out, we have now virtually at the end of the term expended only £5,924,000 instead of nine millions odd, for which we were to have shown good value. In other words, the ships are a full year and a half behind time, and when they have received the finishing touches at the dockyards they will have taken six years to build in place of three and a half—that is to say nearly double the estimated period. The dockyard ships do not show a very much better record. The stipulated time will certainly be exceeded by at least a year and a half, and practically, therefore, we are as we were. The dockyards have found it impossible, as all the critics of the Naval Defence Act predicted, to complete a large tale of vessels at one and the same time. We are practically, therefore, under a

brand new scheme of naval administration, in the same position as we were before Mr. Goschen and Lord George Hamilton undertook to save the country. We have the same perpetual vacillation between monster ironclads and fast cruisers, and between the large and little building of torpedo-boats, and practically between all the moot points in naval construction. This year we shall only be able to build three ironclads, and the earlier notion of taking over the fastest food-carrying ships from the mercantile marine, at the best a very doubtful policy, is in abeyance. Specialist critics were agreed that the Navy was undermanned, that the engineers and warrant-officers were gravely discontented, and that we were especially scantied of our proper quota of lieutenants. Really it did not appear on Monday night that the seven-year policy, administered by the same men and on the same methods as its predecessor, had altogether revolutionised the Navy.

The most damaging criticism of the Naval Defence Act was involved in the falsification of the prediction that under it we were rapidly to out-distance the naval output of our rivals. Mr. Shaw-Lefevre stated, without challenge from the First Lord, that the relative position of the English and French navies three years after the passage of the Naval Defence Act was practically identical with what it was in 1889. It is possible that we may have slightly quickened up our rate of production, but, if this is the case, France has done the same, and the inevitable result of a showy, ambitious, and practically inefficient policy has been to set up a sort of general construction fever abroad. It is precisely here that the folly of sensational increases of armaments comes in. In the long run, no relative superiority of strength is gained. All rich and warlike nations follow suit, and the final result is merely the withdrawal of a fresh stock of men and money from industry in favour of the detestable business of war preparation. We quicken the pace—or, rather, seem to do so, for other nations follow suit—and our nicest calculations of a navy equal to that of two or three or four of our rivals are always being defeated by the obvious fact that as we build all the other Powers build too. Had there been any visible sign that the Naval Defence Act had in any way screwed up the efficiency of our naval machine, there would have been at least one solid argument in its favour. But all the exposures of Monday night told in exactly the opposite direction. Mr. Forwood, confronted with accumulated proof that our constructors had been building boilers for our high-speed vessels totally inadequate to their tasks, seemed to think it sufficient to explain the system under which this cardinal error was made. There was, he said, an essential difference between the possibilities of speed in war-vessels and in merchant-ships. He omitted, however, to tell the House why the boiler-makers had failed to consider this very elementary fact, or why their superiors furnished them with designs which totally ignored it. The whole business is a scandal for which no rational excuse has been offered. The moral of the controversy is clear. You can only reform the Navy in one way, and that way is clearly not to release the authors of an endless muddle from one jot or tittle of the responsibility which Parliament and the people rightly require of them.

THE STRIKE AND THE STOPPAGE.

THE strike of the Durham miners is a more serious, difficult, and threatening affair than the week's "play" upon which the General Federation of Miners has determined, and which

came into full force last Monday. But it is a more usual phenomenon, and has, therefore, naturally enough, excited less interest. The "play," or "stoppage," is not like ordinary strikes. Indeed, it is hardly a strike at all. It is the practical adoption of an economic theory, and economists, whether they believe in the theory or not, should be the last persons to denounce the experiment. The colliers of Northumberland, and Yorkshire, and Staffordshire proclaim, almost ostentatiously, that they have no quarrel with their employers. On the contrary, they declare that they have acted in their employers' interest. Admitting that under present conditions higher wages cannot be paid out of the profits received, they propose that the profits shall be increased at the expense of the landlord, the middleman, and the general public. They contend that over-production has artificially lowered prices, and that prices can be artificially brought up again if production be temporarily checked. This is a plausible argument, and cannot be met by vague abuse of the tyranny of labour. The practice is not inconsistent with the average standard of commercial morality, and it is much less injurious to society than the formation of those "rings" and "corners" in which speculative capitalists engage without reproach. As we pointed out a fortnight ago, facts and figures are rather on the side of the men than otherwise; for while the output of coal has enormously increased within the last ten days in England, Scotland, and Wales, the amount of coal exported from the United Kingdom has declined, and the iron trade is inactive. Nor are the panic which the threatened stoppage caused, and the famine prices which accompanied it, any answer to the miners' plea. For the panic was unreasonable, and subsided almost as rapidly as it had arisen. And the increase, which so grievously afflicted the poor in the late inclement weather, went into the pockets not of the coal merchants but of the middlemen who take such a large toll upon industry under the present imperfect system of distribution. The miners have, however, made two mistakes. They have struck upon a falling trade, and they have forgotten that an effect ceases with its cause. Commercial depression enables manufacturers to curtail their supplies of fuel, and when the men return to work, prices will come down with a rush. Over-production is an evil which soon cures itself. The spasmodic cessation of labour has only temporary consequences, and the further the pendulum is withdrawn from the one hand, the greater will be the rebound on the other.

The case of the Durham Coal-owners' Association has been very clearly and temperately put forward by the secretary, Mr. Reginald Guthrie. Mr. Guthrie shows that in August, 1889, there was an advance of 10 per cent. in the wages of the Durham miners; that another 10 per cent. was added in December, 1889; 5 per cent. in March, 1890; and 5 per cent. in January, 1891. The total thus reached is described by Mr. Guthrie as being 35 per cent. above "what are called standard rates," meaning apparently the rates which would have been the result of the old sliding scale. After some parleying the Associated Miners agreed to accept an immediate reduction of 10 per cent., or to lay the whole circumstances before an arbitrator and let him say what the wages ought to be. This offer was refused, and the final terms of the masters were that the immediate diminution should be $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or in the alternative 5 per cent. at once, and 5 per cent. on the 1st of May. The miners, however, declined to accept any loss at all, and so the strike began. While they are, of course, acting entirely within their rights, and while the facts seem to have been laid quite fairly before the men by their

representatives for ballot, the conduct of the Association was reasonable, and is not open to censure. The fact is, that if the coal trade were entirely confined to those who dig the coal and those who pay them for digging it, things would go smoothly enough. It is the owners of royalties, the owners of wayleaves, and the distributors of the commodity, who bring up the cost of coal until either profits or wages, or both, have to be cut down. The special correspondent of the *Daily News* thus explains a wayleave. "Some poor woman in eastern London, shivering with cold and having a few coppers left, wants to buy a pound of coal at the frightful rate of three shillings a hundredweight. A coal-owner in Yorkshire wants to sell it. First comes the coal-owner's landlord, and levies his toll upon the sixteen ounces of coal, sending up the price thereof with a leap and a bound. But on the route from the pit to the railway station, on the public high road, there intervenes the estate of a second lord of the soil, and of all that is beneath it. Before that wretched pound of coal reaches East London it must pass over or through the second lord's estate . . . and there stands Lord No. 2 in the path, his palm held out for his money." That is a highly picturesque and rhetorical statement, no doubt. But the grievances which it paints in such high colours are genuine, and call loudly for redress. Whether the ultimate rights over minerals should be left in private hands, uncontrolled by the community, is a very grave question indeed.

MR. GOSCHEN ON HIS DEFENCE.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer attended a meeting at Holloway on Tuesday evening to support the candidature of Mr. Richard Chamberlain for West Islington, but all, apparently, he could find to say on that subject was that he constantly saw Mr. Chamberlain in the division lobby voting with the Government. Quickly dropping an ungrateful task, he spoke at great length in defence of his own financial policy against the criticism of Mr. Fowler. Beginning with the conversion of the National Debt, he boasted that it had practically reduced the liabilities of the country by £100,000,000. That, of course, is only a sensational way of putting the matter; what the Chancellor of the Exchequer really has done is to reduce the interest on the Debt from 3 per cent. to $2\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. for fifteen years, and after that time to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Then he went on to say that his critics regarded it as a kind of crime to have lowered the charge for the Debt. Mr. Goschen misunderstands—we will not say misrepresents—the contention of his opponents. Everyone has been agreed for years that it was the duty of the Government to convert. Mr. Childers, when Chancellor of the Exchequer, attempted to do so, but was defeated by the hostility of the City. When, however, the Conservatives came into power the City enthusiastically supported Mr. Goschen's conversion scheme, and in consequence it was carried through. He is to be congratulated on his good fortune in so easily getting the support of bankers and brokers. None of his opponents deny that; but what they maintain is that his plan was a bad one, that it has inflicted loss upon the fundholders, and helped immensely to foster that spirit of gambling which ended in the Baring crisis. And that the contention is right is proved by the simple fact that the $2\frac{1}{4}$ per Cents., which were accepted at par for the old 3 per Cents., have since averaged in value only about 95; that is to say, the fundholder by the conversion has lost one-sixth of his annual interest and at the same time fully 5 per cent. of his capital. Now it is surely a

false way of benefiting the taxpayer to depreciate the credit of the country and the prosperity of the fundholders. The fundholders as a body are a very important portion of the taxpayers, and it is a very equivocal way of giving them relief to reduce their taxation by a minute fraction, but to lower the value of their property by fully 5 per cent.

It has been Mr. Goschen's good fortune to hold office during a period of great national prosperity. Year after year trade expanded and speculation became more and more rampant. Therefore the taxes proved more and more productive and revenue considerably exceeded expenditure. The consequent surpluses enabled Mr. Goschen to make large remittances in taxation. Even he himself admits that this was the main cause why he has been able to relieve the taxpayer, but he puts forward a claim at the same time that he was assisted by the wise policy pursued by the Administration. As a matter of fact, the policy pursued by our Government has hardly affected the foreign situation. The fear of war has abated for some time past, chiefly because of the change that has taken place in the conduct of affairs in Germany, of the unreadiness of France, and of the general unwillingness of all the Powers to begin a war which in all probability must exceed in horror anything the world has yet seen. The more hopeful political prospect, however, has undoubtedly favoured Mr. Goschen's finance, as it helped the general improvement in trade. Mr. Goschen, of course, parades his remissions of taxation. But he is careful not to inform his audience how much he has added to the taxes, although he boasts of widening the financial basis of the country. If he had condescended to particulars, he could have shown how very little grounds there are for the boast. His new imposts have been vexatious in many instances, but individually they yield little. In no proper sense of the words, therefore, can they be held to have widened the financial basis of the country. Though he smarts under the charge of vacillation and flabbiness, these are exactly the characteristics of his finance. He shrank from attacking powerful interests, he refused to undertake the reform of the Death Duties—which would indeed have widened the financial basis of the country—and he contented himself with mere patching. More than this, he was able to reduce taxation so much as he has done only by decreasing the provisions that had previously been made for redeeming debt. The late Lord Iddesleigh, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and, in a bolder and more statesmanlike spirit, Mr. Childers after him, recognised that it was the duty of a country in times of peace and prosperity to pay off debt rapidly and so strengthen the national credit. Accordingly, they induced Parliament to constitute a large Sinking Fund; but Mr. Goschen, desirous of winning a cheap reputation by remitting taxes, and afraid of arousing opposition by meddling with powerful interests, reduced that Sinking Fund by as much as two millions. When a Chancellor of the Exchequer is favoured by great national prosperity, and does not hesitate to tamper with the provisions made by his predecessors for redeeming debt, it is easy to secure surpluses and grant relief to the taxpayers.

Mr. Goschen repudiates indignantly the charge that he has given relief to the rates in the interest of house-owners and landlords. But indignation is not difficult of manufacture, neither does it make away with facts. Parliament had insisted that it was unfair to throw upon the occupiers of houses and lands the whole charge for the local government of the country, and that a change must be made. The change has been made in the very

worst way possible—by handing over to the local authorities taxes previously raised for the State. It is quite clear that, though this may immediately benefit the ratepayer, it must ultimately, and in no very long time either, chiefly result in benefit to house-owners and landlords, for there is nothing to prevent them from raising rents at once where leases do not exist, and, where they do, then as soon as the leases expire. Manifestly, then, the Imperial doles to local taxation must result in benefit to the owners and landlords. The proper course would have been to impose upon the owners and landlords themselves a fair portion of local taxation. There are many ways in which this could be done. When Mr. Goschen's proposals were put forward several ways were pointed out. But there is one very obvious way, and that is by taxing ground rents. The Tory party, however, had no taste for taxing ground rents; it preferred to give covert relief to landlords under the pretence of lightening the burden upon the ratepayers. Clever as Mr. Goschen is at manipulating figures, and ingenious as he is in weaving specious arguments, he will hardly succeed in deluding the public into the belief that landlords will not be benefited by a plan which enables them to raise rents as fast as leases drop in.

MR. LABOUCHERE.

MR. LABOUCHERE must have rubbed his eyes in comical amazement last Saturday morning when he read in the *Times* a well-turned tribute to his own public services. Wherever else the Member for Northampton may have hoped to meet with recognition, it cannot have been in the journal to which he has been so long and so bitterly opposed. But it is only the unexpected which happens, and here, on a March morning in 1892, we find the *Times* calling attention to Mr. Labouchere's "zeal, industry, and courage," and declaring that by the services he has rendered to society he has earned the thanks of the community. And the tribute is in every respect well-merited. For many years past, as editor of *Truth*, Mr. Labouchere has been discharging a duty by his performance of which the community as a whole has benefited immensely. Again and again he has exposed scoundrels like the man Morland who was sent to penal servitude last week, and has thus rid the world of social pests of the worst description. He has done this duty, as the *Times* truly observes, at his own cost and risk. Again and again he has had to pay a heavy price for his attempt to serve his fellow-men. Some rogue whom he has attacked has proceeded against him for libel, and the case has fallen into the hands of one of those narrow-minded pedants of the bench to whom the letter of the law is more sacred than its spirit, and who are never so happy as when they are able to entrap a newspaper editor or proprietor in its meshes. It would be interesting to get from Mr. Labouchere a balance-sheet showing on the one side his expenditure in the campaign he has waged with so much vigour against rogues, and on the other the victories he has secured. We should then know something of the price which a courageous and public-spirited journalist has to pay before his services as a social benefactor are recognised by the *Times*.

But it is not of Mr. Labouchere's victories in *Truth* that we need speak here. It is Mr. Labouchere the politician about whom we are more immediately concerned. The position of few men in the political world has changed so completely as Mr. Labouchere's has done within recent years. Down to 1880 the

Member for Northampton was hardly taken seriously by anybody. He was a wit, a cynic, a *farceur*; his good sayings were on everybody's lips, and the last thing of which he was suspected by anybody was of a capacity for taking public affairs gravely. His witticisms, indeed, were so frequently directed against his own political associates that the world, which never understands paradox, could hardly believe that he was in earnest when he called himself a Liberal. He was "Labby" alike to the man in the street and the frequenter of the Lobby; his last good saying was in universal request, and when he rose to speak there was an eager rush on the part of those who knew that they were about to be amused. But that he should ever take a serious place in the political world seemed to enter into no man's mind. How it has happened we hardly know, for the change has been a very gradual one. But the fact is indisputable that the Member for Northampton has effected an astounding change in his position in politics. Without ceasing to be a cynic or a wit, he has secured recognition as a serious politician, and to-day he stands prominent, if not pre-eminent, among those men below the gangway who have established their claim to a place in the next Liberal Administration.

There was a time when the notion of Mr. Labouchere as a Minister of the Crown would have filled even many good Liberals with dismay. But that time is past. He has been longer, it is true, than most men in sowing the wild oats of an exuberant fancy, an audacious wit, and a reckless gaiety of heart. He has retained his youthfulness of spirits at an age when most persons are settling down to the dull repose of maturity. But the fact remains that the wild oats are sown, and that the Mr. Labouchere of to-day is a man not only of uncompromising honesty, but of sober and settled convictions; who has learned not only what ought to be done in the field of politics, but what can be done; and who, in fertility of resource and capacity as a Parliamentary tactician, has hardly a superior in the present House of Commons. It will be well if those Liberals who, remembering only his earlier exploits and reputation, still imagine that the Member for Northampton is nothing more than the cynical jester whose sayings are the delight of club smoking-rooms, would realise this fact. Just as the *Times* has at length taken Mr. Labouchere seriously as a social reformer and benefactor, so our politicians will have to take him seriously as one of themselves. To adopt a phrase dear to the soul of Sir William Harcourt, he has at last "arrived."

As to his position in the next Liberal Government we know nothing, and, to be quite frank, we care as little. It is quite possible that Mr. Labouchere himself may in the end determine that a position of independence is that which is best suited to his temperament, and that he will prefer to remain outside the Government rather than subject himself to the restraints of Ministerial responsibility. But if he should think otherwise, there need be no uneasiness on the part of cautious Liberals as to the office which would "suit" him. The man who has shown the "zeal, industry, and courage" with which the *Times* credits him in hunting down so many of our social pests, who has shown also so much discretion and sound judgment in the mode in which he has conducted this war against the enemies of society, who has never been accused of self-seeking, and whose honesty is as unimpeachable as his ability, may surely be as easily suited in the new Administration as any one of the score of professional politicians to whom gossip is already so busily assigning their future rôles.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

WITH the approach of spring comes a fresh set of warlike rumours, all, it is to be hoped, as baseless as usual. Thus there have been renewed announcements of the concentration of Russian troops on the frontiers of Prussian Poland and Galicia—rumours which have had their effect on the Vienna Bourse, and have been contradicted by the correspondent in that city of the *Times*. Except in France, the week has not been remarkable. Generally, the Legislatures of Europe are busy with important but not specially exciting work. Paris, however, has seen two unsuccessful dynamite explosions.

On Friday evening last week a dynamite bomb was deposited on the first floor of No. 136, Boulevard St. Germain. On the fourth floor lives M. Benoit, formerly a *juge d'instruction*, and now a member of the Court of Appeal. Presumably the bomb was meant for him; but though the house was seriously damaged—the first floor and the *entresol* being practically wrecked—his apartments suffered little. In the small hours of Tuesday morning, however, a bomb was placed on the sill of a window at the back of the Lobau barracks, near the Hôtel de Ville, which contain 800 of the Garde Républicaine. It is suspected that this was meant for the Préfecture of Police. The perpetrators, however, were not captured: it is doubtful if they were even seen. The chief damage done is to the thirteenth century windows of the neighbouring church of St. Gervais. Naturally, search warrants have been issued, and the lodgings of a number of the known Anarchists of Paris have been visited, especially in St. Denis, St. Ouen, and Pantin, and some arrests have been made. A fourth attempt was made on Wednesday evening on the Santé prison, but the bomb was discovered in time. Moreover, a Bill has been hastily drafted imposing the penalty of death on dynamiters. There is, however, less panic than might be supposed, considering that the last explosion is the third within a month, the house of the Princesse de Sagan having been injured, presumably by mistake for the neighbouring Spanish Embassy, on February 23rd. Of course the explosion has been made the most of by the anti-Republican press. Probably, it is Anarchist. One view, favoured by the correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*, is that it marks a deep political design, either to discredit the Republic or to restore M. Constans to office.

The Chamber, meanwhile, has been busy with the reform of Courts of Conciliation, the Senate with the decentralisation of French University education. The Government propose to create Universities—i.e., groups of Faculties—in the great provincial towns. They are to have legal personality—in order that they may receive gifts and legacies—and to have a certain local character. In the South, for instance, there may be a Chair of Provençal; in Bordeaux, one of Viticulture. The single Faculties in various towns, which are practically professional schools, are to continue. For their sakes, chiefly, the Bill has been opposed—particularly by M. Challemlacour, in a lengthy and elaborate speech on Monday—since they can hardly compete with the new Universities. As, however, the Rectors, the staff, and the bulk of the funds of these institutions are still to be provided by the Minister of Public Instruction, the reform is more apparent than real. Still, high authorities—e.g., M. Ernest Lavisse—accept it gladly as a step in decentralisation. But the measure seems unlikely to pass.

A strongly worded appeal to working-class electors to make short work of Opportunism in the municipal elections of May 1st has been issued by the Marxist Socialists. The first signatures are those of MM. Lafargue and Jules Guesde.

The *Intransigeant* is to be prosecuted for insulting the Procureur de la République in connection with the Laur-Constans affair. The case will be heard

next Friday. The troubles of Mr. Purdie and his brother, who were locked up for four days on a charge of pocket-picking, have received such detailed treatment in the daily papers that they need not be mentioned here, except as an item in a series of charges against the Paris police.

The Central Committee of the Belgian Chamber has adopted, under reserve as to the preliminary Referendum, the Government proposals on the subject. The Government, however, will decline to modify its views. Attempts at dynamite outrages are reported from Liège and Brussels.

The terrible explosion in a coal-mine at Anderlues, near Mons, in Belgium, has resulted in 153 deaths, including a number of women. The work of rescue was stopped last Saturday by the pit catching fire. Among the subscriptions to the relief fund is one of 5,000 francs from the Paris Municipal Council.

The illness of the German Emperor at the beginning of the week has given rise to alarming reports, among them that Prince Henry of Prussia was hastily preparing for his duties as Regent. However, the Emperor has nothing worse than a cold. The Reichstag has been dealing with the Alsace-Lorraine (State of Siege) Bill, the severe measure which we mentioned last week, and which is now stated to be based solely on military considerations, and with the Bill for Insurance against Sickness, which appears to be a mass of the elaborate regulations so dear to Prussian officialism. The Prussian Government are expected to announce their intentions on the Primary Schools Bill in a few days. Meanwhile, the Social Democrats have won a seat in the Reichstag, replacing a Conservative, and defeating a National Liberal and an Anti-Semite.

In accordance with the agreement we referred to last week between the Duke of Cumberland and the Prussian Government, a Bill has been introduced into the Prussian Legislature empowering the King to remove the sequestration on the property of the ex-Kings of Hanover. The form of this arrangement has further irritated the Liberal party, who would have preferred a formal Appropriation Bill. At any rate, one of the worst of Bismarckian institutions is now finally disposed of. Some curiosity is expressed as to the payment of the legacies, amounting in all to £900,000, due to our own Royal Family under the will of the last King of Hanover.

The crisis in Norway has for the present been averted. The Norwegian Storting had insisted that the question of separate consulates abroad for Norway was a purely Norwegian question: King Oscar (following a clause in the Constitution) had maintained that it must be decided by the Swedish Ministry, *plus* three Norwegian Ministers; even the Radical press of Sweden had violently attacked the Norwegians, and hinted at a possible occupation of Norway by Swedish troops; and the Norwegian Ministry had resolved to resign and appeal to the people. However, the King has consented to the submission of the report of the Cabinet to the Storting, appending to it a statement of his own aims. The Cabinet has appended a protest to the statement, and the crisis is postponed for a time.

In Italy the progress of the debate on the revised Budget estimates has brought out both the miscalculations of the Government—there are 30,000,000 francs to be provided for beyond the estimates, and no new tax is to be imposed—and the weakness of the Extreme Left. Signor Cavallotti's attempt to form a new group out of that party is violently resented by Irreconcilables like Signor Imbriani, and has been implicitly censured by a resolution of the Republican Congress held at Rome on Sunday. A factitious importance has been given to this Congress by the confiscation of a number of newspapers for reporting it. There is no doubt that the Government will have a large majority. Serious floods are reported from Rome and Florence.

The proposals for a "compromise" between the Czechs and Germans in Bohemia have been referred to a committee of the Bohemian Landtag. It seems

doubtful if they will ever get any further. A Conference of bishops has just discussed Socialism, apparently with no particular result. The inquiry into the proposed reform of the currency is closed. The gold standard will certainly be adopted, the half-gulden being probably the unit. The position of silver in the new scheme is quite unsettled. The wholesale murderer, Schneider, was strangled on Thursday with every circumstance of barbarity, and only by the efforts of three men for four minutes.

In Russia the failure of the Jewish banking firm of Günzburg—"the Rothschilds of Russia"—is attributed to political causes. The firm, it is said, had offended the Government by their resistance to the persecution of the Jews. Their *employés* had therefore been interfered with, and sugar factories in which they were interested had been compelled to stop; and temporary aid, conceded by the Minister of the Government, had been peremptorily refused by the Czar. Speculations by the Paris branch are also spoken of. However, the firm's assets may more than cover its liabilities; but they are locked up in estates, and unrealisable at present.

M. Shishmanoff, the Russian agent who is supposed to have directed the murder of M. Vulkovitch, has escaped from Constantinople to Odessa—it is said, through the interference of the Russian Government on his arrest by the Turkish authorities.

King Milan is prepared to resign his rights as a member of the Royal House of Serbia, his right to supervise his son's education, even his Servian citizenship, in exchange for a grant of two million francs from the Skuptschina. He engages only to visit his son if the latter is seriously ill and if he is invited jointly by the Regents and the Skuptschina. Even in this case he is only to remain during the illness. A Bill embodying these terms has passed the Skuptschina. Serbia is well rid of its ex-King; but there can be few cases in history of so complete and so discreditable an abdication.

A new Chilean Cabinet has been formed. Señor Uriburu has declined the office of *ad interim* Minister of Finance in Argentina. Still, the prospect there is decidedly brightening.

THE UNITY OF LONDON.

AFTER every considerable conflict, even a military conflict, some little time is needed before we can gauge its bearing on the combatant parties, or the degree to which it has modified their previous position. Especially is that so in the case of a civil conflict which has taken place in a vast community of very multifarious composition, to which such events are almost new, and in which new forces of great though unknown strength have been called into action. It may, then, be not wholly without interest if one who has watched it closely, and has taken some part in it, tries to put together, in a somewhat more methodical way than has hitherto been done, a bundle of impressions as to the causes of an event which to the richer districts of London has been unexpected and startling; as to its significance in the present; and its possible effect on the future. It is, indeed, too risky to do this with a free hand, because we have yet to see the working of the great machine which has just been re-adjusted; but it is impossible to avoid speculation even with imperfect materials; and every attempt to put the materials in order helps to clear the way to an understanding of the position, and so to a definite line of action in the present and the immediate future. I will first state the main causes which have favoured the victory of the Progressive party in municipal affairs.

So far as these causes consist of electoral machinery, I touch them very lightly. Doubtless there has been excellent work done by the Liberal and Radical Unions, and by the Fabian Society, through laborious and persevering efforts, and by newspapers such as the *Star*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Pall*

Mall Gazette. Doubtless also the artisans' societies have supplied effective machinery, as well as forces of a more spiritual nature. Neither do I doubt that it is impossible to win an electoral victory among large multitudes of men without good machinery; especially when one's opponents start with every kind of social and political advantage: money, rank, possession of official posts, the support of a powerful press, and the facility of combination which comes with all these things, in addition to a well-tryed machinery for the specific purpose of elections. But however good a machine is, it will not turn out much product unless there is a strong driving force to work it; and this force—call it social, moral, spiritual, or what you like—consists in the feelings, convictions, and aspirations of mankind. I prefer to call it a spiritual force, because, even when it is directed to the improvement of material conditions, and even when it works through the medium of the machinery of which I have been speaking, it arises in the individual mind, and is dependent on the strength of individual convictions. What have been the forces behind the Progressive party? What forces have impelled the several unions and papers to make such efforts, and other people to respond to them?

First of these spiritual or non-mechanical facts, I rank the grand and animated ideal of the unity of London, placed before Londoners by the noble courage and public spirit of Mr. Beal and Mr. Firth, who just lived to enter into the Promised Land, and by a number of their less-known fellow-workers in the cause of London Municipal Reform. As long as the idea was presented only to the high-placed and wealthy members of London society, it was treated as purely visionary. The Royal Commission which reported in the year 1854 disposed of it partly by an epigram, saying that London was not a town, but a province covered with houses, and partly by reference to the lamentable fact—as though it were not something due to the neglect of man, but an unalterable provision of nature—that the different parts of London, being distant and populous, knew nothing of one another. This is not the place to fight battles over again, or to show the ways in which these fallacies were exposed, and the truth that London is essentially one community of human beings, which ought to have an organic Government of its own, was established. Suffice it to say that, after a while, we found that no topic was more eagerly seized by our audiences than that of the unity of London. It may seem strange to the upper ten thousand, who live in the pleasantest parts of the town, and who, after all, are hardly Londoners, for they run away to their pleasant rural homes, where their interests are, directly they have earned their money or have had their amusement, as the case may be—it may seem strange to them that the small shopkeeper or artisan should have his imagination fired with the greatness of London and with the idea of making all its parts work together for the good of the whole. Nevertheless, I state the facts as they have shown themselves to my eyes. I believe that this ideal has become part of the minds of the multitudes of Londoners; that it is now an assumed premiss in their reasoning; that it has played the principal part, whether consciously or unconsciously, in their recent action; and that it is destined not to decay, but to grow and to produce more and more good fruit.

It would perhaps be more logical if I were to put the next consideration merely as flowing from the idea of the unity of London, but it has received such prominence and so much separate treatment that I class it as a separate force. Among the many bad results of London anarchy I think the most disastrous is the existence of rich and poor quarters. That the pleasantest places should be inhabited by those who can afford the price, and the less pleasant by those who cannot, is, I suppose, inevitable. But when a town is one, and its Governing Body are responsible to its inhabitants, there is some equality in the distribution of its common

burdens and of the advantages got by its common expenditure. London was not one, but had been allowed to grow up under the old parochial system. We had parishes where there were very few rich and multitudes of poor; and, again, parishes where there were many rich and comparatively few poor. There was the necessary mutual interdependence of rich and poor. The wealthy man of Belgravia would find life very uncomfortable if it were not for the labour of poor men dwelling in Lambeth or in Spitalfields. But when these poor men passed the border of pauperism, near to which they constantly dwelt, the burden of supporting them did not fall on Belgravia. And if there were questions of some improvement or amenity to be provided for London, it was, in the absence of a common representation, unavoidable that the richer parts, which were more in evidence, better known to the governing classes, and better able to speak for themselves in the press and elsewhere, should be first and best served. Palliatives to this scandalous, and even dangerous, state of things had been sought by reforming vestries, by establishing some common funds for the poor, by setting up a common Board of Works and a common School Board. Volunteer societies, such as Toynbee Hall, of men in easy circumstances established "missions" in the less-favoured regions of London; but these things were quite inadequate. The civic jurisdiction of the various bodies was too limited, and their constitution was not satisfactory. There was only one remedy, and that was to create a Corporation of the ordinary English type, elected direct by the inhabitants of all London from areas approximately equal in population, and to invest it with the ordinary functions of a municipality. The Corporation was framed in 1888 on a satisfactory basis, but its powers fell far short of those wielded by other towns. Men's desire to redress the long neglect of past times remained unsatisfied, and they were determined that it should be satisfied. Whether the use still made of the contrast between the poor and rich quarters of London is quite justifiable I am not sure, because I am disposed to think that this department of action is the one in which the Act of 1888 is the least defective, and that the Council may do, and indeed have done, much under their existing powers. But when men have demanded an instrument and have got half of it and are flatly refused the other half, they do not stop for a careful analysis of the case; they go on demanding the whole on the old grounds. And I feel sure that this contrast between the rich and poor parts of the town played as prominent a part in 1892 as it did before 1888, and, indeed, that it was emphasised by at least one of the more specific issues.

The next great force was derived from the sense that the men sent to the Council in 1889 had three years of admirable work to show. Their integrity was above all suspicion, though not free from the slanderous tongues of those who would leave not Lancelot brave nor Galahad pure. The zeal, industry, energy, and capacity with which they discharged their administrative duties was unexampled in London affairs. They had taken every reasonable opportunity of pressing for a full Municipal Government. Moreover, they made it clear that a Governing Body sent direct from the inhabitants of the whole area of London will do what never was done, or could have been done, under the old parochial system. They directed the forces of London Government where they were most wanted: to the most neglected and helpless classes and quarters. All this justified the ideal of the municipal reformers, and gave confidence that the more complete it was made the better it would be for London. There were, of course, specific issues about water, police, and other matters. The only one I will dwell on here is the local taxation of owners as distinguished from occupiers. This is not the place to argue the right or wrong of that question. The point is that its existence certainly gave great animation to the Progressives, and

probably kept back members of the Tory Party from voting with the Reactionaries. I looked at several addresses of Reactionary candidates, including a paper issued by the Ratepayers' Defence League, containing reasons for voting against Progressives. Not one of them said frankly that the present system of local taxation is right, and ought not to be altered. They all rode off under the pretence that it is the business of Parliament, and not of the London Council, to deal with such matters. Of course, all Londoners know that if their representatives do not stir in the matter, Parliament will not stir. The immense majority, whether Tories or Liberals, have made up their minds that there ought to be a reform of the system. They have not relished the attacks made on the Council for demanding that reform. They have considered the action taken by the Reactionary candidates to be disingenuous. And they have considered that the appearance of landowners under the name of a Ratepayers' Defence League adds just the touch of ridicule which makes a cause absolutely insupportable.

There is yet another force which must be mentioned as highly operative in this contest—the force of repulsion and revolt against the insolent brutality of the Tory press. I will not now go into details on the subject; I have written about it in *THE SPEAKER* once before, and have treated it at greater length in the *Contemporary Review* for this month of March. It is now a matter of common knowledge all over London, that from the moment when it was found that Londoners had had the audacity to elect Liberals and not Tories, the Tory press opened the sluices of foul language and slander which were never closed till the elections of the 5th. In the course of a long life I have never known anything like it.

Well, such attempts at suppression of good work by slander always have one result, if only time enough is given for it. They create intense resentment in the minds of those who are favourable to the attacked party, and intense disgust in the minds of that large number of men who wish their business to be well served, and are waiting to see whether it is so or not. The men who have been singled out as the objects of the most vicious and pertinacious attacks, who would have been hounded out of public life if the Tory press could have done it—I refer to Mr. Charles Harrison, Mr. MacDougall, and Mr. Parkinson—have emerged from the contest with overwhelming majorities. The disfavour shown to the struggling young body was not confined to the Tory press. Her Majesty's Ministers, and under their direction the Houses of Parliament, have not only refused it assistance, but have snubbed and thwarted it. They have pretended that London is a county such as Somersetshire, and not a city such as it is. In its false character of a county they have kept it subject to petty, hampering restrictions. They have put the elections at a time of the year calculated to cripple the large Parliamentary business of the Council, and to introduce confusion into its finances. By refusing to give it such powers as are necessary for working the question of water supply, they have wasted three precious years, to the serious detriment of Londoners. Even in the courts of law the Council has received very hard treatment. Lawyers and judges may refine and distinguish as much as they like, but mankind at large cannot be persuaded that a body has fair play whose members, in the course of one and the same business, are held to be judges when that character hampers their action, and not to be judges when that character would confer an immunity upon them.

If the foregoing diagnosis be nearly right, the main causes of the Progressive victory are as follows:—The growing resolution of Londoners to make London a great city; their desire to redress long neglect of its poorer classes and quarters; their appreciation of honest, able work done for three years; their resentment at brutal insolence and

slander directed against praiseworthy men, and their love of fair play from public agencies, whether it be Ministries, or that impersonal thing the law. The effects of these elections must be the subject of a further paper. HOBHOUSE.

SIBERIA.—II.*

EXILE by administrative process means the banishment of an obnoxious person from one part of the Empire to another without the observance of any of the legal formalities which in most civilised countries precede the deprivation of rights and the restriction of personal liberty. This has existed for a long time, but has become much more common of late years. It is manifestly the most convenient method for a despotic government, as it prevents the publicity which must attend even the most carefully arranged trial. It also has the advantage of being carried out with exceeding quietness, so that even the suspected person's relatives may not know for many months what has become of him. It was by administrative process that Madame Tsebrikova was exiled for venturing to send to the Tzar an earnest and respectful letter of remonstrance. Mr. Kennan gives many instances of the almost grotesque cruelty in which the Government indulge in this matter of administrative process. So reckless has the mode of carrying it out been that in 1880 a Commission was appointed to investigate the cases of persons who had been exiled to Siberia or to remote parts of European Russia and put under police surveillance by administrative process. There were then said to be 2,800 persons in this position. Up to the 23rd of January, 1881, the Commission had examined into 650 cases, and had recommended that 328, or more than half of them, should be immediately released and returned to their homes.

A typical instance is that of Egór Lázaref (vol i., p. 268), who was arrested in one of the south-eastern provinces of European Russia in the year 1874, on the charge of carrying on a secret revolutionary propaganda. He was kept in solitary confinement for about four years, and then tried and acquitted. As soon as he was released he was sent as a soldier to a regiment engaged in active service in the Trans-Caucasus. When he had completed his time in the Army, he re-commenced his education in the University, studied law, and began to practise in the City of Sarátov. In the summer of 1884 he was suddenly informed that he was to be exiled by administrative process to Eastern Siberia for three years. No reason was given him. He was sent to the Moscow Forwarding Prison, where he had to stay until the following spring, and he wrote a respectful letter to the Department of Imperial Police, asking, as a favour, that he might be informed for what reason he was to be exiled to Eastern Siberia. He received a reply in two lines:—"You are to be put under police surveillance in Eastern Siberia because you have not abandoned your previous criminal activity." In other words, he was to be punished because he had not abandoned the previous criminal activity of which a court of justice had found him not guilty. After twenty-two weeks of travel he reached the town of Chita, in far Eastern Siberia, and there Mr. Kennan made his acquaintance. I am glad to be able to add that he has since escaped to the United States.

But this is only one of a great number of instances which are given in these volumes of the unparalleled injustice with which persons who venture to have independent thought are treated in Russia.

In the fourteenth chapter of vol. i., on "The Life of Political Exiles," will be found an interesting account of one who has since escaped from captivity and is now resident in London—the Russian author, Felix Volkhovsky—who, after seven years of solitary

* Siberia and the Exile System. By George Kennan. Two vols. London: James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

confinement, was banished to Siberia for life upon the charge of "belonging to a society that intends at a more or less remote time in the future to overthrow the existing form of Government."

In the second chapter of the second volume Mr. Kennan gives very full details of the working of "police surveillance" in Siberia. He prints the code of rules applying to those political exiles who have been sent there without trial. In reading them it must always be borne in mind that these exiles are usually persons of high education and belonging to the wealthier and more refined of the Russian people. There are few examples of self-sacrifice in history so extraordinary as this of the Russian reformers. Young men and women who have everything to lose which is ordinarily considered to make life desirable, and whose one object is the freedom of their people, voluntarily and cheerfully face the terrible fate which must sooner or later overtake them, in the noble endeavour to obtain for their land those political rights which freer nations have so long enjoyed. The fate of an exile is at the best a sad one; at the worst it is so bad that the heart grows sick at the bare recital of its cruelties and indignities. It is worse than any death, and suicide is often resorted to as the only means of escape.

Exiles are allowed about 12s. 6d. a month from the Government, and that is really not sufficient for the barest essentials of life. They must therefore work. They are frequently University men who know many languages, skilful physicians and surgeons, photographers, journalists, accountants, musicians, or the like, but they are not permitted to exercise any vocation in which their gifts would be of any use. The Governor-General has, indeed, power to grant permission to engage in business, but it is frequently withheld, and several instances are given where exiles who petitioned for leave to teach music, for instance, were told that they might hire themselves out to the Kirghis, who paid from five to seven cents a day for labourers.

The rules are severe, and they are severely enforced. On one occasion a young surgeon of great ability was asked in a case of life and death to extract a ball from the wife of the Mayor of Tiukalinsk, a prominent and wealthy merchant. The lady had been accidentally shot in the leg, and the wound was a dangerous one. The regular physician begged for the assistance of the young surgeon. The Mayor urged him in common humanity to perform the operation. He did so, successfully. It came to the knowledge of the authorities. They arrested and threw him into prison, where he contracted typhus fever whilst he was lying awaiting his trial. Great sympathy was shown to him by the people of the town, and the Governor ordered him to be sent at once to another town. He was so weak that he could not stand. His wife resisted the attempt to remove him. She was tied hand and foot, and her husband, clothed only in a night-shirt, was carried out in a sheet and put into a cart, and so, ill as he was, was carted for 126 miles, and then for the first time was he allowed to be taken to a hospital. He owed his life to the charity of an onlooker who covered him with a sheep-skin.

And this is nothing extraordinary.

Dr. Martinof had five years added to his term of exile because he went outside the limits of the town he was living in to render urgently needed medical assistance to a patient who had been attacked by a bear, and whose life was in extreme danger as the result of deep wounds and broken bones. There was no other surgeon who could do the work.

Indeed, the Medical Society of the City of Tver memorialised the Minister of the Interior that the large number of physicians and medical students who were living in that part of the Empire under sentence of banishment might be allowed to practise, because there was an urgent need of trained medical officers. For sending this memorial the Society was closed and forbidden to hold further meetings, and

two of its members, who were in the service of the State as surgeons in the hospital, were dismissed.

But to illustrate the studied barbarity of the exile system, both as applied to ordinary convicts and to political suspects, and the evil effects of forced colonisation (an integral part of that system), would be to quote the greater portion of Mr. Kennan's book, and to it I refer the reader. From first to last it is worthy of the most careful perusal. There are few who begin to read it who will not go through it, but I wish to call special attention to the appendices. They contain not only a complete answer to certain somewhat foolish strictures upon Mr. Kennan's description of the prison at Tomsk by one who describes himself as "an Englishman and consequently an unbiassed observer," and who contrasts himself with Mr. Kennan, "an American journalist," but also many important original documents, now published for the first time, manuscripts prepared for Mr. Kennan by exiles, the laws and orders of the Government with regard to political offences and offenders, secret reports of the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia to the Tsar upon Siberian prisons and the exile system, and a large number of extracts from Russian and Siberian newspapers which have all been approved by the Official Censor, and from reports of the chief prison administration, proving the frightful condition of many of the prisons (for example, "Achinsk is a *cloaca* where human beings perish like flies"), and a list of the cases which have come under Mr. Kennan's own observation in which Russian periodicals have been "punished or wholly suppressed for giving voice to ideas and sentiments regarded as objectionable by the ruling class," between July, 1881, and July, 1891.

It is sometimes said that, in England, we should not say much about the treatment of political exiles in Russia so long as we endeavour to crush down the political aspirations of Ireland by harsh coercive laws. It is absurd to suggest any actual similarity between the two cases, but no doubt the pernicious belief that it is possible and legitimate to endeavour to influence thought by physical force is the foundation of both alike. It is the lust of power, the thirst for governing, the resolve that the spirit of man shall be violently guided into the path which you choose, and shall not be free to take its own way, which are one and the same, whether they show themselves by the stoppage of public meetings by the police, by the brutal violence of the mob to the advocates of a distasteful form of religion, by the imprisonment, through the agency of Resident Magistrates, of those who advocate what the Government thinks a mistaken policy, or by the atrocious system of administrative exile in Russia with its innumerable horrors. Even the freest peoples may learn many lessons from Mr. Kennan's invaluable book.

ROBERT SPENCE WATSON.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

THERE is an idea that the Ministerial party is making something of a rally. With the advent of fine weather and the approach of the London season, the luxurious and the idle, who still form a perceptible factor in the composition of the Tory ranks, have begun to turn their faces homewards. Monte Carlo has ceased to gamble, and the stable-yard is beginning to ring less loudly with the voice of the hunter; and the loss of Monaco and Melton Mowbray is the gain of Mr. Balfour. On Wednesday last there was a muster of the Ministerial forces that seemed to bring back for a moment the halcyon days when Lord Hartington's solid wall of a hundred votes stood between Mr. Gladstone and justice to Ireland; when the House of Commons seemed to have lost all the decencies and amenities of public life and the honour and reverence for genius and old age; and when a few young Tories who had jumped from the Gaiety stalls to the floor of

Westminster, used to gleefully describe how when Mr. Gladstone rose, they repeated to each other a nursery or nonsense rhyme in order to drown his voice. But that spasm of the Johnnies of Parliamentary decadence did not last, and for years Mr. Gladstone has been able to impress and awe even his most violent opponents. Over them he exercises the magnetism of horror and enforced admiration as over his followers he exercises that of admiration and affection. This was the feeling which had brought down the Tories on Wednesday last, for Mr. Gladstone was supposed to have got into a very tight place; and to see the old man caught was a prospect more pleasing than any captured fox or murderous battue.

This was supposed to be the trap. Young Wales—vehement, enthusiastic, perhaps a trifle bumptious, as young parties are apt to be—had brought forward a Bill which proposes to apply to the land system of Wales the same measure as Mr. Gladstone's Land Acts have applied to the land system of Ireland. It was known beforehand—the omniscient lobby correspondent had announced it—that Mr. Gladstone could not see his way to the support of such a Bill. With a party so heterogeneous as the Liberal—though its heterogeneousness is gradually settling down to the solid homogeneity of universal Radicalism—it would have been difficult for the leader to have made so enormous a step in advance. On the other hand, how could Mr. Gladstone turn his back on that gallant little country which has given him support so generous, so loyal, and so unbroken? But if the Tories thought that Mr. Gladstone was unable to get out of a difficulty so primordial as this, they must have given less credit than they usually do for Parliamentary adroitness. His course was the simplest in the world. Had a case been made out? Mr. Ellis who introduced the Bill, had practically to admit that his facts were exiguous; the Government, he explained, had taken care that they should be. Well, then, in the absence of strong, convincing, overwhelming facts, how could Mr. Gladstone be asked to assent to a measure so drastic? "Let us get at the facts," said the Grand Old Man with an air of almost infantile innocence; and the next step, of course, as everybody acquainted with Parliamentary strategy could have foretold, was a demand for a Royal Commission of Inquiry.

The Tories snorted aloud in high disgust, and began to think that, perhaps, they had obeyed the persistent calls of Mr. Akers-Douglas a little too soon. But they were rewarded a little later on. If Mr. Gladstone disappointed them, Mr. Chaplin was fully up to the level of the situation. Even to an ardent Radical there is something delightful in the spectacle of Mr. Chaplin speaking as a Cabinet Minister from the Treasury Bench. The spectacle of a man perfectly satisfied with himself and full of the glory of his position is not a common occurrence even in an assembly of ardent and relentless ambitions. Mr. Balfour seems to bear the weight of glory as though it were the garment of Nessus. To Mr. Gladstone power and dignity seem to be no more worthy considering now than the pretty flower he so often wears in his buttonhole. Sir William Harcourt takes office and fighting as he would any other circumstance of life with something of joy and a dash of scepticism; and Mr. Morley looks with incurable sadness from the Treasury or the Front Opposition Bench on an evil world. But Mr. Chaplin, in the unctuous roll of his voice, in the elocutionary rise and fall of his sentences, in the swaying of his body, in everything about him, indicates that since the world began the event of most historic interest is the particular speech that a particular Cabinet Minister is giving at the moment to a thrilled, but, also, slightly inattentive and sometimes jeering, House of Commons. Taking himself quite seriously, Mr. Chaplin rolled forth some excellent old Tory sentiments, and denounced all attempt to revise rents in the presence of the unhappy Goschen and Balfour—who had revised the judicial rents;

and gave an emphatic "No" to the Welsh Bill as he, the present champion of allotments, had sounded to the allotments amendment of Mr. Jesse Collings in 1886. Young Wales was delighted. Such a speech was worth a score of votes; and the 113 Radicals that supported land reform for Wales must be put down, not so much to the adroitness of Mr. Gladstone as to the heroic self-esteem of Mr. Chaplin.

Mr. Matthews does not look the hero of a tragedy. Sitting on the Treasury Bench, and, above all, when speaking, his air is that of a man who has suddenly strayed from the stage of the Adelphi and a play of Dion Boucicault to the floor of the House of Commons. When he speaks, he suggests sometimes a French rather than an Irish model—he minces his words; he airily gesticulates with his hands; he pirouettes on his feet; he goes through as many attitudes as a *maître d'armes* giving a fencing lesson, or a dancing master explaining the graceful mysteries of the waltz. A fribble most people would take him to be from his appearance and manner when he speaks. But there must be a terrible fund of obstinacy—perhaps, also, a slight dash of cruelty—in the composition of the man who has hung so persistently and in spite of appeals for mercy so clamorous and sometimes so well-founded. It was unfortunate that, as the dark evening light of Wednesday closed in upon the almost deserted House, the appeal for mercy should have been marred by some injudicious phrases; otherwise, the scene was worthy of the dignity of the House of Commons and the grim and tragic realities that hovered round. There was a subjugation of the voice, a restraint of the manner—except in one case; a painful tension that showed the sense of the awe and the mystery of sudden and violent death. But Mr. Matthews sat on the Treasury Bench—flushed, angry, obstinate, immutable as doom.

But tragedy does not tarry long on any stage; and the next day the Ministers were under the protection of St. Patrick. To North and South to East and West the Irishmen had scattered to celebrate the anniversary of the national saint. In his place the ever-vigilant Sexton sat; but all around yawned a gaping desert; and the sparse shamrock looked lonely and withered. But Mr. Balfour's joy was premature. The prospect of a Vote on Account for two months was more than could be borne by the ubiquitous greed for the date of the Dissolution; and if the Irish were absent, Mr. Labouchere was there. The fun became so infectious, too, that the Parnellites who were absent from the gatherings of their countrymen in England joined in heartily with Mr. Sexton; with the result that there was a night of noise, tumult, occasionally passion; and practically no work done. The Ministry are inevitably doomed. Even St. Patrick has failed to help them.

PROFESSOR FREEMAN.

IN Mr. E. A. Freeman England has lost the first of her historians—the first not only in the range and variety of his learning, but in the solid excellence maintained throughout his work. Few writers of our time who have produced so much have so seldom fallen below their best level. Two merits specially distinguished his historical writings. The one was their thoroughness and accuracy. He never slurred over a difficulty, he never spared any time or trouble that might be needed to elucidate the problem. He was always ready to reconsider a judgment he had previously expressed, when grounds were advanced against it. The other was what may be called the actuality, the sense of life and earnestness, thrown into what he was describing, the impression which he conveyed of being personally interested in it all. It is rarely that a man of profound and laborious learning is able to move under it, not only so lightly, but one might say so

joyously. All the conflicts of the past, whether they belonged to mediæval or to classical Greek and Roman times, were as real to him as those of our own day, and those of our own day interested him not least because they constantly recalled the past. The fault sometimes charged upon his writing—its tendency to diffuseness or repetition—arose in large measure from the very warmth of the interest which he felt in his subject, and which led him to dilate, sometimes too fully, upon points that had no great attraction for the ordinary reader. For this reason his style was sometimes at its best in his shorter essays, where limits of space prescribed compression, such as his Lectures on the History of the Saracens and his Historical Essays, rather than in his long histories. It is in the latter, however, that the extraordinary soundness and exactitude of his historical method are best displayed; and these are the works on which his fame will chiefly rest. The Histories of the Norman Conquest and of the Reign of William Rufus have so completely exhausted the original authorities on the subject that, as narratives of the political and constitutional events of the time, they cannot be superseded. The History of Sicily, of which two volumes appeared last year, and the third is advertised as ready, was conceived on the same ample lines, and was being worked out with the same unflagging industry. Mr. Freeman had an extraordinary power of labour, which seemed scarcely checked by the infirm health of his later years. For the purposes of his History he had traversed several times every nook and corner of Sicily. His pleasure in travel was unabated, and he left England less than a month ago to fulfil a long-cherished project of studying the architecture of Seville and Cordova.

In politics Mr. Freeman was an ardent, though very independent, Liberal, always forming his own views and not hesitating to express them with characteristic force. He twice stood for Parliament, the second time in 1868, but had long since abandoned any idea of entering practical politics, though he continued to write frequently and vigorously on current political questions. His combative vigour made him some enemies; but he was essentially a warm-hearted and kind-hearted man, singularly loyal and constant to his friends, always ready to serve and defend them, and, what is perhaps rarer, always willing to take criticism from them.

MR. BERRY LECTURES.

LAST Monday night Mr. James Berry appeared in a new part at the Imperial Theatre. He has exchanged the scaffold for the platform, and become a public lecturer instead of the public executioner. Standing before the footlights, with a group of his supporters around him, Mr. Berry explained to an audience neither very numerous nor very sympathetic his reasons for taking the step. In appearance Mr. Berry was very like the average mechanic in his Sunday clothes; he is robust and fresh-complexioned; one would guess that he was a humane man, but not altogether free from either obstinacy or conceit. He read his lecture in a voice which could be heard distinctly all over the theatre; but although the voice was Mr. Berry's voice, the words were probably the words of someone else. It was a rambling, ornamental piece of composition, which had not the conviction that plain statement would have had.

It was no sudden resolve, Mr. Berry told us, that had led to his resignation. Mr. Berry has a wife and children to support, and he hesitated some time before he abandoned the post that enabled him to support them. But gradually a strong opinion in favour of the abolition of capital punishment grew up out of his experiences, and forced him to resign. Hanging is, he believes, the most humane form of capital punishment, but he objects to every form; and that is why he gave way to Mr. Billington. We gathered also, from hints here and there, that some

person or persons have interfered with Mr. Berry, and that where the ignorant pressman reported that Mr. Berry had bungled, he should have stated that Mr. Berry's arrangements had been disturbed.

We were given a sketch of the ideal hangman. He must have nerve, ability, humanity. Mr. Berry took this occasion to point out three instances in which he had displayed his own humanity: he had altered the pinioning of the arms; he had prevented the recurrence of one horrible scene by fastening the ankles of the condemned man together; he had abolished the steps leading up to the scaffold. The ascent of those steps was a barbarity; occasionally the murderer had to be carried up them by warders. He objected strongly, too, to the prison corridors being lined with friends of the sheriff, admitted to satisfy an ignoble curiosity to see the procession to the scaffold. In fact, Mr. Berry's views seemed to us to be the views of a humane and capable man.

But he added very little to the arguments which the average schoolboy might produce in favour of the abolition of capital punishment. He said that he himself had hung men whom he knew to be insane. The whole question of responsibility in mental disease is not an easy one, and only the opinion of a scientific expert is worth hearing on such a subject. He referred to the great docility and gentleness of some condemned men; there were some executions that he had performed which still troubled his mind. Capital punishment was, as a rule, he believed, dreaded less than penal servitude for life.

There was very little, too, which could be called gruesome or ghastly in the lecture. Realistic description would do more than any argument to convince an audience; but Mr. Berry was not very realistic. It was, perhaps, judicious of him not to unfold more openly the secrets of the prison-house. We believe that enough could be told, and that the horror which they would produce would cause a very general feeling in favour of abolition.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.*

I.

DR. HOLMES, as he has more than once reminded us, has lived to see a great deal. Happier than most men in most respects, he has now the crowning happiness to see his life's work in a collected edition, printed by the Riverside Press—to see his monument, in short: and a very handsome monument it is, well worthy to stand beside the Riverside edition, issued by Messrs. Macmillan the other day, of his great compatriot and dear friend, James Russell Lowell. It is pleasant to see these two dark-green sets, the ten volumes of Lowell and the thirteen volumes of Holmes, ranged side by side on the shelf, and not a volume in the lot but contains a wise lesson on life and how to live it. In the tenth volume of Lowell you may find the verses, "To Holmes, on his Seventy-fifth Birthday":—

"Dear Wendell, why need count the years
Since first your genius made me thrill,
If what moved then to smiles or tears
Or both contending move me still?

What has the calendar to do
With poets? What Time's fruitless tooth
With gay immortals such as you,
Whose years but emphasise your youth?

One air gave both our lease of breath;
The same paths lured our boyish feet;
One earth will hold us safe in death
With dust of saints and scholars sweet.

Outlive us all! Who else like you
Could sift the seed-corn from the chaff,
And make us with the pen we knew
Deathless at least in epitaph?"

And in the thirteenth volume of Holmes you

* The Writings of Oliver Wendell Holmes. "Riverside Edition," in Thirteen Volumes. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1892.

may find this epitaph, written under the title "James Russell Lowell, 1819—1891"—

"Thou shouldst have sung the swan-song for the choir
That filled our groves with music till the day
Lit the last hill-top with its reddening fire
And evening listened for thy lingering lay.
But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar
Where strains celestial blend their notes with thine;
Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier star
Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we resign."

Technically, the two poems may differ in value. But who will decide between their spirit? If Lowell's is the perfect voice of friend calling to friend in the sunset, Holmes's is the brave, manly sorrow of a veteran for his comrade: the sorrow of a man who has stood up and looked death and old age in the face, and knows something of their true proportions. As a courageous man who has made it his business to think much about life, Dr. Holmes has not shirked the consideration of the more formidable half of the journey. At the age of forty-eight he began to speak of Old Age in the "Autocrat"; he was discoursing again about it the other day, and at the age of eighty-odd, in "Over the Teacups"; and his voice, now that he has come within close range of the rifle-pits, is as steady as when he started to march down the slope. He neither boasts nor whines. Though his own bodily health is a marvel, he does not stand up and brag, with Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, saying, "Lo, I am this day four-score and five years old. As yet, I am as strong this day as I was in the day that Moses sent me; as my strength was then, even so is my strength now, for war, both to go out and to come in." Still less does he mourn with Barzillai, "I am this day four-score years old and can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?" Dr. Holmes is perfectly sane about the matter; and because sanity, though a little out of fashion just now, is always charming, it is pleasant to hear his experience after Caleb's and Barzillai's. Take the passage in "Over the Teacups," when he tells how he dined with five other octogenarian survivors of his old college class of 1820:—

"Were we melancholy? Did we talk of graveyards and epitaphs? No—we remembered our dead tenderly, serenely, feeling deeply what we had lost in those who but a little while ago, were with us. How could we forget James Freeman Clarke, that man of noble thought and vigorous action, who pervaded this community with his spirit, and was felt through all its channels as are the light and strength that radiate through the wires which stretch above us? It was a pride and a happiness to have such class-mates as he was to remember. We were not the moping, complaining greybeards that many might suppose we must have been. We had been favoured with the blessing of long life. We had seen the drama well into the fifth act. The sun still warmed us, the air was still grateful and life-giving. . . ."

—To read this passage and the pages that follow it is as good as a tonic.

Yet Dr. Holmes, if any man, has the right to brag with Caleb. He visited Europe for the first time in 1833, for the second time in 1886; and the fifty intervening years seem only to have quickened his eye and invigorated his zest for adventure, to judge from that rattling diary, "Our Hundred Days in Europe." He had left the England of William the Fourth, of the Duke of Wellington, of Sir Robert Peel; the France of Louis Philippe, of Soult, Thiers, and Guizot. "I went," he says, "from Manchester to Liverpool by the new railroad, the only one I saw in Europe. . . . The broken windows of Apsley House were still boarded up when I was in London." Yet at the age of seventy-seven he sets forth for a second visit, with all the cheerfulness imaginable; nay, in the exuberance of his spirits he must twit another veteran for not following his example. "Mr. Gladstone, a strong man for his years, is reported as saying that he is too old to travel, and he is younger than I am—just four months, to a day, younger." Remark the amiable precision here—These old men seem to taste their age as if it were wine: you can almost fancy the Doctor smacking his lips over that

"just four months, to a day, younger." He left Boston on the 29th of April, 1886, and was back in New York again on the 29th of August, four months of absence in all, of which nearly three weeks were taken up by the two passages. One week was spent in Paris, the rest of the time in England and Scotland: and the Doctor appears in that short while to have seen everything and everybody. It makes a younger man's head spin even to glance down the index. The names of great men and women whose acquaintance he made whirl past like telegraph-poles beside the Great Northern. He seems to have missed but two in England—Queen Victoria and Mr. Ruskin—and in either case he has an excuse. He was invited to meet her Majesty at a garden-party, but was travelling when the invitation was sent, and missed it: and Mr. Ruskin was too ill to receive anybody.

Many men before Dr. Holmes have found the secret of perennial youth; and some have found it in perpetual change. But this is not the Doctor's way. On the whole his has been a quiet stay-at-home life: and neither in his thought nor his writings has he ever danced after popular opinions or adapted himself to the fashion of the hour. Though at one time considerably ahead of it, he has always belonged to his own generation; and that he has been in and out of fashion is due to this—that fashion travelling swiftly round in circles has more than once cut across his straight track. You may see this clearly enough by considering his poetry for a moment. The humour of it, the pathos, the very metres are of an old pattern—as in the lines on the portrait of "Dorothy Q":—

"Grandmother's mother: her age, I guess,
Thirteen summers, or something less;
Girlish bust, but womanly air;
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled hair;
Lips that lover has never kissed;
Taper fingers and slender wrist;
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade
So they painted the little maid.

"On her hand a parrot green
Sits unmoving and broods serene.
Hold up the canvas full in view—
Look! there's the rent a light shines through,
Dark with a century's fringe of dust—
That was a Red-Coat's rapier thrust!
Such is the tale the lady old,
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told." . . .

Now compare this with many a poem by Locker or by Austin Dobson and you will find the spirit and the sentiment very much the same: but there is an important historical difference, which has been indicated, in words that can hardly be bettered, by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman—"The distinction between Holmes's poetry and that of the new makers of society verse is that his is a survival, theirs the attempted revival, of something that has gone before. He wears the seal of 'that past Georgian day' by direct inheritance, not from the old time in England, but from that time in England's lettered colonies, whose inner sections still preserve the hereditary language and customs as they are scarcely to be found elsewhere. . . . Throughout the changes of fifty years he has practised the method familiar to his youth, thinking it fit and natural, and one to which he would do well to cling."

As a poetical method it has the one important defect of being narrow: it will not stretch to any great height or breadth or depth of thought. Lowell, when he wished to give utterance to the big truth that bloodshed is cruel and cruelty the vilest of sins, could do so in two ways.—He could sing it in Milton's verse and he could sing it in this fashion—

"Ez for war, I call it murder
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my testyment for that;
God hez said so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad,
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God."

The grand style and the rustic style are both fitted to utter with effect the thoughts that lie deep in the

human heart. But the Georgian style will not stretch to them. It is too literary. And for this reason: if we seek profundity in Dr. Holmes we must look for it in his prose. That, however, is no reason why we should fail in gratitude for the humour of "The One-Hoss Shay" and "Parson Turell's Legacy," or the spirit of "Old Ironsides" and "The Pilgrim's Vision," or the delicate feeling of "The Last Leaf"—a poem worthy to live if only because Abraham Lincoln liked it enough to get it by heart:—

"The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

This verse is about as near to melancholy as the Doctor has allowed himself to go: and he was quite young when he wrote it.

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S NEW BOOK.

WHEN M. Naquet passed his Divorce Bill, it was felt in Paris that there was more in that social revolution than met the eye. The Radical legislator was thought to have benefited not merely the inharmonious couples directly interested, but the whole world of polite letters, by furnishing a new theme for the drama and the novel. It must be admitted that, so far, the result has failed to justify the general expectation; and the reason for that failure is not, perhaps, very far to seek. For, after all, the great, the most fertile subject of fiction is the revolt of nature against the pressure of social institutions—the course of true love dammed by the *patria potestas*, youth and beauty beating against the prison-bars of a mercenary marriage, and the like. Relax the pressure, diminish the number of your social bonds, and your cases of conflict, out of which the artist has to make his account, are proportionately diminished. Divorce is, of course, such a diminution. Hence the new theme has lent itself to very meagre development on the stage. There is Sardou's *Divorçons*, there is Meilhac's *Pépa*, there is Bisson's *Surprises du Divorce*. But these trifles, it need hardly be said, do not seriously envisage the subject. Two of them show us the spectacle, not really very common, of a couple who detest one another before the divorce, and fall in love again as soon as they are free. The third merely rings the changes on the wildly impossible case of a man's first wife marrying her husband's second father-in-law. As for the novelists, they have hitherto treated the subject as the Mayor of Eastbourne exhorts the mob to treat the Salvationists: they have let it severely alone.

It has fallen to M. Alphonse Daudet to be the first novelist of note to approach the question of divorce from a really serious standpoint. Lugubrious would perhaps be a more appropriate word for "Rose et Ninette" (Paris: Flammarion), which, despite its title, suggestive of innocent maidenhood, and its pretty frontispiece of two fair heads, proves to be really a sombre and somewhat sickly piece of work. What its theme is may be gathered from the design attributed to its principal figure, a successful dramatist, of turning his own experience into a play, a play to make all fathers weep, and perhaps some mothers, entitled "Le Divorce du Père Goriot." Régis de Fagan has been divorced from his wife, and out of a somewhat quixotic chivalry has lent himself, though it is the lady who has been in the wrong, to an arrangement by which it is he who is made to appear in the eyes of the law as the guilty party. As a consequence, his daughters are taken from him, and it would seem to have been M. Daudet's purpose at the outset to examine what influence their peculiar position would have upon the characters and the future of the two girls. Rose, the elder and more amiable of the twain, takes after her father and

loves him, but her love turns out a scourge for the poor man. For it manifests itself in a perpetual dread of her father's re-marriage and a jealous hatred of the one woman, a certain Pauline Hulin, who might conceivably make him happy. The younger girl, Ninette, is every inch her mother's daughter: hard, selfish, empty-headed. Of the mother herself we have a picture, in M. Daudet's analytic style, by no means agreeable. "What exasperated me in my wife," says Régis, "was her lying—lying for the love of the thing, lying by instinct, *chic* and vanity, as a part of her 'style,' of her intonations, so intimately mingled with every act of hers that it was impossible for one to distinguish the true from the false. 'Why are you laughing so loudly?' I asked her one day as we were supping in a restaurant after the opera. 'To make the people think we are enjoying ourselves.' There you have her whole nature. I don't remember ever to have heard her speak for the person opposite her; it was always for another, someone over there who had just come in, for the servant who was waiting at table or the bystander whose attention she wanted to attract. All of a sudden, before a round dozen of people, her eyes and voice filled with tears, she said to me: 'O, my own Régis, those Borromean Isles! . . . Those early weeks of our honeymoon! . . . We knew nothing of those Isles, we had never been there; imagine my astonishment!'"

The problem which M. Daudet seems to have started to solve is, what will be the fate of the two girls, entrusted to the care of such a mother as this? Seems, we say; because we are not, as a matter of fact, shown how the girls' characters are modified by their unfortunate circumstances. They remain at the end what they were at the beginning—would, presumably, have made just the same women had their parents never been divorced. It is the unhappy fate of the father which is the real subject of M. Daudet's story. It is the fate of that other father to whom M. Daudet alludes, Père Goriot. The mother marries again, and Régis finds himself gradually becoming a stranger to his daughters, whom he tenderly loves. He follows them to Ajaccio, where their stepfather is Prefect, and is put to all sorts of humiliating devices to get a glimpse of them—among others, has to take advantage of carnival week to approach them in masquerade. In revenge for what she regards as an unseemly intrusion, the mother exercises her talent for romantic lying by inserting a paragraph in all the Paris papers to the effect that Régis de Fagan, the famous dramatist, has suddenly gone raving mad. The miserable man falls sick unto death, writes to his daughters, who for a long time send pretty little excuses for not coming, and, when at last they do come, break with their father for ever, because they find the detested Pauline Hulin installed at his bedside as sick-nurse. After the desertion of Goneril and Regan it would not be surprising if this modern Lear did go mad. But he does not. He is merely left like Mr. Gilbert's Jack Point, "melancholy, moping, mum," and it is even doubtful whether he will ever pluck up heart to console himself with the faithful Pauline.

All this is not exactly joyous reading. The book is by no means one of M. Daudet's best: there is a painful sense of lassitude and discouragement about it. Some of the passages describing the father's moods of depression seem to have an almost autobiographic ring. This one, for instance: "'Tis a sign of age, my dear. Yes! of old age. I am over five-and-forty, the time when physically a man no longer lives on his income, but begins to eat into his capital of life and health. One's strength no longer gets renewed; every trouble makes its wrinkle, every emotion exhausts one's nervous force. It is sad, my dear, but the best of my existence is over, my greatest successes are won; henceforth I have nothing before me but waning strength and vanishing luck, and behind me all the young men in a hurry, treading on my heels." Yes, it is sad. But men in good health

do not write in this vein. It is reported, to the deep regret of all lovers of good literature, that M. Daudet has been for some time a sick man. Sick men have often written cheerful books. But "Rose and Ninette" is not one of them.

ART AND SCIENCE.

"MR. GOSCHEN," said a writer in last week's SPEAKER, "deserves credit for having successfully resisted the attempt to induce him to sacrifice the interests of science at South Kensington to those of art." An excellent theme it seemed to me for an article; but the object of the writer being praise of Mr. Tate for his good intention, the opportunity was missed of distinguishing between the false claims of art and the real claims of science to public patronage and protection. True it is that to differentiate between art and science is like drawing distinctions between black and white; and in excuse I must plead the ordinary vagueness and weakness of the public mind, its inability very often to differentiate between things the most opposed, and a very general tendency to attempt to justify the existence of art on the grounds of utility—that is to say, educational influences and the counter attraction that a picture gallery offers to the public-house on Bank Holidays. Such reasoning is well enough at political meetings, but it does not find acceptance among thinkers. It is merely the flower of foolish belief that nineteenth century wisdom is greater than the collective instinct of the ages; that we are far in advance of our forefathers in religion, in morals, and in art. We are only in advance of our forefathers in science. In art we have done little more than to spoil good canvas and marble, and not content with such misdeeds, we must needs insult art by attributing to her utilitarian ends and moral purposes. Modern puritanism dares not say abolish art; so in thinly disguised speech it is pleaded that art is not nearly so useless as might easily be supposed; and it is often seriously urged that art may be reconciled after all with the most approved principles of humanitarianism, progress, and religious belief. Such is still the attitude of many Englishmen towards art. But art needs none of these apologists, even if we have to admit that the domestic utility of a Terburgh is not so easily defined as that of mixed pickles or umbrellas. Another serious indictment is that art appeals rather to the few than to the many. True, indeed; and yet art is the very spirit and sense of the many. Yes; and all that is most national in us, all that is most sublime, and all that is most imperishable. The art of a nation is an epitome of the nation's intelligence and prosperity. There is no such thing as cosmopolitanism in art? alas! there is, and what a pitiful thing that thing is. Unhappy is he who forgets the morals, the manners, the customs, the material and spiritual life of his country! England can do without any one of us, but not one of us can do without England. Study the question in the present, study it in the past, and you will find but one answer to your question—art is nationhood. All the great artistic epochs have followed on times of national enthusiasm, power, energy, spiritual and corporal adventure. When Greece was divided into half a dozen States she produced her greatest art. The same with Italy; and Holland, after having rivalled Greece in heroic effort, gave birth in the space of a single generation to between twenty and thirty great painters. And did not our Elizabethan drama follow close upon the defeat of the Armada, the discovery of America, and the Reformation? And did not Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney begin to paint almost immediately after the victories of Marlborough? To-day our empire is vast, and as our empire grows, so does our art lessen. Literature still survives, though even there symptoms of de-

cadence are visible. The Roman, the Chinese, and the Mahometan Empires are not distinguished for their art. But outside of the great Chinese Empire there lies a little State called Japan, which, without knowledge of Egypt or Greece, purely out of its own consciousness, evolved an art strangely beautiful and wholly original.

And as we continue to examine the question we become aware that no further progress in art is possible; that art reached its apogee two thousand five hundred years ago. True that Michael Angelo in the figures of "Day" and "Night," in the "Slave," in the "Moses," and in the "Last Judgment"—which last should be classed as sculpture—stands very, very close indeed to Phidias; his art is more complete and less perfect. But three hundred years have gone since the death of Michael Angelo, and to get another like him the world would have to be steeped in the darkness of another Middle Age. And passing on in our inquiry, we notice that painting reached its height immediately after Michael Angelo's death. Who shall rival the splendours, the profusion of Veronese, the opulence of Tintoretto, the richness of Titian, the pomp of Rubens? Or who shall challenge the technical beauty of Velasquez or of Hals, or the technical dexterity of Terburgh, or Metz, or Dow, or Adrian van Ostade? Passing on once again, we notice that art appears and disappears mysteriously like a ghost. It comes unexpectedly upon a nation, and it goes in spite of artistic education, State help, picture-dealers, and annual exhibitions. We notice, too, that art is wholly untransmissible; nay, more, the fact that art is with us to-day is proof that art will not be with us to-morrow. Art cannot be acquired, nor can those who have art in their souls tell how it came there, or how they practise it. Art cannot be repressed, encouraged, or explained; it is something that transcends our knowledge even as the principle of life.

Now I take it that science differs from art on all these points. Science is not national, it is essentially cosmopolitan. The science of one country is the same as that of another country. It is impossible to tell by looking at it whether the phonograph was invented in England or America. Unlike art, again science is essentially transmissible; every discovery leads of necessity to another discovery, and the fact that science is with us to-day proves that science will be still more with us to-morrow. Nothing can extinguish science except an invasion of barbarians, and the barbarians that science has left alive would hardly suffice. Art has its limitations, science has none. It would, however, be vain to pursue our differentiation any further. It must be clear that what are most opposed in this world are art and science; therefore—I think I can say therefore—all the arguments I used to show that a British Luxembourg would be prejudicial to the true interests of art may be used in favour of the endowment of a college of science at South Kensington. Why should not the humanitarianism of Mr. Tate induce him to give his money to science instead of to art? As well build a hothouse for swallows to winter in as a British Luxembourg; but science is a good old barn-door fowl; build her a hen-roost, and she will lay you eggs, and golden eggs. Give your money to science, for there is an evil side to every other kind of almsgiving. It is well to save life, but the world is already overstocked with life; and in saving life one may be making the struggle for existence still more unendurable for those who come after. But in giving your money to science you are accomplishing a definite good; the results of science have always been beneficent. Science will alleviate the wants of the world more wisely than the kindest heart that ever beat under the robe of a Sister of Mercy; the hands of science are the mercifulest in the end, and it is science that will redeem man's hope of Paradise.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

A THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

PHILOSOPHIC vagabonds and others will find the Empire Theatre not unworthy of their respectful consideration. It has the most exotic stage in London. It is like the countenance of Mrs. Candour's Cousin Ogle: a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe—a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation. Hither come all the eccentrics of the Continent: mountebanks from the country of Doctor Dulcamara, bands of melodious "students" in an academic costume which they do not wear at Salamanca, tumblers from the Levant, jugglers from the foot of Fusi-Yama, singers from Buda-Pesth, dwarfs from Lilliput, and giants from Broddingnag. The result is a pleasing polyglot to the ear, a motley picture for the eye. You feel yourself, for the moment, a subject of King Carnival: you have a vague impulse to throw handfuls of *confetti* at your neighbour with a shout of "Battaglia!" Nor need the thoughtful man despise the spectacle. Acrobats and eccentrics give a far better notion of what the human spirit can attain to than philistine melodramas or tedious burlesques. Marcus Aurelius bade us live *κατὰ φύσιν*, according to nature; but these philosophers show us how nature may be conquered, tamed, turned upside-down and inside-out. It is generally held, for instance, that chairs were made to be sat upon. Not so, think Messrs. Ardell and West, "Zulu Kings,"—so called, doubtless, because they are Anglo-Saxons attired as plantation negroes. For these gentlemen a chair is everything—except a seat. Either they wind themselves into it, as Burke, according to Johnson, wound himself into his subject, "like a serpent;" or one knocks it dexterously aside with a broom, in order that the other—in no way surprised—may seat himself on the table. Or they use it as a spring-board, from which they jump, cheerfully, into the pits of one another's stomachs. All this, and much more, in dead silence, with a sort of Buddhistic calm, as though to play tricks with chairs were the most eminently reasonable thing in the world. Again, a vain people supposeth that music should be produced by means of musical instruments. This is a mistake, as the Brothers Webb will soon convince you. The brothers, who should call themselves the two Dromios because they give you a Comedy of Errors, produce music from the most unlikely quarters—from a rack of billiard-cues, from a set of leathern belts studded with *grelots*. When struck—which they are frequently—they give out musical tunes. Thus is the position that art should use nothing but its proper medium—which Lessing was at such pains to establish in his *Laokoon*—carried by assault. Besides the contrast between means and end the Brothers Webb have another to offer you—the contrast between the sentiment of the music and the drollery of the musician. Imagine "Home, Sweet Home" played with the most passionate expression by a flour-bedaubed creature, whose mouth is a scarlet gash, whose breeches are balloons, whose hat is one inch in diameter. Guess, if you can, the piquancy of the "Ranz des Vaches" on a pair of concertinas. The musical clown testifies, in a subtle way, to the comity of nations. His predecessor, the talking clown (where, oh where, is the "Shakespearian Jester" of our youth?), never travelled; for he could only be a prophet in his own country. But music, especially music from belts and billiard-cues, is a sort of Volapuk—it carries a man all over the Continent; and "musicals" like the Brothers Webb are at home in every capital in Europe. Significantly enough, the few words these brothers do let drop are in bad French, the language of couriers and the whole cosmopolitan tribe. It must be amusing to make the Grand Tour as a "Musical Clown"; you see men and cities and know their minds, like Ulysses or a Queen's Messenger,

with less risk than the one and higher emolument than the other. Indeed, clowning is to-day what brewing was when Mr. Thrale died—the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It was not always so. M. Hugues le Roux has recently been inspecting the books of the "Société des Deux Cirques," which have been kept since the beginning of the century, and has discovered that Auriol, the most famous of French clowns, never earned more than forty pounds a month. At this moment the rate of pay has probably doubled.

But the great feature of the Empire just now is the troop of Bedouin Arabs. There are fourteen of them, they are headed by a Sheikh, Abdallah, and the only evidence that they have not walked straight out of the "Arabian Nights" is the absence of a one-eyed Calender. In memory of a land which borders on their own they make themselves into human Pyramids of Gizeh and Obelisks of Luxor. In this way Hassan, the Hercules of the troop, carries five of his comrades lightly, like a feather. In the face of marvels of strength and address like these, the mere brain-worker is apt to feel dejected. How much more glorious it must be, how much fuller of the joy of living, to be able to carry five of one's fellow-creatures at arm's length than to make pyramids and obelisks of words and phrases—than, for instance, to be writing this article! But it is not merely the brute strength of these Bedouin Arabs which delights, it is their child-like and bland spontaneity. Our English acrobats are more graceful, would make better models for the Antinous, but they are preternaturally solemn: they magnify their apostleship by their too humiliating contempt for the mere spectator, they pontificate. These Arabs are young barbarians all at play. There is obvious emulation at work among them; they improvise their effects. Those who are for the moment resting encourage those who are at work with a strange ululation which sets the blood on fire. This troop, like every other strolling band from the days of Scarron's "Roman Comique," and before, has its clown. He is not easily distinguishable from the rest, for Oriental fooling, like Greek wit as anthologised by Professor Paley, is hardly visible to the naked eye. Perhaps he has a more conspicuous "fell of hair" than have his companions. He toys with it after the fashion of Mr. Irving in *Macbeth*. He sweeps the stage with it. It marks him as their serpent looks mark the Furies in the *Eumenides*. It excites his comrades to frenzied laughter. It is evidently a Bedouin Arab joke—humour by capillary attraction.

Over and above these exotic delights, they give you at the Empire two gorgeous ballets, which, like all other ballets, are none the less entertaining for being absolutely incomprehensible. *Nisita* expounds many things—like the work of Francis Bacon according to Mrs. Henry Pott—cryptically. Signorina Malvina Cavalazzi, an admirable pantomimist, by the way, whose Orfeo at this theatre was nearly as good as Giulia Ravogli's, is an Albanian shepherd in purple and fine linen, who avoids the society of his sweetheart, Mdle. Emma Palladino, for the sake of book-learning; he has, in fact, followed the advice given by the Zuietta to Rousseau on a certain delicate occasion at Venice—"Lascia le donne, e studia la matematica." Wherefore it is, no doubt, quite in the natural order of things that he should be carried off by that beneficent fay, Signorina Bettina de Sortis, to a fairy-land where real water falls in cascades to the accompaniment of just a little too much trombone from M. Leopold Wenzel's orchestra. Here myriads of pretty Englishwomen are manœuvred with as much precision as though they were the marionettes dear to Mr. Oscar Wilde; kaleidoscopic turns of colour patterns, coral-pink, and sage-green, saffron and heliotrope, succeed one another; and the more drapery there is the more pleasing the spectacle; for, if you want confirmation of Schopenhauer's uncomplimentary opinions on the female form, a sight of the ordinary scantily-clad

ballet-girl will most easily furnish it. Mme. Katti Lanner knows this, and is not sparing of brocade and satin. The other ballet, *By the Sea*, is an attempt to idealise the humours of Margate Jetty—not entirely successful, for there are some subjects too prosaic for even the choregraphic poet to transfigure. Through it all Signor Vincenti gyrates—a human teetotum setting the spectator's brain in a whirl. "But enough of these Toyes." A. B. W.

THE WEEK.

MR. THEODORE WATTS, reviewing MR. WILLIAM MORRIS'S "Poems by the Way" in the *Athenæum*, finds in them a vivid exactness in the descriptive passages not discoverable in the author's other poems. This he takes to be the result of the growth of the power of seizing on physiognomic details, which, easy to the prose-writer in his earliest youth, seems to be beyond the inexperienced poet. Without accepting this as a general truth, we think it very applicable in the case of MR. MORRIS. In all likelihood the new strength and richness of his later poetry is due to his having recently written so much prose. A firmer grasp of reality is required in prose to make up for the more intimate union of music, colour, and form which characterises verse. It is supposed that a practised verse-writer, other things being equal, will produce better prose than a writer unbreathed in numbers. Is the converse of this now also to be established? Has MR. SWINBURNE'S prose improved his verse? Would BROWNING have been a better poet had he continued to write prose? And how far did EMERSON'S endeavour to be ambidextrous interfere with the formation of a pure style in both modes?

A NEW poet has delighted M. ÉMILE FAGUET. His name is EUGÈNE HOLLANDE, and a great career is predicted for him. M. FAGUET says, "Horoscopes are hazardous; but I risk it. It seems to me that it would be difficult to be more gifted than M. HOLLANDE." His book is called "Beauty." HEGESIAS, the SCHOPENHAUER of Alexandria, is the subject of the principal poem. After he has said his say on pessimism before an astounded audience, the beautiful STRATONICE replies to him:—

"Oui, ton charme, Aphrodite, est partout, je l'atteste;
Et la vie est un culte à ta divinité;
Ton contempteur unique est cet homme funeste.

Ton trône est au-dessus de l'espace sans fin;
Et les étoiles sont l'éclat de ton sourire;
Et la suite des temps est l'immense chemin

Où tout ce qui se meut et tout ce qui désire
Marche, épris et docile, à ton regard divin;
Et, comme sur la mer redoutable un navire,

Conduit par ses marins soucieux du retour,
Cingle, sans s'égarer, vers l'invisible terre,
Ainsi va l'Univers habité par l'amour."

It is quite possible that we have here the germ of a great poet.

A HUNDRED and thirty caricatures of WAGNER—French, German, English, Austrian, Italian—have been collected by M. J. GRAND-CARTERET, and published under the title of "Richard Wagner en Caricatures" (LAROUSSE). The editor has not confined himself to a selection of the best published caricatures; he has added reproductions of original unpublished sketches signed BLASS, TIRET-BOGNET, and MOLOCH. The literary part of the book consists of an autograph letter from WAGNER to GABRIEL MONOD, an analysis of the development of his signature, and a study of his principal portraits. The publisher is happy in the belief that the *brochure* will attract both Wagnerians and Anti-Wagnerians.

THE fourth volume of "The English Catalogue of Books" (LOW) is nearly a quarter larger than its predecessor. It is a record of the names of more than seventy-five thousand books published in the United Kingdom and America from January, 1881, to December, 1889. The facts given are dates of publication, indication of size, price, and publisher's name. A volume of "The English Catalogue" is a blending of so many years of the "Annual Catalogue" into one alphabet; an account of the method by which this is done is given in the preface.

MR. J. FITZGERALD MOLLOY'S "Faiths of the Peoples" (WARD & DOWNEY) is a popular handling of a subject of universal interest. Each faith or sect is illustrated from a meeting of those belonging to it, which the author attended in London—a method commendable for its simplicity and directness.

THE first volume of the "Gentlewoman's Book of Sports" (HENRY) is written by thirteen ladies. Ten articles are devoted to water sports, the other subjects being lawn-tennis, cricket, archery, golf, and fencing. We have the assurance of the editor, LADY VIOLET GREVILLE, that each of the ladies who contribute to the volume may claim to be an authority—so far as her own sex is concerned—on the subject of which she treats. There can be little doubt, therefore, that these reminiscences and suggestions will be of service to other ladies who are merely beginning to interest themselves in the sports with which the book deals. We have often thought that the umpire at a ladies' cricket match must have a sad time of it. LADY MILNER is going to put that all right. "Whatever decision the umpire gives you must implicitly acquiesce in outwardly," is her admonition to the novice. She continues, "We may swear inwardly as much as we like." It is quite evident that the ladies understand the game, and mean to play it in a manly spirit.

IN the second part of his "History of Greece" (LONGMANS), MR. ABBOTT has been compelled to exceed the limits which he proposed to himself when he began. He found it impossible to give an adequate account of a period so important as the fifth century B.C. in Greek history within the compass of a single volume. The rest of the work will in all likelihood require to proceed on the same extended scale. MR. ABBOTT has reprinted in this volume some thirty pages of his "Pericles," with some verbal alterations and the addition of notes necessitated by the modification of his views since the publication of ARISTOTLE'S "Constitution of Athens."

MR. HENRY MIDDLETON'S "Remains of Ancient Rome" (BLACK) is a revised and greatly enlarged version of his former books entitled "Ancient Rome in 1885" and "in 1888." A great part has been rewritten, accounts of the recent discoveries have been added, and a large number of new illustrations have been introduced.

WE have received from MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. the first issue of a book for which there was an urgent demand. During the last thirty or forty years scientific knowledge has advanced with such rapidity that it has become impossible, even for scientific men, to keep pace with its progress; and the increasing technicality of the terminology employed is a serious difficulty which the ordinary reader is ceasing to face. In these circumstances, "The Year-Book of Science" will prove a great help—to the scientist whose own subject takes up most of his time, and to all who are generally interested in science so far as to desire to learn in what directions the sphere of knowledge is being

enlarged. The endeavour of its projectors and compilers has been to select those memoirs, in each several department, which appeared to be of somewhat exceptional interest, either by throwing light on special difficulties or by being suggestive of further advances. It is edited by PROFESSOR BONNEY, and the twenty-one contributors are among the foremost exponents of their subjects.

ACCURACY is invariably a mark of ANDREW LANG in his literary allusiveness, but for once his memory has been found in fault. In his "Letters to Dead Authors," of which a revised and corrected edition has just appeared, we find (p. 123) about EDGAR ALLAN POE the following:—"Your pieces are few; and DR. JOHNSON would have called you, like FIELDING, a barren rascal." Surely MR. LANG, in turning to MACAULAY'S Essay, will find it there correctly assigned to JOHNSON or GRAY; "GRAY was, in his dialect (?), a barren rascal." Wherein, as the clown in *Twelfth Night* (the origin of the phrase) would have remarked, is Nemesis (Act V. Sc. 1)!

THE March number of the *Economic Journal* is distinctly a good one. PROFESSOR CUNNINGHAM, of Cambridge, shows the way in which economic doctrine, however abstract, is conditioned by the circumstances of its time, and gives the best account we remember to have seen of the principles of the much-abused mercantile system; MR. EDWIN CANNAN does the same in greater detail for the Law of Diminishing Returns; MR. HENRY CUNYNGHAME investigates from a mathematical standpoint the relations of exchange value, monopoly, and rent. MR. L. L. PRICE gives a reverent but careful criticism of PROF. MARSHALL'S "Principles of Economics"; while there are three articles of more general interest: PROFESSOR JENKS, who is exhaustive, but readable, writes on the history and effects of "Trusts" in the United States, MR. CHAMPION on the history of the Eight Hours Day in Australia, and MR. ARTHUR ELLIS on market fluctuations—a subject on which professed economists probably know less than anyone else. The reviews and notes are well sustained, and the journal deserves to circulate outside the sphere of professed teachers and students of the science, and to connect them with that large world of business men which is dubious as to the scientific treatment of a subject of whose details they know much more than its professors.

So far as title is concerned—and it is a matter of some importance even to the most select journal in these days—the change from *Igdrasil* to "World Literature" is decidedly an improvement. Why the "World-tree of Scandinavian Mythology," on the strength of a passing reference by MR. RUSKIN, should be dragged into the nomenclature of British journalism, it would be hard to say. Otherwise, there may be a distinct loss to literature if the younger magazine does not maintain a higher level. The collection of MR. RUSKIN'S letters and speeches not included in his published works has been very interesting. This month we have the Master's more casual opinions on Verona, Communism (and the sewing-machine!), landscape, Christmas cheer, prevention of cruelty to animals, and vivisection.

THERE is in the March number of *World Literature* a report of a remarkable interview with COUNT TOLSTOI, who thinks the immediate needs of the day in Russia are a development of village industries, the establishment of more dinner-tables and soup-

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

kitchens, and an accurate ascertainment of the grain stores of the country. The visitor suggested that this was a good time to extend the railway system of the country. But "the Count flared up. 'Certainly not,' he said; 'the railways are the curse of the country. I could prove to you mathematically that railways are ruining Russia.'" But the nearest thing to "mathematical proof" vouchsafed was the observation that if railways were built there would be nothing for the peasants' horses to do during one-half of the year—a rather inadequate reply.

A SCANDINAVIAN correspondent writes to us that HENRIK IBSEN'S *Peer Gynt* has just been produced at the Christiania Theatre after an interval of fifteen years. The audience was both large and distinguished, and included the famous author himself. The result was a success, although hardly one of the first magnitude. BJÖRN BJÖRNSSON, a son of BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON, was a very able *Peer Gynt*, although the more fantastic traits of this strange character were perhaps kept a little too much in the background. EDUARD GRIEG'S music, which is in such wonderful harmony with the play, and does so much to enhance the scenic effect, had in some places been slightly rearranged by GRIEG. IBSEN was, after the first performance, loudly cheered and called before the curtain, but he has decided not to appear on the stage of the National Theatre of Norway till its *répertoire* includes his *Ghosts*, which has so far been left in the cold.

BESIDES LORD HAMPDEN, MR. FREEMAN, and the GRAND DUKE OF HESSE, the week's obituary includes M. LÉON LALANNE, the director of the famous *Ateliers Nationaux* of the French Republic of 1848, a distinguished engineer, a Life Senator, and recently the director of the Paris General Omnibus Company; the MOST REV. WILLIAM SMITH, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Edinburgh and St. Andrews; the REV. MESAC THOMAS, Anglican Bishop of Goulburn, N.S.W.; the REV. PRINCIPAL CAIRNS, of the United Presbyterian Theological College at Edinburgh, well known in Scotland as a preacher; MR. SIDNEY WOOLF, Q.C., a well-known author of standard legal works; MR. WILLIAM TAYLER, who was dismissed—with doubtful justice—from the post of Commissioner at Patna during the Indian Mutiny; DR. MEYMOTT TIDY, the well-known Government Analyst; PROFESSOR STENBERG, of Copenhagen, a specialist in mental disease; and MR. W. F. WALLETT, who amused the past and the present generation as a circus clown.

THE CONSULTATION ON ALSACE-LORRAINE.

PARIS, March 14, 1892.

THE so-called question of Alsace-Lorraine has come to the front here again by the singular kind of plébiscite adopted by *Le Figaro* newspaper, with the view apparently of throwing a little fresh light on the subject from outside. That wide-awake organ of public opinion took upon itself to address an interrogatory to various prominent personages on the other side of the Rhine, on the possibility of a settlement of the above burning question other than by force of arms. It may be surmised that such an idea could scarcely have taken root or found expression in any purely French publicist's brain. But *Le Figaro*, though breathing the air of the Boulevards, is not a purely French publication. Its editor is a naturalised Belgian, and there is a strong foreign element among the contributors. Like the French in general, the journal has at least this much in common with the people for whom it writes, viz., the possession of a short memory. The gentlemen of the Rue Drouot would doubtless be

very much surprised if they were told by some man in the street that the true answer to the species of political conundrum they had propounded was to be found in their own columns about a decade ago. It was no remarkable revelation; merely an outburst of unwonted frankness. The confession had the merit of fixing itself in the mind; and during the course of many years' perusal of the paper this avowal has alone left durable impression on my mind.

There it was acknowledged that no genuine all-pervading sentiment existed in France with regard to the lost provinces. To read some publications of the day, and to listen to some patriots, one might imagine that the majority of the people of France were consumed with a burning desire to recover Alsace-Lorraine. But, asked the *Figaro* writer, where are the signs of this sacred passion? Did it exist in even a faint form we should see the various classes of the population, and different political parties, united to cultivate a spirit of patriotism; the youth of the country would be enrolled in a new *Tugendbund*; and all through society a current of regeneration would make itself felt preparing the way for *la revanche*.

Instead of this, what do we see? Each man going his own way, mindful of his own affairs and heedless of his neighbour's—this one to his business, that one to his pleasure, and all for self. Who that has known France during the last twenty years will pretend that this is not a true picture? If so, then, what becomes of the protests of the patriots?

In order to justify itself in the eyes of the patriots, *Le Figaro* has invited a sort of consultation from an eminent member of the French University, M. Ernest Lavisse, who has responded to the appeal, albeit reluctantly. The letter, which takes the form of a leader in the number of to-day, is highly interesting, and will doubtless be widely read and commented on. Professor Lavisse knows Germany and the Germans, and he, at least, was under no illusion as to the sentiments prevailing there on the question. At the outset of his article he makes this abundantly clear. "In the year 1875," he tells us, "I was at Berlin, at the house of a member of the Reichstag, one of the best and gentlest men I have ever known." In parenthesis it may be conjectured that this was Dr. Lasker.

"We naturally spoke on the great question of the day—the liability of a renewal of hostilities between the two countries. My host did not believe in the imminence of a war, and was far from desiring it. But he did not conceal from me what would be the consequences of a defeat for us. 'We shall not take fresh territory—we have got enough of that as it is—but we shall take your money in sheaves, and your independence!' The good man said this in the same tone as he had just offered me a cigar, and looked aghast as he saw me redden and bound from the table in indignation. Evidently the worthy Doctor had not the slightest conception of having said anything to hurt my feelings. The Germans are built that way."

There is a continued source of confusion and misunderstanding kept up with regard to the respective feelings of French and Germans on this vital topic. M. Lavisse professes to believe that the Germans credit the French with warlike intentions which he declares not to exist, except in the case of an insignificant minority. But that is not the right way to put the question. The Germans say: "Recognise fully and without reserve the *status quo*, and there is nothing to prevent us from being friends, which we desire more than you. Until then we cannot believe your professions, especially as they are liable to be blown to the winds by the first breath of good news from Cronstadt."

With all his knowledge of the Teuton, the eloquent Professor cannot dismiss from his thoughts the possibility of "an arrangement"—"with due guarantees"—which a German colleague, Otto von Müller, somewhat lightly foreshadowed as a possible solution.

He revives the old tag of the Exhibition: "Du lieber Gott, die Ausstellung!" a Berliner would ejaculate over his beer; and invokes the "Je ne sais quoi of humanity, generous and free" as a security for Frankish good behaviour. But it will not do, any more than the appeal to the Alsations, who, under French as under German rule, have only had one feeling—to be Alsations. *Wir sind Alsässer*. The conclusion of the whole matter is given by an anonymous correspondent of *Le Matin*: "If we want to recover the lost provinces, we must do so sword in hand."

SHAMEEN.*

"A H, musha, Larry," said the man on the other side of the long car to our driver, "did you hear that James Hurley was dead? The news came to Miss Dempsey at the post-office from her brother in Cincinnati."

Our carman pulled up so suddenly that it would have twisted the mare's mouth if she had not been very leisurely ascending the sweet mountain-road. As it was, she only shook herself with a mute remonstrance and went on more leisurely.

"Ah, thin, Shameen!" said the carman, with the most wonderful tenderness, "ah, thin, is Shameen dead? God rest you, Shameen! Sure it was you could lighten the road for the mare with the lilt of a song."

Rosa and I looked at each other. It sounded the sweetest lamentation in the crooning Irish voice. The driver of the long car was a great ruddy fellow, square-faced, dark-haired, determined-looking, as one often sees them in that country where Noll's troopers intermarried with violet-eyed daughters of the mere Irish. An excellent fellow was Larry Hayes, and we had made several trips with him; for his long car which conveyed the mails and a stray traveller or two passed through an enchanting stretch of country. He had quite a friendly interest in us and our excursions. We had got brown and cheerful in our month, that was now well-nigh ended. To-day there was a dull silver of rain in the air from morning. Last night there were gusts that carpeted the valley with scarlet and orange, and the woods that had been gloriously clothed showed only ragged banners of colour like the fragments of glory one sees hanging high in the cathedral at home.

The rainy day broke up splendidly. It had been almost too dark in the early afternoon for Rosa to sketch those ruins we tramped to in the mild mist. Now the western heaven opened, and we saw the passage as it were of a myriad angels, flying on in steady, long flight, golden-headed, golden-gowned, golden-feathered; with now and then a glimpse of delicate rose, as though one caught sight of a young cheek or a naked foot in the rifts of gold.

The other passenger on the long car we had picked up as he trudged steadily along on his way home from a distant fair. He communicated all his news of "Shameen" stolidly; how he had died in hospital, and how Miss Dempsey's brother had heard of it from a priest, and how his death had been the result of an accident on the railway where he was employed, in which it seemed he had given his life to rescue some worthless one.

We listened for a while, and at last one of us said, "Who was Shameen, Larry?"

"Is it Shameen Hurley, Miss? Well thin, I'll tell you," was the reply; "an' it's not to everyone I'd talk about Shameen this day. You know Knockmeelderry over there? It's the handsome hill, an' it's the first to see the sun in the mornin' an' the last to bid him good-bye at night. Well, Shameen's little house an' farm was under the big flank of Knockmeelderry, an' indeed there was a time he was like what I'm after tellin' you of that same hill, for

* Anglicised, "little James." The diminutive "een" is constantly applied in Ireland as a term of affection.

he was always lookin' at the sun—an' such a voice—he'd coax the birds off the trees with it. Eh, ladies, it's the quare world it is intirely. He was the manliest fellow in the three parishes. He was big an' gentle an' good. Good! he was as good as a pot of goold. He lived all alone, did Shameen, with just an old woman to come in an' clear up for him. The girls used to be sayin' it was a quare way for him to be, an' how much more he'd get out o' the farm if he'd a wife to see after the butter an' the calves an' the pigs for him. They wor all leppin' to get him, but, indeed, though he'd always the soft word for a woman or a child, aye, and for a dumb baste, he gev no girl raison to suppose he was thinkin' of her. The boy was too innocent to know how they wor all round him like flies around honey. His father was handsome an' bad. There wasn't a bit of badness in all Shameen's body. He was his mother's son, and she was the best an' sweetest girl in the barony, an' when she found out the man she was married to, the crathure, she died of it. They said it was consumption she died of, me brown little girl; but it wasn't, it was *silent contempt*. When she found out what he was, an' she had adored him, the love went back on her heart an' killed her."

Larry's thoughts were evidently far back in the past, and we had a clue to them, for we had heard how "an ould, ancient love-affair" had made him the determined bachelor he was.

"Shameen was like his mother," he went on dreamily: "he took things hard. I was terrible fond of him from a boy. He was always bright an' glad to gladden my heart, till he fell in love; an' as misfortunes never come alone, no sooner was he in it over head an' ears than th' ould Captain that was kind went an' died on us, an' the naygur that's there now," shaking his whip at a distant turret, "fell in for the place. Eh, but she was purty, little Susy O'Brien; an' her father, ould Kendal, the richest and closest-fisted farmer in the county. I often wonder if Shameen had known the misfortunes that was comin' to him, whether he wouldn't have kep' out of her way, but I don't know. It was like as if it was to happen, an' he was like his mother—love was hell or heaven to him; he was like her in another way, too, for he was terrible proud.

"They said Susy came home from the Convent wantin' to be a nun, an' that ould Kendal was mad about it. I misdoubted that story from the first day I seen her in the chapel; for though she was as demure-lookin' as a statue, she had a pair of funny little dimples that crep' about in her cheeks, an' as we were comin' out I saw her givin' a long look at someone from under her eyelashes, an' whin I looked it was Shameen, an' faith he was starin' at her as if he'd ate her. Purty she was; she was like a little wisp of thistledown, so light an' airy she was, an' her face was as innocent as a daisy, and soft an' pale, an' set in hair like fine goold. She was delicate-lookin', an' yet wholesome lookin'.

"Ladies, did yez ever hear of a love that sprung up an' took root an' got strong in two hearts without ever a word of love bein' spoken? Well, that was the way with Susy an' me poor Shameen. They met at neighbours' houses, at weddins' and dances, at the chapel on Sunday, and Shameen seemed drawn wherever she was an' yet determined to keep away from her. But he couldn't help *lookin'*, an' as time went on, though nobody suspected but me, yet I saw their looks once or twice, and wondered the world didn't know. The colleen would look at him appealin' as if she thought he was angry, an' he'd look back at her with his face cold an' pale, but his eyes full of fire. I've heard of the love-light; but poor Shameen's love-light was more like a consumin' fire. He got haggard an' quare, an' even his sweet songs he changed for ould lamentations an' the like; that is whenever you'd get him to sing, for it was seldom. On his little place things was goin' from bad to worse with him. I consoled myself thinkin' that ould Kendal for all his nearness

wouldn't deny his one little girl the wish of her heart, seein' that Shameen was so likely a lad, an' his misfortunes not of his own makin'.

"Eh, I'd reckoned without Shameen's pride. Shameen beggared would never ask for a rich man's daughter. It was seven years ago last May, Clonmel fair-day. For a wonder I'd no passengers, an' I was just lettin' the mare take her time. I was heavy in heart, for I knew things wor in a bad way with Shameen. He'd gone to Dublin to see the agent an' ask for time. Well, quite suddenly a man jumped up out o' the ditch where he'd been lyin' on his face. Glory be to God, it was Shameen, yet none need have blamed me if I hadn't known him at first. His dress was tossed an' disordered as if he'd been lyin' out all night. He looked as wake an' quare as if food hadn't seen the inside of him for a fortnight; his hair was tossed an' wild, but it was none of them things made the terrible change in Shameen; it was the dead, sick look of misery in his eyes. Before I could spake to him he spoke to me, in a quare, cracked voice. 'Don't talk to me, Larry,' he said. 'I'm goin' to take a sate with you as far as the Junction; I'm off to America.' 'Off to America,' says he, as aisy as if he was talkin' of Emly or Golden. Well, the poor lad, I troubled him but little, but as we went on he told me he was out of his farm—that visit to the agent had only quickened things for him.

"We went along an' along, and the sweet May evenin' it was, an' the blackbird—that used always to stop whin Shameen began—singin' fit to crack his throat, and all the pleasant country so quiet, by raison of the people bein' in the chapel attendin' to their May devotions. I was sick to say somethin' to him of Susy, but faith I didn't like to; he was leanin' down like an ould bent man, an' more betoken, fond as he was of me, I'd found out that Shameen could be very proud an' cold over his saycrets.

"How did she find out at all, at all? Or what instinct brought her there? Och sure, women are wonders whin they're in love. It was in the loneliest part o' the road that she suddenly stepped out of a boreen where she was standin'. She ran up like a child with her hands out, and I could see all her pretty face pinched like a snow-drop that's caught in the frost. Me poor Shameen gev a big cry, and then jumped off—and the mare an' meself had the sense just to move on a bit and let the crathures have their say to themselves. An' I, the big fool I was, was all in a pucker of delight, thinkin' I needn't drive Shameen to the Junction after all. Och, wirra wirrasthrue, its a quare world, an' it's only when you're ould an' lonely and the pain over that you begin to see what value love was, and how little the gabbin' tongues o' people mattered, so long as you had the love.

"It was only a minit anyhow. He hadn't more nor time to kiss her purty lips once or twice when he was back. 'Drive on,' he says, in a terrible, hard, dry voice that gives me an ache to think of even now. I said no more till the train was steamin' an' him in it. I was ould enough to be his father, an' might have been that same, but I couldn't question him: I hadn't courage. Lookin' at his face, though, I tried, wettin' me lips with me tongue, for they were both dry with anxiety. He squeezed up in the corner of the carriage, an' looked straight before him in a dead sort of way. I stood with me hand on the window, but I'm misdoubting he knew a friend was there at all, at all. 'Did you spake to the little girl, Shameen?' I said at last; 'she's the thrue little girl that'd wait for you.' 'No,' said he, lookin' at me straight, 'why should I spake to a rich man's daughter?' 'Well thin, God forgive you, Shameen,' said I; but sure in the middle of it the whistle came, and that was me last word with Shameen.

"An' little Susy, Miss? Well, she drooped, an' then she took up a bit, like as if she was hopeful. The father tried to make her match half-a-dozen times, but she gev them all the go-by. But sure,

you can't live on hope for ever, an' as the months went an' no tale or tidins' of Shameen, she grew slindherer an' quieter. Miss Dempsey told me afterwards that she gev up by degrees callin' for the post, an' the little screeds from the nuns an' the school friends were called for by Thady Murphy, the boy from the forge. I seen her once lookin' like a little red rose: that was a few months after Shameen left, an' I'm thinkin' it was the thought of his kiss an' his arms about her brought the pretty colour in her cheeks. Ochone, the blight came on as it might on the same little red rose. Less than two years after Shameen went, they buried her. I wonder whether he ever heard. Anyhow, from that day to this no word of mouth or letter came from him. But, sure, he's spoken the word now. God is good; an' I'll go bail the love that never was spoken between them on earth was told out full an' free when she ran to meet him, the darlin', over the pavemints of Heaven."

We were creeping up the hill to the town by this time. We were all silent, in sympathy with Larry's emotion; he only spoke once afterwards, and then it was to the mare—

"Sheila, me honey, do you remember Shameen? Ah! poor Shameen's dead! An', sure, it was many a long an' hard road he lightened for you with the lilt of a song. He made your heart bate so light you never felt the load. But he's done singin' on earth long ago, Sheila!"

KATHARINE TYNAN.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"POPE, FRIENDLY SOCIETIES, AND MASONS."

SIR,—Sir Charles Dilke is in error in regard to the attitude of the Catholic Church in Great Britain towards the Friendly Societies he names. Catholics can, and do, join the Foresters and Oddfellows without let or hindrance. Inquiry in the proper quarter would have at once removed the right hon. gentleman's misapprehension on the point. In regard to Australia I cannot speak; but if Cardinal Moran has seen fit to prohibit Catholics joining these societies, there are doubtless local reasons sufficient for his action. Just as the French Freemasons may, and I suppose, do, differ from the English, so, too, in Australia Oddfellows and Foresters may not be the innocent bodies they are in Great Britain.

As to Good Templars, there is a religious element in their organisation of a distinctive character, which has the effect of precluding Catholics from membership. We can quite agree that the temperance work of this and kindred bodies is most laudable, while being unable to join them. We have our own temperance organisations, however, so that the cause of temperance among our people is not placed at a disadvantage. It is, I take it, the tone and essence of Good Templarism and similar semi-religious organisations that guide the Church in warning her members against joining them.

In regard to Masonry, it, I believe, comes under a different heading. Catholics would like, for instance, to know what the English Freemasons mean, or what Sir Charles Dilke means, by "the Great Architect of the Universe." Does this title convey anything more than "Manitou the Mighty" in American Indian parlance; does it mean the "Soul of the world," or are we to take it as meaning a Personal God, the Upholder, Governor, and Ruler of the universe? The unexplained expression does not help us a little bit in answering the query, Should Catholics become Freemasons? Again, what recognition of Christianity, as such, do we find in Masonry? We Catholics test everything by that standard. Are Christ's Divinity, Incarnation, Life, Death, Resurrection, Ascension ignored entirely by this society, which has two main objects, "good-fellowship and alms-giving"? Good-fellowship and alms-giving have been, and are, practised by Pagans. They are good in themselves, but are not enough to satisfy Catholics of the beneficent character of Masonry. The thing must be considered as a whole. It has been so considered by the Church; it has been weighed and found wanting. We can concede that English Masonry is very different indeed from the Continental article; that a Mark Mason does not correspond to one of the Carbonari; yet, English Masonry is still incompatible with Catholicity.

That the ceremonies have been described accurately in books which are accessible does not surely alter the nature of the difficulty? If any of your readers, or if Sir Charles Dilke, will take the trouble to investigate the grounds of the Church's condemnation, they will be found wondrously enlightened, admirably explained, and based on the highest principles. It is open to anyone to deny the first principles of the Church's action, to

ignore her mission, to declare her claim to authority the most flagrant usurpation; but, granting the first, the harmony and logical consistency of her law is undeniable.

Sir Charles Dilke writes as if there were no secret societies worthy of the name since those which between 1815 and 1848 did a work "the memory of which still haunts the Papal repose." Sir Charles may choose to treat the anxieties of the Holy See on these matters as childish, but he can be quite certain that the Holy See of to-day does not legislate because of agencies which ceased to operate fifty years ago. The aim, the scope, the character, the power, the methods of the secret societies of 1892 are well enough known to the Pope and his advisers. Is it unknown to Sir Charles Dilke that there are powerful agencies at work even now to overthrow the influence of the Holy See, and even to completely extirpate it? Are there not those who proclaim this intention openly? Was not the "unification of Italy" a step in this direction? Did not many people, even here in England, hope that the loss of the Temporal Power was the prelude to the final disappearance of the Papacy?

Sir Charles is very much mistaken if he imagines that the Holy See is alarmed by spectres of 1815 or 1848, or even 1870. Just as she no longer legislates against slavery in Europe because it is non-existent, so would she cease to war against secret societies were it not that they are to-day powerful, unscrupulous, active. Between these bodies and the Holy See there can be no truce. It is a war to the knife. Even non-Catholics, who have studied history carefully, may gather that the Holy See is not unlikely, when the smoke and din of the contest are over, to emerge once again victorious from a death-grapple with her assailants.

March 15th.

C. DIAMOND.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE."

SIR,—Some of the organs of the press have gone out of their way to attribute the revulsion of public opinion on municipal questions to one single organisation. As a worker with many others in three or four societies, each of which have for years been tilling the soil and sowing the seed, working and waiting for the harvest, now that it has begun to ripen for the sickle I would wish that all such workers may share a little of the pleasure of participating in the reaping if not in the harvest home when it arrives. In any case the honour and glory cannot be distributed yet until the General Election gives effect to or elenches and consolidates the good already effected; therefore, the premature exultation that the London Liberal and Radical Union or any other one organisation has effected this comparative revolution since the establishment of the first London County Council in 1889 is, to say the least of it, decidedly unfair. These societies, too, are as follows, and I place them in that order of precedence which signifies the importance of the principles they were, or are, advocating, as I consider they recently influenced the average municipal elector. First and foremost the work of the Progressive party itself in the late County Council; then the reforms advocated by the United Committee for the taxation of ground rents and values; the London Municipal Reform League, the Leaseholds Enfranchisement Association, the Land Restoration League, the Land Nationalisation Society, the Free Land League, the Mansion House Council on Dwellings, the Financial Reform Association, the Eighty Club, the Cobden Club, the Fabian Society, the United Kingdom Alliance, and the London Trades Council and Trade Unions, and the most reliable sections of Socialists; and last, but not least, the extraordinary amount of literature showered on ratepayers by the Liberty and Property Defence Leagues under their various titles, with their policy of *status quo* or negation. This did much to accentuate the work of reformers and point the moral—only the application of the moral was invented by the ratepayers themselves—without attempting to enumerate the religious or Nonconforming bodies who have aided in securing the splendid victory. It may be true that all these forces were brought into line and marshalled by the Liberal Central Association and the London Liberal and Radical Union by the action they have taken in arranging the present metropolitan campaign. It will, therefore, be seen that the preponderating influences at work were mainly social and reforming, and not necessarily political or party political. I maintain that the present revival, which is but a faint foreshadowing of the interest which the London ratepayer will hereafter evince in his citizenship, has sprung from causes far beyond any objects sought by mere party political wire-pullers. None at present can conceive what this mighty London will become under wise and enlightened municipal leaders, checked by the principle of direct representation of and responsibility to the electors, when once they rise to the dignity of "citizens of no mean city," and act in their full strength.

Let me beg of you, sir, to discourage the tendency to shower honours too quickly; the work is not completed yet until an amended and reformed parliamentary representation of "Greater London" gives us the assurance that the work of the Council may not be frustrated or neutralised. Until then we must be content to "learn to labour and to wait."—I am, sir, your obedient servant,

18, Bouverie Street, E.C.

GEORGE J. KNIGHT.

P.S.—A congratulatory meeting for celebrating the great municipal victory and consolidating the various sections of workers who aided in securing it, would portend more for future good than all the honours showered upon the freshly-elected councillors, many of whom have yet to win their spurs.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, March 18th, 1892.

A CORRESPONDENT who, on his own confession, is good enough to peruse this *Causerie* week by week, has noted in it an abiding hostility to the British reviewer. I fear there is no chance of my foisting this hostility upon my distinguished and occasional colleague, "A. B.," for this same correspondent, with a frankness common to most people who give unsolicited advice, suggests that my own experience of reviewers may have been unfortunate, and hints that my failure to conciliate them may have soured me somewhat.

He takes this failure for granted; and it would be unbecoming to dispute his right to make this assumption. But it may not be unbecoming to assure him that his inference is altogether wrong, and that, by those who are acquainted with him, the British reviewer is known to be one of the kindest fellows in existence. In fact, after meeting a couple of score of men who criticise other men's books, and after reading a multitude of their criticisms, I know of one man only who would write a malevolent article. And the case of this man is so singular that the reason of his malevolence is probably unknown to himself. His fellows on the press, though aware of this reason, have always found themselves unable to tell him the truth, even when most sorely provoked.

The right attitude towards reviewers is to give them full credit for good nature and honest motives and to distrust what they say. The common attitude, unfortunately, is to distrust their motives and accept their utterances for gospel: for the average man has an incurable knack of believing whatsoever he sees in print. Now it is foolish to delegate your judgment to any reviewer: but there are one or two reasons why it is especially foolish in the case of a novel.

Everybody knows that when an important work is published in history, philosophy, or any branch of science, the editor of a respectable paper employs an expert to review it. He has a list of specialists in many branches of knowledge, and he picks his man with care. The consequence is that the reviews of any learned or recondite work in this country are, to speak generally, surprisingly adequate; indeed, the more abstruse the subject of the book the more careful and intelligent you will find the review. Moreover, since the specialist's name is something of a guarantee that the work has received the best possible treatment, the editor is apt to print it at the foot of the page; and this again tends to good work. For all men write best above their own names.

It is equally well known that works of fiction and books of verse are not treated with anything like the same care. For these the editor keeps his own particular band of "private assassins"—to use Mr. Whistler's phrase. To blame him is absurd. The poor man cannot help it. For every historical or scientific treatise a score of poems and novels come tumbling from the press. Nineteen of these twenty, on an average, are not worth reviewing; but an opinion has to be given on every one. Let me quote Mr. Birrell again on this point. "It is a trade thing," he says, "Were a literary paper to

have no advertising columns, do you suppose it would review half the new books it does? Certainly not. It gets the books, and it gets the advertisements, and then it does the best it can for itself and its readers by distributing the former amongst its contributors with the request that they will make as lively 'copy' as they can out of the materials thus provided them. The reviews are written and printed; then begins the wail of the author: My reviewer, says he, has not done me justice; his object appears to have been, not to show me off, but himself. This is no sober exposition of my plan, my purpose, my book, but only a parade of the reviewer's own reading, and a crackling of his thorns under my pot. The author's complaint is usually just, but he should remember that in nine cases out of ten his book calls for no review, and certainly would receive none on its merits."

Now this is very cheerfully put; and sensibly, so far as it goes. But what Mr. Birrell fails to see, or, at any rate, fails to point out, is that the tenth book—the good book—which suffers with the other nine, is just the one whose case is important. A good poem, play, or novel, is at least as fine an achievement as a good history: yet by the present fashion of reviewing, the history gets the benefit of an expert's judgment and two columns of thoughtful praise or censure, while the poem, play, or novel is treated to ten skittish lines by the hack who happens to be within nearest call when the book comes in.

I have said that this hack is almost always good-natured. But he exercises his functions merely in the way of trade; he looks at every job from the tradesman's point of view; and the results are rather sad. Is this doubted? I will give you an instance of the way in which public taste is damaged.

It is the commonest thing in the world nowadays to hear people complain of the length of a novel. "Why will authors write at such length? How can you expect us to grapple with those thick volumes?" Is the average man uttering his own opinion when he complains thus? Not a bit of it: he adopts what he sees repeated again and again in print: he has got the opinion from the reviewers. And why have the reviewers put this silly notion into his head? Because time is money in their trade as well as in another, and a long novel is money out of their pockets. While they are reading a work of the length of "Les Misérables," they might be disposing of at least a dozen "shilling shockers" and spending the money they have earned thereby. "We should have liked Mr. So-and-So's clever story very much better had he shown more restraint and written it in one volume instead of three." To be sure we should: and so say all of us—who do piece-work.

But the reader might really show more wisdom than to echo this trade-cry. He might take down a dozen of the most notable novels on his shelves and glance at the number of pages in each. They run to amazing lengths—"Don Quixote," "Clarissa," "Ivanhoe," "David Copperfield," "The Newcomes," "Middlemarch," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," "Monte Cristo," "Les Misérables," "Le Crime et le Châtiment," "La Guerre et la Paix." Does anyone believe that the conditions under which good novels are written have altered since these masterpieces were produced? If they have, who is responsible for the alteration? The reviewers, perhaps? No: the *chinoiserie* of literature are all very well in their way, but when a man sits down to portray life he cannot neglect the atmosphere in which life is conditioned. And for this reason size is the inseparable accident of the first order of novels.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

HISTORY FROM THE COURTS.

THE STATE TRIALS, New Series, Third Volume. Edited by John Macdonell, M.A. London: H. M. Stationery Department.

THE third volume of the new series of "State Trials" has just been published under the able editorship of Mr. John Macdonell. It comprises the period 1831 to 1840, and smells most damnable of riot; nearly one-half of its seven hundred pages being occupied with that difficult, dangerous, yet fascinating subject.

Rioting is so abominable a thing—resulting, as it so frequently does, in the destruction of property—that it would be unbecoming even in humour to rank it with murder as one of the Fine Arts; or to stop, for more than one single moment, to consider the respective attainments in this matter of the four nationalities which are still described, notwithstanding the bye-elections, as the United Kingdom.

The genius of Sir Walter Scott has carried the fame of the Porteous riots in Edinburgh round the world. As one's memory is suddenly flooded with recollections of those inimitable pages, and of the humours of old Mrs. Howden, of Miss Grisel Damahoy (that ancient seamstress), and Mr. Bartoline Saddletree, it is absolutely necessary to interpolate the remark, however frightfully out of place it may be, that the "Heart of Midlothian" will continue to be read long after the last feather of "The Wild Duck" has ceased to flutter. The Lord George Gordon riots are a great subject, and "Barnaby Rudge" is a book to be grateful for; but Dickens's brush was hardly the one to depict the rush, glare, force, and folly of a mob. So far as we are aware, no genius has as yet consecrated the many efforts of "gallant little Wales" to break the peace; whilst as for Ireland, she is a country where riot and rebellion are so inextricably tangled that it is impossible to view them separately. Our own opinion is that, as rioters pure and simple, Englishmen come first, the Lowland Scotch next, then the Protestant Ulstermen, and, last of all, the Celtic populations of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland.

The first and longest trial in this volume, which is illustrated by some admirable maps of the localities—or, as we ought perhaps to say, of the riot-fields—is of the unfortunate "little man" (as Scarlett, in his inimitable and triumphant defence, was careful once to call him), Mr. Charles Pinney, who was Mayor of Bristol in October, 1831, when the populace or mob, justly incensed by the conduct of the House of Lords in throwing out the Reform Bill, burnt down the Mansion House, the Bishop's Palace, three gaols, and generally damaged property to the tune of £55,823 13s. 1d.

The Mayor was indicted for not doing what England expects every man to do—namely, his duty. He ought, so the prosecution asserted, to have done more than he did in attempting to suppress the riot. The charge was, of necessity, a vague one. Scarlett, if we may use the phrase, rioted in its vagueness—

"What is the particular period that my learned friend fixes upon to say that the Mayor of Bristol was guilty? He is charged with being absent from his post. Where ought his post to have been? Has the Attorney-General assigned it? Ought it to have been at the Mansion House? Was he bound to stay there when it was burnt? Was he bound to stay at the Guildhall? He was there the greater part of the day. Was it criminal for him to go for one hour to wash his hands and shave himself. Is that to be his ruin?"

You feel, as you read, how every sentence must have told.

Mr. Pinney was a plucky enough little fellow, and did his best; yet it must be owned that that best was very little; but never, it is only fair to add, did man receive less encouragement than he. The officer in command of the troops was in favour of doing nothing, and so were the other magistrates. The townspeople generally were apathetic, and the

soldiers and the mob were, or appeared to be, on suspiciously easy terms. The only civilian who displayed energy seems to have been a Baptist minister, who (what would Mr. Saintsbury say?) is described officially as the Rev. Thomas Roberts. Mr. Roberts thought a little oratory might do good, and obtained permission from the Mayor to try; but, when accommodated with a first-floor window, he found the hour for talk had gone by.

All this waste of wealth and loss of blood—for twelve men were killed and ninety-six wounded during the riot, and four men were hung and seven transported for taking part in it—was immediately occasioned by that worthless person Sir Charles Wetherell, who happened to be Recorder of Bristol, and who insisted, despite the hatred he then inspired, on coming to the city to open the Assizes. Sir Charles is now best remembered by the joke about his only "lucid interval" being the gap usually noticeable between the top of his trousers and the bottom of his waistcoat; but in his own day he was known as a foolish politician of the Sir Thomas Charley and Sir William Marriott type (persons of this kind are apt to be knights), and much addicted to strong language. He had abused the Bristol Reformers with peculiar virulence, and was hated accordingly. It was well known that his setting foot in Bristol would be regarded as a *casus belli*, and soldiers were accordingly held in readiness. Sir Charles arrived on Saturday, the 29th of October, 1831, and drove first to the Guildhall and then to the Mansion House, which was soon surrounded by a mob riotously inclined, who flung stones at the windows. Sir Charles, however, who is described as walking about with his hands in his breeches pockets, and his small-clothes down (enjoying one of his "lucid intervals," in fact), gave it as his opinion that nothing as yet would justify sending for the military. Having said this much, he was smuggled away out of sight of the mob, and we hear of him no more. The crowd continued to increase, and at last the soldiers were sent for, who, finding the people goodtempered, rode amongst them in a friendly spirit, and so the night wore away. The next day, being Sunday, notices were distributed amongst the church and chapel-going folk, entreating their assistance to restore the peace of the city; but beyond swearing-in some 300 special constables, little was done. The crowd, meanwhile, in front of the Mansion House grew noisier and noisier, and drink circulated freely. The Riot Act was read three times in the course of the morning, but Colonel Brereton (the officer in command) would not let the soldiers either fire or charge. He seemed persuaded it was unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable. He afterwards, and pending a court-martial which would undoubtedly have condemned him, shot himself. The mob, left to itself, grew bolder and bolder, and later in the day proceeded to burn down the Mansion House, and to commit the other outrages referred to. It remained in possession of the city till Monday morning, when Major Mackworth could stand it no longer, and thrusting Colonel Brereton aside, put himself at the head of his troop and, giving the order to charge, dispersed the mob and restored peace to Bristol at one and the same moment of time.

The unhappy life of Mr. Pinney during these forty-eight hours is writ large in the first 542 pages of the stout volume before us. They will not be found tedious by the lover of his species. We have heard complaints about the length of Mr. Browning's masterpiece, "The Ring and the Book," but we shrewdly suspect that what people really found grievous in those four volumes was the poetry. There is no poetry in Pinney's case.

Denman conducted the prosecution. It must have been almost his last brief, for Tenterden, who presided over the trial at its commencement, broke down on the third day, Saturday, the 27th of October, 1832, and, dying on the 3rd of the following month, was succeeded in his high office by Denman himself. Scarlett and Denman had a silly little

quarrel at the very end of the trial, and after the jury had returned their verdict of "Not Guilty." To make the whole thing characteristic of our procedure, the jury—who had come to Westminster Hall from Berkshire by special order—made an application for expenses, having been in attendance eight days. They only got a guinea a day. Then the jurors who had been summoned to try the cases against nine other Bristol magistrates, and who had been in attendance all through Pinney's trial, but who were not now wanted, as the Crown dropped the prosecutions, raised their voices, making their moan for their expenses. They did not get a farthing, and returned home ripe for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

The legal upshot of Pinney's case, which is one of the highest authority, is that in times of riot everyone must do his duty, and suppress the riot as best he can, but he is not bound, even though a magistrate, to take an active part, such as personally conducting a charge or ordering the soldiers to fire, or providing laymen with firearms. A man must not be a coward, but he cannot be indicted for not being a forward, pushing fire-eater. The law, we know, is our schoolmaster, but the task he sets us on this occasion is not a hard one. Excess of zeal has never been favoured either by our Church or our State.

But enough of riot. The famous case of *Stockdale v. Hansard*, which took up so much of the public time in the years 1837-40, is fully reported in this volume. Its symmetry is a little injured owing to the fact that Mr. Stockdale, who was a poor man, was not strongly represented at the Bar; but the stately eloquence and high spirit of Lord Denman cover many forensic deficiencies, and make the case still interesting to read, despite its lack of real, substantive importance. Quarrels between the House of Commons and the Courts of Law in these latter days are more like feuds between rival houses at a school than serious warfare. The combatants cry out very loud, and are amazingly eloquent, and take up an enormous amount of time, whilst the Nation, which for the most part neither lies before the Speaker nor sits upon the Bench, looks on well pleased, even if a little amused, to see what courage possesses the souls of its champions when their own dignity is at stake.

Turning over the Appendix, which is full of matter, we stumbled across a very short report of a case more fraught with significance than ever was *Stockdale v. Hansard*. We refer to the *Presbytery of Auchterarder v. Earl of Kinnoul* (1839), which placed a construction—no doubt a correct one—on that ill-fated and ill-considered statute, one of the first-fruits of the Act of Union, 10 Anne, chapter 12, which made the Disruption of 1843 inevitable and the Disestablishment of the Kirk of Scotland only a matter of time. It would be unfair to enter into details which might lack general interest—

"Only a Liberal member, away at the end of the table,
Started, remembering sadly the cry of a coming election."

Mr. Macdonell's editing is beyond praise. The notes are all notes should be, simply that and nothing more. The portrait of Lord Denman would have been better away, for it is printed after a fashion more suggestive of the Newgate Calendar than an official record of State Trials. Fortunately Lord Denman was so handsome a man that even treated after this fashion he does not look amiss; but there have been judges who could not have stood it.

FRAGMENTS, SCIENTIFIC AND OTHERWISE.

NEW FRAGMENTS. By John Tyndall, F.R.S. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL has long been known as one of our greatest masters of the art of the popular lecture in Science. Indeed, we may say that for a generation he has had no rival near his throne except Professor Huxley. If all other evidences

should perish, this volume of "New Fragments," collected from the work of the last ten or twelve years, would alone be sufficient to prove his mastery. The "fragments" are not all lectures—some of them are magazine articles—but the art of the lecturer is over them all. The student of that art could find no better models. Professor Tyndall possesses in an eminent degree the lecturer's imagination, the power of keeping an audience in his mind's eye as he premeditates his spoken discourse; and thus he is able to make his writing as direct and telling as extempore speech. From the habit, probably, of composing in this way, he seems to write always as if he had an audience in his mind, as if what he writes were meant to be spoken, and taken in at a single hearing. It is easy and interesting reading on that account. The hearers that he keeps in view, with a sympathetic appreciation of their difficulties, are not scientific experts, but a mixed or general audience with a more or less intelligent interest in science, and an ambition after a bowing acquaintance with its deeper mysteries. Thus, when he is expounding Goethe's theory of colours, or the optics of the rainbow, or Young's applications of the undulatory theory of light, he takes care not to overstrain the attention with long sketches of dry physics, but judiciously intermixes facts of general human interest with short swallow-flights of abstruse matter. We must acknowledge, of course, that he takes infinite pains to make these snatches of the abstruse as lucid and simple as plain statement and familiar illustration could make them: but the great secret of his success as a lecturer is that he never makes the mistake of giving too much of this kind of thing at a time—only enough, it might be said, to give his hearers a proper respect for science by occasional passages beyond their comprehension. Few among the many who crowded to hear his Friday evening discourse on Goethe's *Farbenlehre* could grasp at a single hearing his demonstration that Goethe was hopelessly wrong as against Newton; but everybody could understand his narrative of how the treatise was commended to the lecturer by his revered friend Carlyle; everybody could feel that Goethe's experiments were most brilliantly described; everybody could appreciate the enthusiasm for the Chelsea sage and the Weimar sage which had impelled the lecturer to take so much trouble; and all would come away with a happy conviction that Goethe's industrious researches could not have been more courteously shown not to have the slightest value. So, in his lecture on "The Rainbow and its Congeners," not everybody would follow his account of the geometric construction of the rainbow, clear as it is; but there is a simpler human interest in what he tells us about the history of its investigation, while his own adventures with rainbows in the Alps and at Hind Head are entertaining, and we can all share his triumph at making the mystic glory of Buddha "a captive of the laboratory." There are stiff passages in his narrative of the researches of Thomas Young, but the strain is not too mercilessly prolonged. "Young now fairly fronted the undulatory theory of light. Before you is some of the apparatus he employed. I hold in my hand an ancient tract upon this subject by the illustrious Huyghens. It was picked up on a bookstall, and presented to me some years ago by Professor Dewar." Such touches of human interest give the hearer breathing-time.

Such popular lectures as Professor Tyndall's might easily be undervalued. Their value must not be measured by the amount of information they contain—though that is considerable for all but the expert—but by the impulse they give. Professor Tyndall knows that a hearer of average intelligence and education can take in only a limited amount in the course of an hour, and he proportions his dry fact and abstruse theory accordingly. No miracle of ablest exposition could put such a hearer in possession of the undulatory theory with all its points of superiority to the rival hypothesis. We have seen